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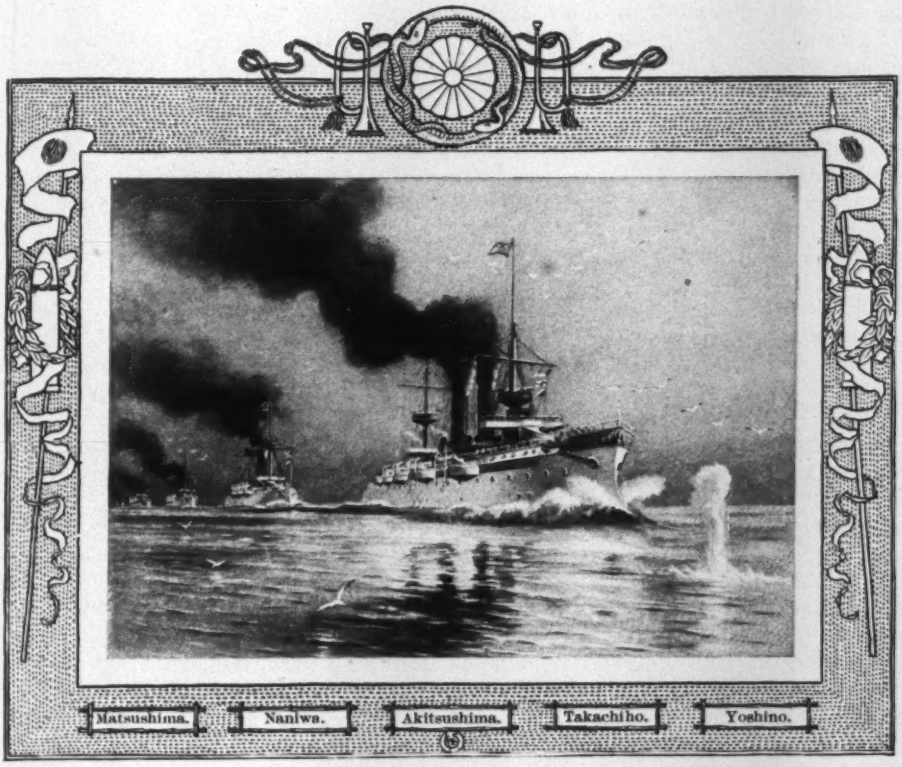

The Japanese Flying Squadron and the leading ship of the Principal Squadron in line ahead.

A CADET AT THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

By Adachi Kinnosuké,

Author of "Iroka: Tales of Japan."

A STORY OF THE JAPANESE-CHINESE WAR.

FAR away on the horizon, from beneath the purple and dream-like bed-quilts, it woke and opened its large, blue eyes, the 17th of September, 1894. Ah! I see the very mention of it affects you. True, it's a darling of History now, but then we couldn't tell it from any other fine day. Beautiful! Well, yes, in that it was utterly unlike all other days.

The sea—older than tradition—is a little maid after all. All her girlishness was on her dimpling face that morning. She laughed, giggled, and sang: according to the humor of breezes, changeful as the heart of man.

"*Shikataga nei* (Can't be helped)!" He

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was laughing. "They have misplaced their tails. And I don't wonder at all that China's august braves cannot come out straight—with their heads in front. Ha! ha! ha!"

"A-ha-ha-ha!" I laughed heartily with him.

How tired we were, looking for the Chinese forever and forever! The Japanese squadrons were steaming leisurely out of a harbor of the Hai-yang Island "in line ahead." The "Yoshino" was leading the Flying Squadron, and the flag of Rear-Admiral Tsuboi Kozo, languid on the halyard, was flirting gently with the winds. My eyes—as they generally are when I am dreaming—were wandering afar. On the port bow, far down the horizon, there was something which made my eyes jump. Smoke! And sure enough there was a signal on the "Yoshino."

"Look! look! look!" I exclaimed.

There was a pause—stormy, silent, dead.

"*Tei-koku banzai!* Nihon's navy ten thousand years!" Yamaji shouted.

A minute—and aboard every ship the "officer's call" and "action" flew out merrily and away from the bugles.

They fairly flew, the "Yoshino," the "Takachiho," the "Akitsushima," the "Naniwa." The Japanese impatience was their speed. "At full speed," so reads our official report; at "perhaps twice our speed," so says Commodore McGiffin, who commanded the "Chen Yuen." The Principal Squadron heeled the Flying Squadron closely. What a sight that was from our military top!

"The twelve Japanese ships," wrote a gentleman who fought against us, "forming apparently a single line, and preserving station and speed throughout most beautifully, could not but excite a feeling of admiration." This same man had said—it may be interesting for some of you to know—not many weeks before the day of battle: "We are now on our way with six good ships to meet the enemy to-morrow, and I hope we will sink the dogs!"

All is but a memory now, and yet, laugh as much as you please, I can hardly write about it. Nervous, you ask?—well, you see me tremble—that is right. The faintest dream of it swells my heart right up into my throat and chokes me. Whether I close my eyes, or keep them wide open, it is all the same. The picture—just as I saw it from the military top of the "Hiyei" and by his side—is before me, every detail of it. The huge slices of snow-spray which the cut-waters plowed in the emerald field, the turbulent fountains at the rudders, the boiling streams flowing therefrom between the banks of foam, and those ships, trim in their new Sabbath coats of paint, ribboned with the signal flags of many colors, and over all, high up in the sky, at the mast-heads, the national ensigns waving and flapping their greetings to the unseen spectators (perhaps on the star-worlds far away), and the sea laughing all about us, and the autumn sun winking saucily from every dimple of a ripple and all! A wedding march of sea gulls, one might have said, watching our ships in line ahead. And a bridal party they were, to be sure! We were going to meet the groom, the formidable Pei Yang Squadron. Everybody had heard the name. Mothers had used it to scare the babies into a more philosophical frame of mind.

How jolly they were, those Chinese whales, in their fresh buntings, under the new yellow flags! A blunt wedge in formation to the eyes of distance, they steamed out to meet us, those gay gallants, with black plumes of smoke swaying gracefully to the lee. Did one ever see a rendezvous more gala-like?

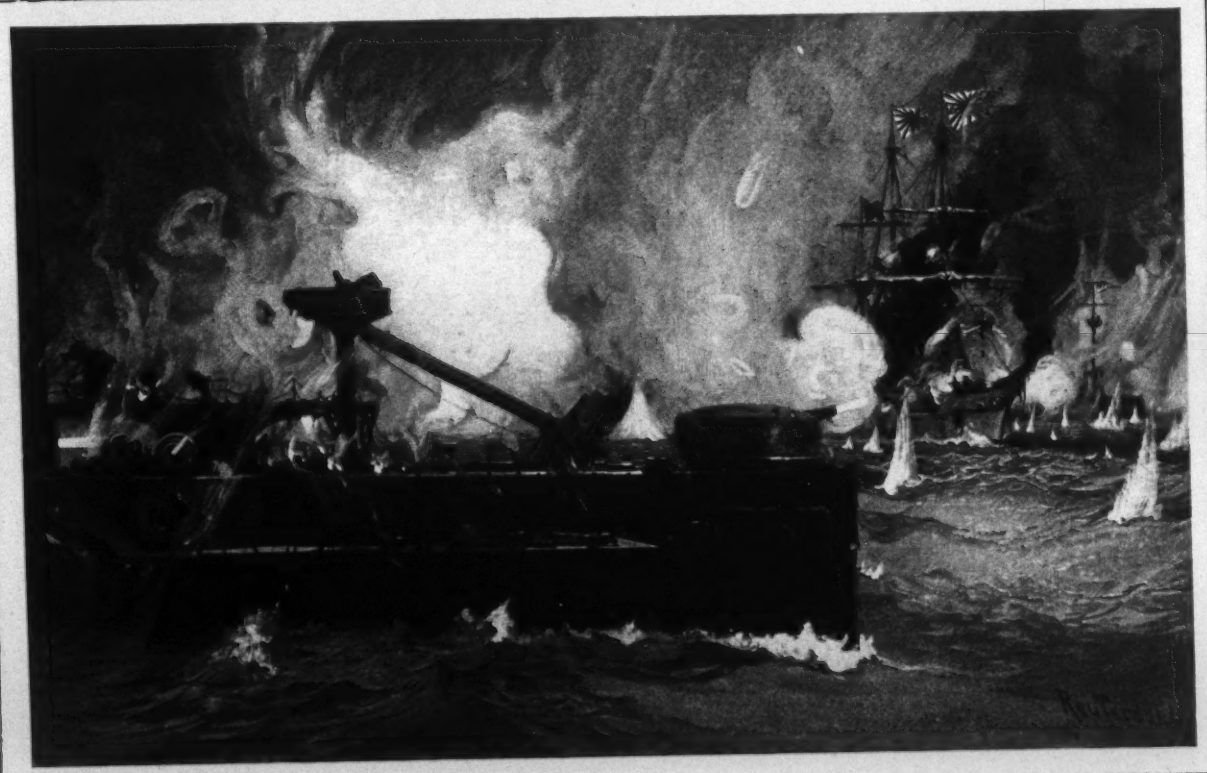
"Sixty-five hundred yards . . . sixty-three hundred . . . sixty-one . . . sixty . . . fifty-nine hundred!"

12:22 P.M.—"Fifty-eight hundred yards!"

A huge cotton-like cloud, pierced with a lightning flash, belched out from the "Ting Yuen's" starboard barbette. It thundered. Not very far ahead of the "Yoshino" a geyser was born, all of a sudden. A white column of water stood against the skies. The other Chinese ships followed suit—a perfect fury of roar. What a thunderous reception for the bride—white and silent!

For five minutes, under the incessant Chinese fire, the Japanese were perfectly silent. Maybe you, chatting by the side of your Mary in the kindly gloaming, this Sunday evening, think it a rather short time. Time passed a little differently with those impatient Japanese gunners. The distance was fast being eaten up. "Thirty-three hundred yards!" The longer hand of a clock was just approaching 12:30. Then the Japanese guns opened their iron throats and spake. When they did reply, there seemed to be a great deal of conviction in their voice.

"Look yonder!" shouted I, my eyes strained on the "Ting Yuen" through the dense smoke, my fingers signaling my exultation and surprise to the universe at large.



THE TING YUEN

THE HI YEI

THE CHEN YUEN

"Then it was that we entered into the queer place over the gateway of which, Dante tells us, is the warning to leave hope behind."

The upper part of the "Ting Yuen's" largest mast was gone. The 32-centimeter from the "Matsushima" had paid a very jarring visit to it.

Time, 12:58. The Chinese fleet looked for signals at the flag-ship, the "Ting Yuen." In place of commands, the sad stump of the mast was weeping in ashes. How could the Chinese act in concert and keep their formation when no chicken with its head chopped off is expected to walk straight?

"What, the head gone? So early!" remarked he, solemn and dry as a commencement sermon, my friend Yamaji.

The Wakamatsu Castle was proud of Yamaji's father now of old. His Majesty, the *Ten-nō*, in those days, was courting flowers and poetry behind the purple curtain in the quiet of the Kyoto palace, far away from the markets and war. The *shôgun*, the military regent, was the captain and helm of the country. Eighteen hundred and sixty-eight came, and with it one of the most radical of revolutions. We, sitting cross-legged in the lap of the New Japan, look back at the year, and call it *O-ji-shin*, "great earthquake." The feudalism in Japan was a pale mirage of a dream; the Tokugawa shôgunate was a straw pagoda caught in a storm all of a sudden. Those were sad days for some of the clansmen.

They fought under the same flag, Yamaji's father and mine, under the flag of the *shôgun*. They died in the same castle, in the same twilight of that same unkindly day, which fell upon them in benediction from the patriarchal pines. They were *samurai*, and *samurai*-like they committed *hara-kiri* and paid their last debt of gratitude.

Sang a Chinese poet, once long ago: "When the snow is heavy on the boughs, then, for the first time, we know the color of the pine." The Wakamatsu Castle was one of the evergreens. The imperial arms, under the royal "brocade banners," turned northward. Castle after castle fell. "The wind was on the rice-field," wrote the historian of the time. The thirst for conquest is a sort of fire, and no amount of oil poured upon it will quench it. And the imperial victories were the most combustible of oil.

Many said: "What is the use? Resist that avalanche of the imperial army? You are joking. Shed the blood of so many noble *samurai* for nothing? What nonsense! Does not His Majesty offer the most liberal and honorable of terms? Those who surrender—mark the words of his august edict! —shall go unmolested and without penalty of any kind. More than that, does not His Majesty decree that the officers of his new government shall be chosen irrespective of their past fidelity to the Tokugawa Bakufu, and solely on the basis of merit?"

All of which was true. And yet, there were *samurai* who, like a faithful wife, were too truly wedded to the course of the shôgunate to see two paths where duty led them. Call them misguided, and you may be right. Foolish, if you please, and many other names, my clever friends; but one thing was certain: ingrates they never were. Neither did they perjure themselves. Had not the Tokugawa *shôgun* clothed, fed, trained, dignified, honored them; and for over two hundred and fifty years, them and their ancestors? They did not, could not, forget that. Did they not swear at the altar of *samurai's* honor that they would spell out their gratitude to their *daimyo* and *shôgun* with letters, not of ink, but of their best blood, ruddy and warm with their life? Japanese history had been proud to record many a name of *samurai* who had sacrificed his wife, his children, his own life, and all for the cause of loyalty. And they, the *samurai* of 1868, bore the same proud names.

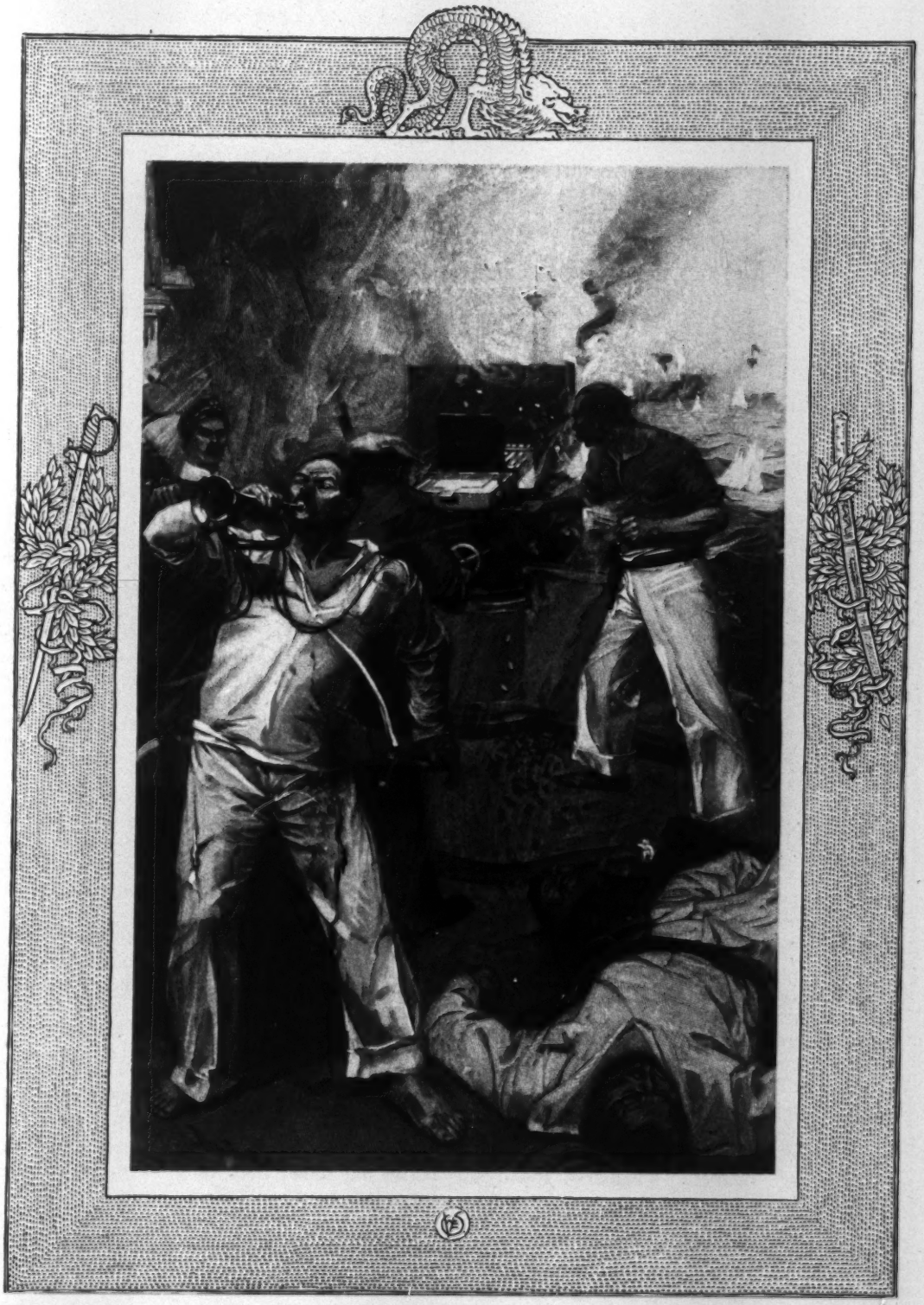
Remember also, however much they might be in error, they had a firm conviction—and sincere as truth in it, too—that right was on their side. They never lifted their swords —that is to say, as they looked at it—against His Majesty, the *Ten-nō*. They were fighting against the foul advisers who "tacked His Majesty under their arms and dictated to the world" in his august name; that was all.

"I offer this to you," said the last breath of my father, as he handed me his sword; "draw and honorably look at it. Are there any stains? None? And so is my soul and my conscience and my honor."

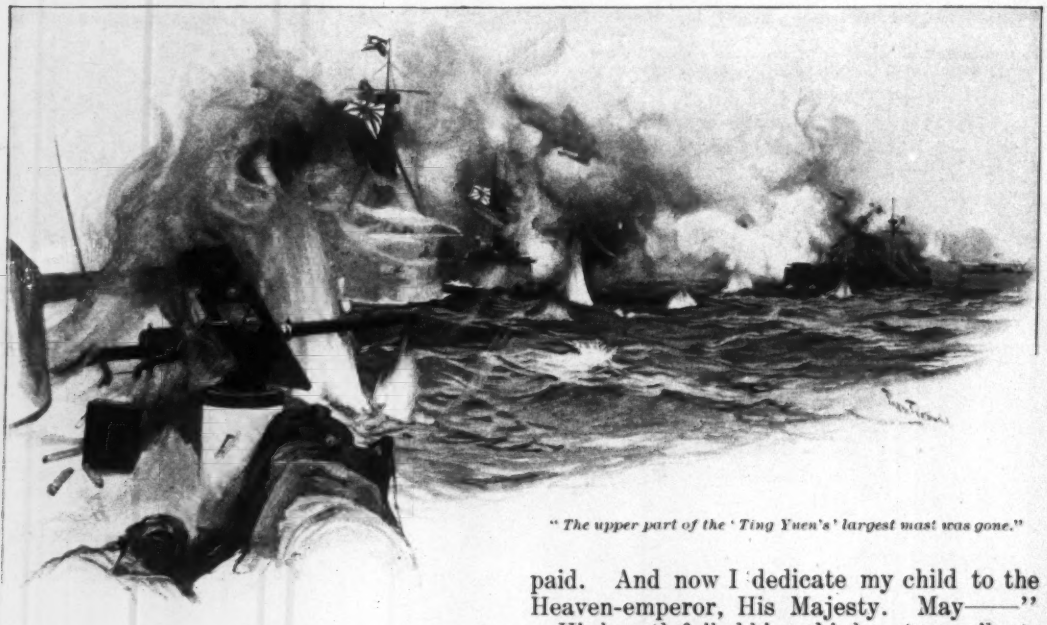
The sword was as pure as the heart of a god!

The Wakamatsu Castle fell. And in that chamber of Karasu where his father committed *hara-kiri* Yamaji was present—a witness of the scene of tears and blood, even an actor in it—in his mother's arms. He was three months old.

The act was committed. His blood was on the snow-white of his ceremonial robe. A perfect stoic, calm, and as much above pain and death as the Fuji's snow is above the stains of the sewer! That, then, was the last and the greatest conquest of a *sa-*



"He . . . raised his bugle to his lips and blew . . . signal after signal."



"The upper part of the 'Ting Yuen's' largest mast was gone."

murai, victory over death and pain. And am I placed under the necessity of defending this flower-act of a brave soul, who scorned death and rewards alike and was mindful only of duty and of the honor of a *samurai*—of defending such an act—a "barbarous" act? There are some, so they tell me, who, when they are butchered like dogs under the sabers of their enemies, shriek, groan, and cry, as if death were the most unexpected thing on a battlefield. And, moreover, I am told that they wear the soldier's uniform. There are some also, I have heard it said, who congratulate themselves—aye, receive the congratulations from their friends with beaming faces, too—on their lucky escape. "Lucky!" Just think of it—and strut about through the streets the rest of their lives doing nothing but write "Colonel" or "General" bigger and bigger, and sound it louder and louder still on top of their names. And if my ears deceive me not badly, there are a lot of people who call these gentlemen the heroes of the battle of so and so! And certainly they may be right. But I digress.

"Nearer—nearer," whispered the dying *samurai* to his wife.

"Taro," he said, as she approached him closely and presented their child to the dying husband. "Taro" is the given name of Yamaji. The father placed his blood-stained finger on the baby's forehead.

"I die for and with Bakufu—in order to answer for its gracious favors. The debt is paid. And now I dedicate my child to the Heaven-emperor, His Majesty. May——"

His breath failed him; his heart was silent.

The silent tears from his mother's eyes did not erase the blood seal on the baby's forehead.

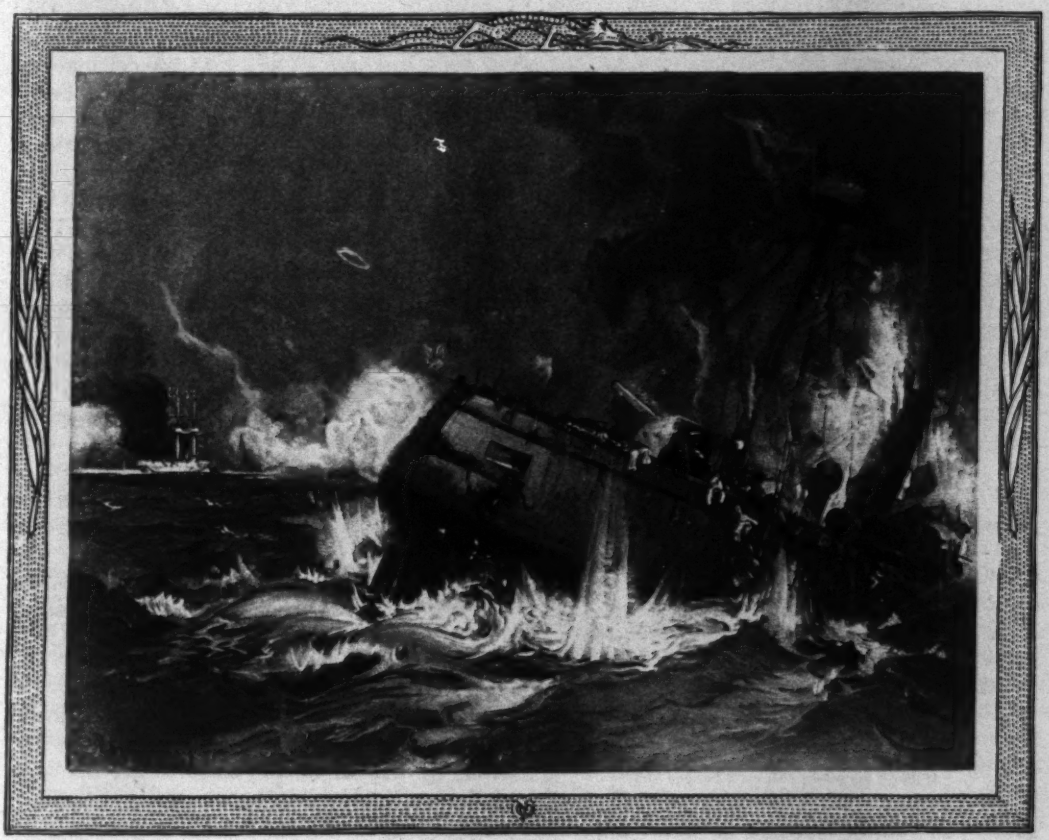
When he was about five years of age his mother took him to the shrine of the Ujigami (local deity), and within hearing of the solemn hymns of the sacred cataract dedicated him anew, in the presence of the god, to the cause of His Majesty.

Ten years later, on a moonlit, silver night, the metal mirror peeping through the open work of the shrine of the local deity saw a young man near where the mother had dedicated her five-year-old Yamaji. The mother discovered—and it must have been about that time—that her son held a daily converse with the mortuary tablet of her husband, as if he were talking with the living. When she happened to catch him as he came out of the family shrine, she noted plain traces on his face and in his eyes of tears, which he could not wipe away.

The Japanese Flying Squadron had steamed past the Chinese right flank. They were respectful enough to all the Chinese ships, the polite Japanese that they were, but especially so to the "Chao Yung" and the "Yang Wei." The Japanese compliment was a little too warm for the poor "Yang Wei." And yet it is not in the nature of some Chinese—so they, the naughty-tongued, tell me—to refuse anything when it is given them. She was in flames. We could see her—a picture hung against the wall, of some

misty hue—over the sea. The smoke veiled it. The smoke framed it. She was a beautiful, appetizing sight, was that ship. That was the finest bonfire I have seen in all my life, and I have seen a few thousands of them, more or less.

They were already porting, those four vessels of the Flying Squadron—thundering, lightening, smoking like volcanoes, under the huge black umbrellas stretched from their smoke-stacks, and the graceful mass of



"A thick column rose from the quarter-deck and poop, genie fashion. . . . The ship was on fire."

lace-like smoke trailing court-lady fashion at their heels.

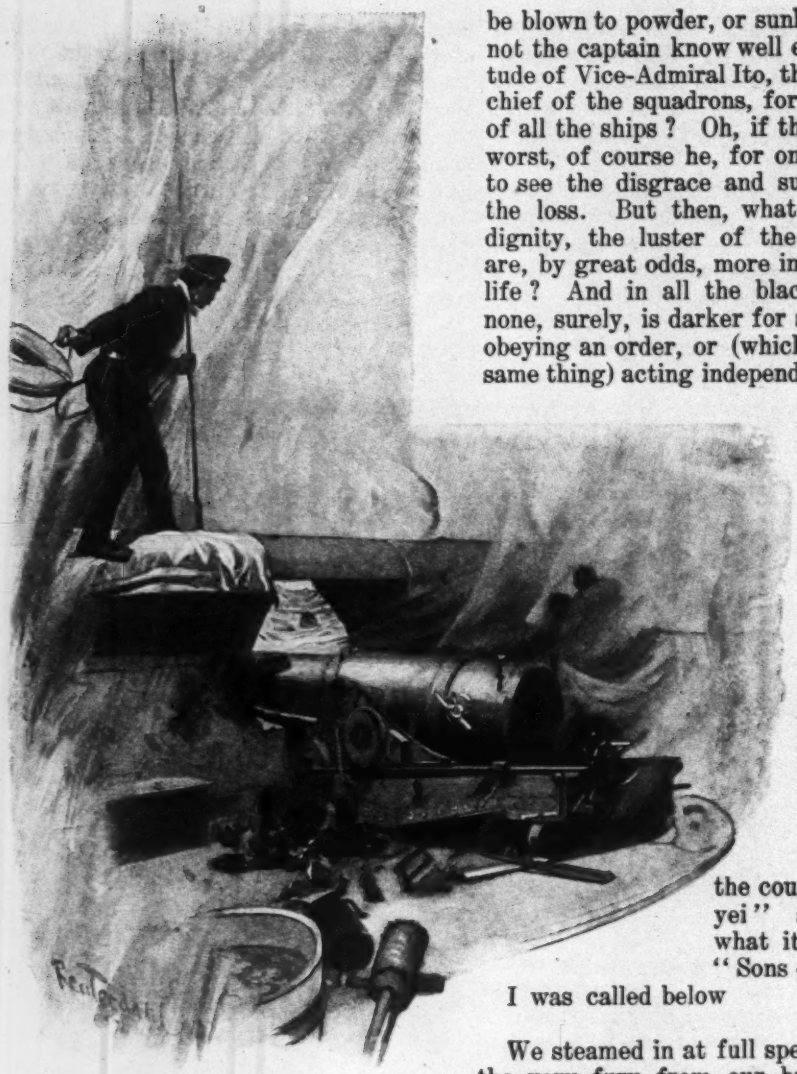
The "Matsushima," at the head of the Principal Squadron, reached the Chinese right, and was just flanking it. And a gay treat of a heavy cross-fire that was to which she was treating the "Chao Yung." It was, in all conscience, too much. Had not the Flying Squadron treated her politely enough? She appreciated the attentions rather warmly, and her enthusiasm burst out in blazing, towering smoke—on fire!

Our ship, "Hiyei," was the last in the Principal Squadron, the slowest in speed (thirteen knots) except the "Akagi," a gunboat of 615 tons. We had engaged the "Chen Yuen" and other ships of the Chinese left. We were just ahead of the Chinese flag-ship, the "Ting Yuen." The distance between us and the rest of the line was increasing. Rather than invite the fire of the two ironclads, the "Ting Yuen" and the "Chen Yuen," and of the "King Yuen" and the "Ching Yuen"; rather than, after all that, risk failing to join the squadron, as she surely must, for there was no tempering the speed of the rest of the ships in line ahead; rather than be sunk in an ignoble running-away fight; rather than——

Pierce the Chinese line—and why not?—save the ship, if possible, and join the Principal Squadron on the other side!

Captain Sakura Kikunosuké stood on the bridge. Off to the starboard quarter the two Chinese ironclads were bearing down upon us. He pointed at them. "Between them!" he cried.

The din of the few hundred cannon, so demonstrative of their affection; the dense



"With all my might I threw it toward him."

smoke, in volume enough to make a decent pall for a good-sized genie; the frequent, and so often sudden, shower-baths of shot and shell which you had to take whether you would or no—these and the ghastly sight of the human butcher-shop all around are not the most suitable things to keep a man's head clear. To run the gauntlet of the Chinese line between those ironclads! That, at least, was not a coward's programme. To follow the chord of the arc, and join the Principal Squadron—the only way of salvation for the "Hiyei"—on the other side! That, say what you please, was no vision which a slow-witted muddle-head would see.

Did the flag-ship signal the "Hiyei" to follow any such course? Suppose she should be blown to powder, or sunk outright! Does not the captain know well enough the solicitude of Vice-Admiral Ito, the commander-in-chief of the squadrons, for the preservation of all the ships? Oh, if things come to the worst, of course he, for one, would not live to see the disgrace and suffer the pang of the loss. But then, what of the national dignity, the luster of the Sun-flag, which are, by great odds, more important than his life? And in all the black list of crimes none, surely, is darker for soldiers than disobeying an order, or (which amounts to the same thing) acting independently on a course so critical as that! Few, very few others had done anything of the kind before him. Nelson was one of them. Captain Sakura's name will enter the catalogue of the names of the few.

When Yamaji noted the change in the course of the "Hiyei" and understood what it meant, he said, "Sons of *samurai!*"

I was called below

We steamed in at full speed, letting loose the very fury from our broadsides as we went, by way of an applause to the memory of the good old chop-me-up-and-I-will-split-you-open, gallant days when the line of battle was a series of duels of ships battering away at each other till one of them struck its flag. What a *mêlée* that was! That beautiful sheet of water, which scarce an hour before was as smooth and transparent as the brow of my lady, how it was churned, dug, whipped, and scarred! We could hardly believe our own eyes. There never was a worse small-pox than the hailstorm of projectiles. I acknowledge those Chinese knew how to pay respects that were due from them and return the compliments paid them. They fired at us point-blank. And as the commander of the "Chen Yuen" writes, "It was utterly impossible to miss."

"Eleven hundred yards . . . eleven hun-

dred . . . nine hundred and ninety yards!" The voice was resonant, deep, and rose above the din, and was clear as the wedding-bell. Yamaji was shouting down from the top.

Much depended on him, on the correctness of his mathematics, on the clearness of his head. Let his calculation run off at a tangent, and a pretty mad riot there would have been among the shot and shell!

"Eight hundred and eighty yards . . . seven hundred and seventy . . . five hundred and fifty . . . five hundred and fifty!"

Then it was that we entered into the queer place over the gateway of which, Dante tells us, is the warning to leave hope behind. The beautiful autumn day, dreamy on the historic Yellow Sea of the poets, was suddenly hurled into the primordial chaos where the sun had not yet been born. I came upon a bugler. He was pulling out a jagged piece of an exploded shell from his body. His uniform was dyed, and it did not take a doctor to tell how painful and dangerous was the wound. "Below! Go down below!" said I, pointing to the surgeon.

Judge my surprise when he, ignoring my orders altogether, raised his bugle to his lips and blew, actually blew, signal after signal. I was speechless. The blood gushed out with every breath. A minute later, as I passed him, I saw a surgeon's assistant by his side. "Come this way," the man was saying.

"Thanks," said the bugler in answer to the invitation, "but my duty is to stand right here at my post, and therefore——"

He had no time to say more. A shell struck his head from behind, and flung it into the sea. A curling smoke of spray, a tiny whirlpool, and then expansive circles of eddies on the slope of a swelling billow—they were all, the only monument left of the memory of the heroic unknown. And even these, a few seconds afterward, as the line shots kicked up a stupendous wall of spray and foam—even these very transitory mementoes which, if one might call them such, marked, tomb-like, the last spot whence the bugler took his leap into the infinite beyond—even these eddies, I say, were stormed out of sight.

I thought that my arms, both of them, were pretty well occupied, especially just at that time. But a steel shot thought otherwise, and, kindly and thoughtfully enough, it came and relieved me of one of them. A shell burst just then on the other side of the mainmast from where we stood. A piece struck my comrade on the back. I caught him as he fell in my remaining arm. And with him and with the bleeding stump of my left arm, I dashed down into an officer's mess-room, which, for the time being, was converted into a surgeon's ward.

As I almost tumbled down into the room, I jerked myself into a dead halt. What a sight that was! A shell had entered. There was a good-sized lake in the center of the room that had red water in it. And the whole medical staff (yes, to a man) lying there with the wounded who had been carried in, all heaped in piles, made an embankment for the ruddy lake of respectable thickness and height. I forgot to unburden myself of the almost lifeless body of my comrade, and stood there, stone-like, for a few seconds.

I heard a sound which was not exactly a groan. It came from a heap in a corner, a monstrosity of mutilation. The fire had stripped his head and eyebrows clean naked, and one could by no means tell where his nose might have been. What an appalling rag of flesh did he wear for his face! "There is the medicine you want—there." That thing could speak! But that hand of his which he raised to point out the place of the medicine!

The unhappy man thought, it was very evident, that he was the only survivor of the entire medical staff. He must serve his fellow-comrades. He alone could direct, none else. So he tottered to his feet. Why, in the name of all good sense, didn't he lie quiet and make himself as comfortable as possible, in a dream, at least, if not in solid expectation, of getting hauled safely out of that hades and healed by and by, and of sitting comfortably there on the green sod under the shades of a pine on Maiko Beach, or some other kindly place, and of spending his remaining days in affluence on his pension and under the glorious gold-corded uniform of a captain? Why get up in that horrid condition? Didn't he have sense enough to know that his veins would be all empty of blood within five minutes at most?

Just then Lieutenant-Commander Sakamoto Toshiatsu stepped into the room. The officer recognized the man, by his uniform, of course, not by his face, to be the medical attendant of the first class, Miyashita Sukejiro.

"Sukejiro," the commander called out to him, "your words and deeds show that you are truly a valiant man. I see what a loyal subject of the Emperor you are. If you die, your name shall never die. Be assured, I will take care of that."

"Are you the staff commander? As the Honorable Presence sees, that shell almost finished me. I regret that my hands and feet obey my bidding no longer. I truly regret that I can do no more for the Sun-flag and His Majesty."

Out of the surgeon's ward and scarcely three steps on the starboard quarter, I was rushing back to my post, when something like a bloody moon burst right over my head, a thunder roared, and chaos followed. Another shell! That was all—and who can spare time to notice such a trifling matter?

Then I heard the commander exclaim: "Look, look at him! He acts as if the eyes of the eight million gods were upon him! Would that all Japan were witnessing him!"

Eyes were turned to the military top. A shell struck a corner of it, and my friend Yamaji was hoisted out of it as if the top were a petard. He was a terrible sight—his hair singed, his coat smoking. He alighted on the shroud just below the top. Well, you ought to have seen him then! Agile as the professional monkey of a juggler, he leaped back again into the top.

"Five hundred and fifty yards!" he shouted down. Oh, nothing had happened to him; that is to say, to his way of thinking. Something robbed him of his signal flags and a lump of flesh from his left shoulder.

"Blaze away!" he shouted to the gunners still remaining in the top. One might have thought from the strength of his voice that he was waking from the dead.

There was a hearty laugh below, on the bridge. And how utterly ill-timed did it sound amid that tremendous concert of shots, in that pandemonium of fire and blood.

Yamaji did look mirth-provoking. But with that steadiness of nerve, that presence of mind, that utter indifference to the hot-breathed threats of the whizzing shells passing and repassing an inch ahead of his nose and through the bodies of his comrades—ah, what a sublime sight he was, if you could but stop long enough to think of it!

Let the truth be told. The commander was right when he remarked that the boy was acting to spectators: only it was not the eyes of the eight million gods. The eyes he felt burning on every action of his were those of a man—then dead a long time, whose name even was being forgotten by some of his own clansmen—his father. What seemed to observers intrepidity and daring gone mad, was nothing but a prayer in Yamaji's heart. What seemed a miracle to the officers below on the bridge, was a mere translation of that little sentence, spoken some twenty-four years before, within a doomed castle, under the shadow of defeat and by a man bowing down on his sword and committing *hara-kiri:* "I dedicate my child to the Heaven-emperor, His Majesty."

I said that his mother's tears did not erase the blood seal upon the baby brow; neither did those twenty-four years.

"Six hundred and sixty yards . . . six hundred and sixty yards . . . seven hundred and seventy yards . . . eight hundred and eighty!"

Slow and old as the ship was, she was running at her topmost speed. She had passed and was astern the Chinese line. She was under a heavy cloak of smoke. A thick column rose from the quarter-deck and poop, genie fashion. It rolled clear up to the mizzen-top, swelling, belching, fatter and fatter. The ship was on fire!

The Chinese wanted to know whether we were done for or not; and, by way of ascertaining it, they sent a deadly messenger. The shot crashed through our upper works.

I was fighting the flames instead of the Chinese at that time. And down, right in front of me, rained a heap of flesh, apparently out of the clear sky. An unsightly mass of jelly—and that was all that was left of a gallant gunner. The shot tore almost half of the top away, and carried it into the sea.

There was no occasion, really, for me to get irritated. Surely I have lived in this funny world long enough to find out that smoke is the most contrary-souled nuisance in the world. But I wanted to see the remaining part of the military top. How about Yamaji? Was he there, that miracle of luck who flew in the face of Providence every chance he had? I was anxious; I wanted to see; but the smoke said no. And thereupon, how furiously mad I got.

At last I spied the ruin of the top. Not a shadow of anything living or dead. Naturally enough my eyes shot at the spot where the half of the top jumped into the sea and so foolishly drowned itself. There rose out of the water, a little beyond the spot, a head, then the shoulder, of a man. It was Yamaji!

Frantic, forgetful even of my duty, of the fire I was fighting, of the battle, of my life, of everything, I rushed to a life-buoy. I cut it, and with all my might I threw it toward him. But the ship was passing fast.

In a corner of Aoyama Cemetery, on a plot where the sod is ever green, fenced in with a rail of iron taken from the wreck of a Chinese man-of-war, there stands a marble shaft. No one sleeps under it. Cut into the sheen of that stone, white as a *samurai's* honor, is the name of one of my friends. Beneath the name you can read (whenever you would like to go there, I will show it to you) this:

"Dedicated by his father to His Majesty, the Emperor of Japan."

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT—AS AN EXPERIMENT.

INCIDENTS OF CONFLICT IN A TERM OF PRACTICAL POLITICS.

By J. Lincoln Steffens.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S career is a practical experiment in politics. He is aiming at success. If he were content to be good, he would not stand out as he does among the honest men who are known in political life, but who for the most part maintain their personal purity by holding aloof and exerting only so much influence as is possible by arousing or directing public opinion. Mr. Roosevelt always has recognized that he had not only to keep clean himself, but to get things done.

He hesitated once when he was an assemblyman. He became a leader in the House during his first term, and he put through several reform laws by forcing or persuading the party to take them up. In a subsequent term he was so influenced by his many Mugwump friends that he stood out alone, with a few followers to fight; just to fight. This lasted only a few weeks, however. He saw that he could accomplish nothing by personifying a universal protest; so in he went again to get things done, to put through all that it was possible to force upon his party, and his record in this legislature was a good one.

When he returned from Cuba, the old question arose in no very new form. Should he stand out with the comparatively few so-called independents and fight everything, or should he join with the machine and as Governor do things? I told that story in the May, 1899, number of this magazine; and the decision to accept the regular Republican nomination and make his fight within the party was recounted there with some of the differences which were bound to come between such a man and an organization. The question raised then was, "Would Mr. Roosevelt succeed in doing the right thing always and carrying the organization with him?" The experiment was going on. It is still going on. The first term of his governorship is about over. What is the result? To tell what laws were passed would not signify, from my point of view; that is a matter of mere local interest. It is the success or failure of the man that is significant, because, not alone that he is honest and practical, but because people believe he is honest; and especially the politicians know this. The only man I ever heard question it was a notorious Tammany legislator; this is the way he put it:

"Say, do you know the Governor's got the best lay I ever seen in politics? I don't see why nobody thought of it before. It's dead easy. He just plays the honesty game, and see how it works!"

Thus even he did not really doubt Mr. Roosevelt's honesty. He simply could not rise to a point where he could grasp the idea of sincerity. Life was a game, and honesty was a pretty good trick to play; that was all.

The two years at Albany have been a severe trial. There were no great pieces of legislation up to attract popular enthusiasm and help the Governor carry his will over the machine's. Neither was there any important executive act to give his position the force of public feeling. It was a commonplace term, and the fights were all quiet contests. All the better for the present purpose. They were within the organization, practical politics.

For there were fights. The Governor and the organization clashed with dangerous frequency; and two or three times Mr. Roosevelt and the leaders looked red into one another's faces, lips tight and jaws set, separating as if for good and all. But each time the Governor won, the party leaders submitted, and coöperation was resumed without any unpleasant recollections. Two of these dis-

agreements, or "splits," as they were called, will do here to tell the whole story.

Louis F. Payn was Superintendent of Insurance when Mr. Roosevelt was elected. He was a Republican grown old in the party; a friend of Senator Platt, the State leader, from the days when the Senator was a novice in politics; and he had been appointed by Governor Black, Mr. Roosevelt's Republican predecessor. Mr. Payn had been a lobbyist who did business on a grand scale, but his friends said for him (he never speaks for himself), that no matter what his past had been, his administration of the Department of Insurance was above reproach. He wanted to stay. His term in office expired on January 1, 1900, and he was glad the end came in the middle of Mr. Roosevelt's term, because he would like to have had the stamp of approval which an honest man could put upon the honest end of his life. The man with a past seemed to be really proud of his virtuous present.

The Governor laughed in a merry way he has, and said that Mr. Payn would have to go. Mr. Payn declared he meant to stay. He didn't laugh, and the Governor didn't laugh so much after that. It is known that Roosevelt is a fighter. So is Lou Payn. He is a surly, vindictive man, who knows no limitations. There is a story that Senator Platt tried once to persuade Payn to "let up" on an enemy of theirs. Mr. Platt showed that it was good politics in this case to forgive; the enemy was a man of power in his district. "No, sir," said Payn, "I won't quit on that cuss while he stands above ground." The Senator looked in the angry face, and saw that this was true. "That," he said, "is the reason you are the leader of only a small section of the country, Lou."

Payn fought at first very fairly. A flood of petitions from the insurance companies poured in asking the Governor to retain the superintendent. They all endorsed his official conduct. This did no good. The Governor began to ask men to take Payn's place. Payn saw the leaders. The leaders remonstrated with the Governor, who answered simply that Payn had to go. The Senate would not confirm any successor, was the answer. Payn had the Tammany senators, and he had had personal relations with enough Republican senators to make them stand by him. Very well. The Governor answered that he would name a man whom the Senate could not fail to confirm, an ex-senator or some good party man. This would have been hard on the Senate, but he was told to go ahead. He asked an ex-senator, and the Payn men hustled around for a day; they laughed in their sleeves. The ex-senator declined the nomination. The party was squarely with Payn, who felt safe enough to say to the Governor that, if he would renominate him, "old Lou Payn" would stand by the Governor when, when—well, when Tom Platt had thrown Teddy Roosevelt over into the ditch.

The Governor sounded the Senate. The Senate was sound for Payn. He spoke plainly to the leaders. They were plainly for Payn. It was a solid front the enemy was showing, but there was one weak place.

All right. The Governor said that if the Senate wouldn't confirm a man in Payn's place, he would wait till the Senate adjourned; then he would bring charges against Payn, and put him on trial. What could he charge? What did he know—"know" meaning prove?

Well, for example,—about that time two big Wall Street men were quarreling, and one of them in a huff got some information about a trust company his rival had a remote interest in. The facts had been laid before the Governor. Among the items was a very large loan to Lou Payn by a prominent corporation officer. It appeared that if charges were made against Lou Payn quite a large lot of miscellaneous trouble would be kicked up for many more beside the Superintendent of Insurance.

That was enough. The leaders asked for that list of names the Governor had. He brought it out again, unchanged, and the first man on it was chosen, nominated, confirmed, installed. Mr. Payn said things privately about interminable war, but this fight was won.

The next was less personal and far more important. It brought the Governor into conflict with the corporations, and only very wise men can foresee the end; some of them say it is the end of Roosevelt.

The Governor has a notion that the way to deal with "capital" is to be fair. That was the way also to deal with "labor." That was the best policy with all the big things, as it was with the little things.

"If there should be disaster at the Croton Dam strike," he said one day, when that difficulty was beginning to disturb New York, "I'd order out the militia in a minute. But I'd sign an employer's liability law, too."

Half an hour later Major-General Roe telegraphed for troops, and he got leave instantly to call out all he needed.

There is in the man contempt for the

demagogic cry against capital, and there is in him also a fierce contempt for the dishonesty and grasping selfishness of capitalists. So with labor. He would shoot into a murderous mob with grim satisfaction, just as he stood up for fair play for strikers in New York when he was a police commissioner.

When he was elected Governor, he said privately that no corporation should get a privilege without paying the State for it, and pretty soon he went on to the logical conclusion that all corporations should pay for the privileges they already had. They were not paying their share of the taxes. They paid on their buildings, real estate, cars, trackage, etc., but not for their franchises. Mr. Roosevelt broached the subject of a franchise tax. Objections were raised, but not much was said till the idea appeared in the first draft of the message to the legislature of 1899. Then the organization opposed it strenuously.

Most of the corporations contribute largely to the campaign funds of both political parties in New York. Republicans never offer any anti-capital legislation; the Democrats offer a great deal, and intend none. The Democratic position in the State is well understood. Most of the big Tammany men are interested heavily in the local corporations, and their private secretaries sometimes write the anti-trust, anti-capital planks. This is all part of what our Tammany legislator above quoted would call "the game."

The Republican organization presented some good arguments against the franchise tax paragraph in the Governor's message: the difficulty of finding honest, expert assessors; the lack of standards by which to determine the value of such intangible property; the danger in the future of hateful taxation which would be confiscation. The Governor said these were all matters of skill. He meant to be only just, and he would consult with the corporations about drawing up the bill. But the leaders urged that there was no public demand for such a tax; and that the party had promised nothing of the kind in the platform. To these the Governor replied that it would be all the wiser to legislate in these matters quietly, without arousing any popular excitement like that which had been turning the West upside down, and he thought that a piece of legislation against the abuses of corporations, put through decently in a "capitalist State" of New York's wealth by the Republican party, would be a good example to set to the "crank" States, which, like Tammany, shouted mightily and did nothing, or wanted to hit "money" out of spite, envy, and ignorance.

The difference of opinion grew to a "split." The period of reason was past, and the state of war was declared. For a while it looked as if all legislation and all appointments would be involved. But the organization chose another course. The Governor might present his message if he would, but the legislature should not heed that part of it which advised a franchise-tax law. The message was sent in, and the corporations began to move. They were told by Mr. Roosevelt that they might have a voice, if they wished, in the drawing of the bill. This invitation was public, and it was perfectly understood.

"Yes, I saw it in the paper," said one corporation officer, "but I guess we won't have to see the Governor."

They saw the organization. They had a man at Albany, the regular man, to watch the bill, and it was said that he had a quarter of a million dollars to beat it with. He saw it introduced, referred, "put to sleep." He reported it dead, killed by the organization, so that he did not have to spend a cent.

"I haven't drawn a contract on it," he said, meaning that he had not even promised to pay anything to legislators to vote against it. "It's a dead duck. I listened to the heart of it, and there wasn't a flutter."

The Governor worried a little. He talked a great deal to legislators one by one, two by two. Pretty soon he was cheerful. He talked to the organization about it. Then he was angry. He saw the leaders of the party in the House and Senate. "Orders were orders," they said, and they could do nothing.

One day, toward the end of the session, soon after the watchman in the lobby had given his expert opinion on the state of the bill, the Governor, finding he could not get it out of committee otherwise, sent in a special message. The "steering committee" would have to report it out if that was read. The word flew about from man to man, the message was there at the Speaker's desk; there, too, were the orders. What could be done? Somebody seemed to recall the exact phrasing of the orders.

This somebody tore the message up—an unprecedented piece of audacity; it was worse: it was a political mistake. The cool heads were shocked. Suppose the Governor should appeal to public opinion with his torn message in his hand! The Speaker became ill, and went home for a day. The watchman out in the lobby was in a fine

frenzy. Perhaps he was sorry then that he had no contracts drawn. He ran to telephone to New York; he flew back, and began sending page boys to legislators. The sweat rolled off his face and head.

The Governor drew down his upper lip to bite at his mustache, as he does when he is in a rage. Then he saw, as the Assembly leaders had seen, and he laughed. He dictated another message, and had that delivered at the Speaker's desk. The Speaker received it; it was read; it was heeded. The steering committee reported the bill, and both houses passed it; the sweating watchman with his contracts had come to the rescue too late.

This woke up the corporations, and they began to respond to the Governor's invitation to see him. They had suggestions to offer, amendments, but it was too late. The bill was before the Governor, and the legislature had adjourned. It was a ridiculous situation. The usual hearing was given. Some of the corporations had their lawyers on hand to argue their side. Even this was not in vain. They did succeed in persuading the Governor that the bill was imperfect, and should not be signed as it stood. Would he let it drop and have another bill introduced next year? No, he said, with some humor; he could not very well do that. Would he call an extra session? He would consider that. He decided that it would be fair and worth while. Then he need not sign this bill? Well, he thought that, all things considered, he had better sign this bill, so that he would be sure of having something to show when all was over. Moreover, with a franchise law on the books, the amendments to be suggested would probably be more acceptable to him. The extra session was called, a few amendments were adopted, but these changes were so unsatisfactory to the corporations that they are going to fight the law in the highest courts.

What is the result? The organization doesn't like Mr. Roosevelt as Governor, neither does "Lou" Payn, neither do the corporations. The corporations cannot come out openly to fight him; they have simply served notice on the organization that if he is renominated they will not contribute to campaign funds. But the organization cannot refuse to renominate him, for he has said openly that he wants to finish up his work: levy the franchise tax, see to the amendment, keep in a fair board of assessors, etc. And besides, he has marked the administration as his, so that for the party to fail to honor him again would be to repudiate its own work.

For the politicians the obvious solution of the problem would be to promote him to a place where there would be nothing for him to do but be good. The Vice-Presidency is just the thing. But Mr. Roosevelt wants work, not a soft place; and he would refuse the nomination. But inasmuch as the organizations of all the States are equally interested in getting rid of such a man, the policy would be to work up a wave of popular enthusiasm which should roll up from the West and Southwest a nomination by acclamation in the convention of his party. This he could not refuse, and thus it might seem that the people had shelved the colonel of the Rough Riders in the most dignified and harmless position in the gift of his country. Then everybody could say, "We told you so," for both the theorists and the politicians have said that it is impossible in practical politics to be honest and successful too.

AT THE DOVELYS'.

A PRESENT-DAY LOVE STORY.

By Sewell Ford.

WHEN you have a nice new home in the country—one with a *porte cochère*, an outside chimney, and a fireplace in the reception hall—you develop a desire to have your friends come to see you. The Dovelys did. It was a question of who next.

"No more cooing young people for a while," said Dovely. "They make me feel old."

"I rather like that kind," said Mrs. Dovely; "but it shall be as you say. You ask a man, and I'll find a girl."

"Yes, and they'll be flirting in two hours."

"Not if you get the right kind."

"Well, I'll hunt up Brackett Marsh, then."

"Is he nice?"

"He has kept out of jail ever since I've known him."

"Oh, Fred, you know what I mean."

"I suppose I do. Then he isn't. He sometimes forgets to tell the young woman he meets for the first time that she has the profile of a Gibson girl. He dances badly. He doesn't do tricks with cards. He never wants to cook things in a chafing-dish. He hasn't sense enough to know that he ought to be playing golf instead of visiting charity patients and attending clinics. But he is a mighty good fellow, and we used to be chums."

"That means that you'll spend the day smoking and talking of old times. Well, ask him out for over Sunday. I'll write to Calla Winthrop."

"To what class does Calla belong? Is she a good fellow?"

"She is not. She is a young woman with an aim in life. You mustn't tease her, Fred. Her bump of humor is in her chin—and it's a dimple."

"I suppose she wears glasses and has the grace of a broom-stick."

"The idea! She was the prettiest girl in our class. If you rave over her hair I shall be jealous."

So it was arranged. Mr. Dovely hunted up Marsh in the city, and made him promise. Mrs. Dovely's letter to Calla was urgent, and brought an acceptance.

The Dovelys were to meet them at the 6.53 on Saturday night. But when the belated commuters dropped by Number Eleven at Willowbank had scuttled off into the darkness of the suburb, two persons were left on the station platform. One was a broad-shouldered young man. This was Marsh. The other was a tall young woman in a tailor suit and a fur boa—Miss Winthrop. They seemed to be looking for some one. Twice they had paced past each other, carrying their dress-suit cases, when the station agent came out. He had turned out the lights, and he locked the waiting-room door behind him. He was going home. Both started for him. The young woman, being nearer, won. Marsh fell back, waiting and alert. He saw the agent wave some directions. The young woman started off. Then his turn came. Would the gentleman direct him to the home of Mr. Dovely?

"Just follow the lady, sir. She's going there," and off went the hungry ticket-man.

Marsh took the advice. It was a brisk pace she was setting, but he was soon in close pursuit and reviewing a most interesting compound fracture that had come in that morning. The house surgeon had some hopes that amputation might be necessary. If so, he had promised to make Marsh his first assistant in the work. He would be back in time. What, another turning? He wished he could get hold of a tibia and relocate the exact spot at which——

"Young man, are you following me?"

Eh? What was this? Here was a young woman under a street lamp. She was looking sharply at him. Oh, yes! The one who was going to the Dovelys'.

"See here, are you following me?"

"Why, yes," said Marsh simply.

"Then you'd better stop it."

"Of course; certainly. No, no! I don't mean that. The man at the station, you know; he told me to."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, he said you were going to the Dovelys'. So am I. I hope I did not frighten you? I beg your pardon."

"It isn't necessary; I am not timid. Do I understand that you are to be a guest there?"

"I am; and you?"

"Also. I am Miss Winthrop." Marsh raised his hat and told his name. "Now," said Miss Winthrop, "I think it will look better if we walk together the rest of the way—unless you prefer shadowing me."

"I waive all preferences," he said. "May I carry your bag?"

Miss Winthrop felt quite able to carry it herself. She added that the Dovelys' house was the third on the right from the corner. They walked on in silence. It was awkward. Marsh searched his mind in vain for a safe topic. Being taken for a highwayman had scattered his wits. Besides, there was little in the manner of the young woman to invite friendly talk. The third house on the right shone vividly against the background of night. Streaming out over the snow came the glow from many gas-jets and several big lamps.

"It appears that we are not to be the only guests," suggested Miss Winthrop.

"Looks like a house party or something of the sort." Marsh scented a social evening. "Will you please wait a moment?" Marsh stopped under the street light, and fished a time-table from his pocket. He saw a chance of escape.

"It's no use," said Miss Winthrop. "The next train down is at 11.13, and stops only on signal: I looked that up."

"But I might wait on the platform."

"And freeze. Besides, I should tell Mr. Dovely, and he would go after you."

"And bring me back like a bashful schoolboy; you're right." Marsh picked up his bag.

"I think we should have an understanding first," said Miss Winthrop. Marsh dropped the bag. "Were you told anything about the other guests?"

"No. I imagined I was to be the only one."

"So did I. This is Kittie's work. Can you guess why we have been asked out here?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Of course you can't. Well, it was probably that we might meet each other. We are expected to be entertainingly silly. We are supposed to begin by being very distant and formal, and end by giggling together in a corner, behind a book. Let me tell you now that I do not propose to do anything so ridiculous. I hope you will not expect it of me."

"I'm sure I shall not."

"Very well, then, let us go on. I'm cold and hungry."

Dovely himself came to the door. He wore an ulster, a cap, and overshoes. To Marsh, who was in the van, he said: "Well, you've come at last. It's about— Oh, Brackett, it's you! I thought it was the plumber. I had forgotten. Ah, somebody with you?"

"This is Miss Winthrop."

"Great Scott! I mean—delighted. Come in and—and keep your things on. We're in trouble."

Mrs. Dovely they found shivering over a gas-log in the drawing-room. She was wrapped in a floor rug, and was wearing her furs. She had been crying, too.

Dovely summed up the situation: "Hot-water heating pipes burst in three places, cold-water pipes frozen solid, waterback in the range a wreck, and every plumber in town with more work than he can do in a month. How did it happen? We went into the city for a few days and let the servants off. Got back this morning, and have been freezing ever since. Gas-jets, I find, give out heat only in summer."

"Then the illumination was not in our honor?" put in Marsh.

"My dear fellow, we hadn't thought about you once. Our miseries have kept us too busy. But I'm going to ask you to stay and share them You don't have to accept, though."

Marsh had quickly taken stock of the immediate future. He had already passed judgment on Miss Winthrop. This tall girl with the hair like polished copper he did not like. She had too much of superiority and independence in her manner. Besides, she had not only taken him for a robber, but had suspected him of wanting to flirt with her. "As well flirt with a pink icicle," thought Marsh. She would go back on the late train. If he went it would be in her company. He shivered at the prospect.

"I am going to stay," he announced promptly.

"So am I," said Miss Winthrop. "I am going to see that Kittie does not freeze." She had a fine sense of duty.

"It's so good of you," said Mrs. Dovely weakly. "How nice that you should get acquainted on the way out here."

The humor of the situation suddenly appealed to Marsh. "Oh, we flirted outrageously all the time," he said. "Miss Winthrop has already had to warn me."

"Mr. Marsh," protested Miss Winthrop.

"Didn't you tell me at the corner you would positively refuse to sit with me and giggle behind a book?"

"Yes, but——"

"You see, Mrs. Dovely."

"Why, Calla! How you have changed!"

Mrs. Dovely almost forgot her half-congealed condition. Marsh noted the indignant flush on Miss Winthrop's cheeks. So did Mrs. Dovely. "Actually blushing," she thought. "And Calla Winthrop, of all girls!"

Meanwhile Dovely was looking at his friend with a quizzical expression. Marsh favored him with a wink. Miss Winthrop saw it, and bit her lip.

"Mr. Marsh is pleased to be humorous at my expense, Kittie. Please do not take him seriously. Now let us see what is to be done. Have you had dinner?"

"Dinner! Not unless you call sardines and crackers dinner. Miss Mary McClink, our cook that was, left before noon. 'Sure an' I'm no Eskimo,' were her last words. Miss Ollie Swenson, the maid, followed on the next train." Mrs. Dovely ended by pulling the rug closer around her. The movement was eloquent of despair.

"Never mind, Kittie. I'm going to see what can be done in the kitchen."

"Cannot I be of some help, too?" asked Marsh.

"Possibly, if——"

"If I promise not to squeeze your hand? I promise," said Marsh.

Then Miss Winthrop, who had learned all sorts of domestic science at college and who had practised housekeeping in her home mission work, began to make things move. She showed the men how to disconnect the water-back so that a fire might be built in the range; she discovered that the fancy fireplace in the dining-room was really practical, and under her direction Marsh soon had a cheerful fire blazing behind the shiny tiling. By this time she had some water boiling, and she superintended the thawing of the cold-water pipes. By nine o'clock the dining-room table was set, and there were nicely broiled chops, baked potatoes, tea, and preserves ready.

"Calla, where did you learn to do such things?" asked Mrs. Dovely. But Miss Winthrop only smiled in her calm way.

It was a jolly meal. Afterward the men said they would help with the dishes. Then Mr. Dovely thought he might catch his plumber, and went out. Mrs. Dovely offered to help, but confessed her ignorance. She was told to stay by the fireplace and thaw. So Miss Winthrop and Marsh undertook the task.

"Did you ever wipe dishes, Mr. Marsh?" demanded Miss Winthrop.

"I'm an expert," said Marsh.

"Where did you learn?"

"In Poverty Row; that is what we called our barracks at college. We boarded ourselves, you see."

"Oh," said Miss Winthrop. "There's a towel. Now what shall I give you first?"

"The glasses, please. They polish best when hot."

"You do know something about it, don't you?"

"It is always so pleasant to be believed—after you have proved your statements."

"That's sarcasm, isn't it? There! I haven't rolled up my sleeves." Miss Winthrop looked at her dripping hands and then at her silk waist.

"Let me do it," said Marsh.

This distinctly disagreeable young woman, he allowed himself to note, had arms which were rather plump and graceful. In trying not to notice them he looked into her eyes. She met the glance steadily. "Now, don't be silly, Mr. Marsh," she said.

It was his turn to flush, and he did it. However, he rallied quickly.

"I couldn't help it. You shouldn't encourage me."

"Why, Mr. Marsh!"

"It's the way you look at me. Surely I saw you wink then."

"I? I wink?"

"Oh, that's the way they all talk; the bigger the flirt the greater the saint she pretends to be. There, you almost broke a glass."

"You are trying to tease me now."

"Not for the world. My one desire is to wipe these dishes as soon as possible and get away before you lead me into any further nonsense. I shall be calling you 'Dearie' next."

"Mr. Marsh, don't you think this is very light talk?"

"Deplorably so, Miss Winthrop. But as long as you lead, I must follow. I am so easily influenced. Now for the silver. Did you mean for me to take your hand then?"

Miss Winthrop was just boxing Mr. Marsh's ears when Mrs. Dovely entered the kitchen.

"Hity-tity! What is this?" she exclaimed. "I guess a chaperon is needed here."

"You're right, Mrs. Dovely," said Marsh, wiping away the traces left by Miss Winthrop's wet fingers. "We've been flirting again."

"Kittie," said Miss Winthrop, "he's just dreadful."

Mrs. Dovely was evidently highly amused. "I have always understood," she said, "that it took two to get up a flirtation or a quarrel."

"But this has been neither one nor the other," protested Miss Winthrop.

"It looked like both," said Mrs. Dovely.

Well, that is the way it began. You can imagine the progression. It is not necessary to tell how, during the next two days—for Sunday it snowed and Monday they were blizzard-bound—the affair developed. That which had been at first mere word fencing between two stranger natures took the form of a mutual jest.

Now a mutual sorrow is always a bond between people. It bridges many chasms. So does a mutual jest; only in the latter case the bond is much stronger. You may weep alone, but you need some one to help you when you laugh.

Calla Winthrop saw at last the humor of Marsh's attitude, and came to appreciate it keenly. He had developed her latent sense of the absurd. In his turn, Brackett Marsh enjoyed the unusual rôle of jester. He had often envied in others the knack of relaxing tight-shut lips by mirth. So Mrs. Dovely caught them smiling at each other, and wisely

put it down as a case of what she called "love at first sight."

Tuesday the blockade was lifted. They were wading through the banked snow to the station when Marsh stopped at the first corner. "It was here, Dovely, right under this lamp, that she began flirting with me," he said.

"Oh, no," said Miss Winthrop, "it was before that. It was when I pretended to think you were a highwayman, but you didn't see it then."

"Do you know, Fred, I feel proud of that match," said Mrs. Dovely when she handed her husband the cards six months later.

"Kittie," said Dovely, "you're a wonder."

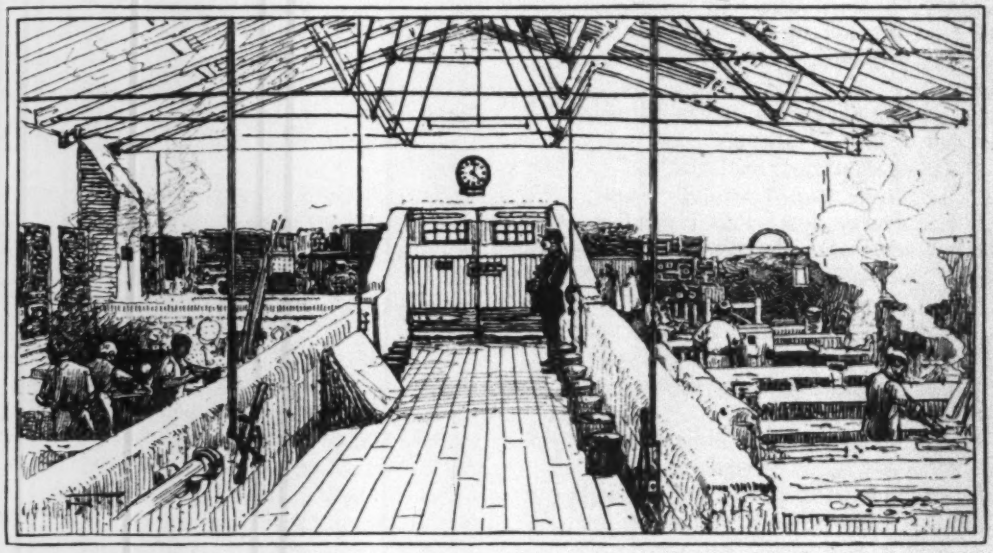
"Now," mused Mrs. Dovely afterward, "what do you suppose he meant by that?"

THE RELEASE OF BENJAMIN CUDD.

By Tighe Hopkins,

Author of "Miss Cullender's Lamb," "A Tale of a Tub," "As It Fell Out," etc.

A STORY OF A PRISONER WHO LOOKED FOR A "FREE PARD'N."



THE chaplain was a rather noisy preacher, with a habit of sudden pauses where no pause was expected. Prisoners addicted to talking in chapel watched nervously for the stopping of the "croaker's" voice, and the warders kept their own lookout, for reasons connected with discipline. The oldest and cleverest lags, men who could jabber glibly with jaws almost rigid, were very apt to be caught, for the warders' seats were raised some two feet above the convicts'; and by the quick, instinctive closing of a pair of lips beneath you, it was easily guessed that their owner had been breaking the rules. The governor, Captain Lambert—"old Gingertail" to the convicts, from the end of red bandana that hung from his tail pocket the week round—occupied the one pew in the gallery, which was as good as a conning tower, and the chief warder had a tall perch in the corner facing

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the pulpit, so that, observed from every point, felonry lacked no excuse for minding its devotions.

Of course, mistakes were made, but official mistakes are bad to rectify in prison, and the man who was accused, rightly or wrongly, of talking in church generally got the worst of it. In some cases it was a moderately safe charge to lay, and most warders had a fixed idea that you couldn't go wrong with Benjamin Cudd. Cudd was talking in church again; if he wasn't talking, he had just left off; if he hadn't just left off, he was just going to begin; put him down for report.

So, when Cudd was brought up as usual on Monday morning, the governor, as usual, was nasty to him.

"One of these days, pretty soon," said the governor, "I shall be putting you back for an interview with the visiting justice."

The governors of her Majesty's prisons have no power to inflict the "cat," that being the exclusive privilege of the visiting justice, who comes once a month. An interview with him is generally good for two or three dozen at the triangles.

The prisoner, standing at attention, his arms close to his sides, and the palms of his hands outwards, rolled his big, dull-eyes, and made no reply. Perhaps he thought it hardly worth while to state that he had not been talking.

"Fine of forty-eight marks," continued the governor, "and No. 3 diet for a week."

Forty-eight marks represent the total of six days' earnings at what government calls "steady hard labor," and the loss of them at a stroke meant, in effect, one week longer of penal servitude. If you think that a week more or less is unimportant in a sentence of seven years, wait until you come to notch the days off one by one in a cell seven feet by four, with six inches of the sky of liberty mocking you through the slit above.

Cudd stayed a moment to see if the governor were giving away anything else that morning; then one of his grotesquely long arms went slowly up to the salute, and his warder marched him off to cells. Cudd said nothing, and the warder said nothing, etiquette being strictly observed on occasions of punishment. If Cudd had sworn, the warder would have been pleased, though he would probably not have reported it. Not a word was said at the door of Cudd's cell, where Monday's dinner of beef and onions was waiting for him. He left the tin at the door, and passed in. The dinner-hour was half over, but No. 3 diet—a pint and a half of stirabout—which was handed in to him five minutes later—is easily wolfed. Then the victim of discipline planted his stool against the wall, and sat down to consider things.

Almost as long as he could remember, Benjamin had been in trouble. Though he yearned for freedom, which was four bitter years behind and three in front of him, he had not made much better weather of it out of prison than he usually did as a lag. His extraordinary appearance when he stood with his party on parade (between handsome Birmingham Alf, the prince of thieves, and long Dicky the Dean, whose line was preaching at street corners while his girl lifted the "poges," or purses, of the congregation) proclaimed him a man whom nature had condemned to fail in crime. He was the smallest creature in the prison, with a head many sizes too large for him, great staring eyes, ears like sails, and such a reach of arm that, standing erect, he could almost touch his knees with his finger tips. Benjamin was a "hook," that is to say, he got his living by the commoner kinds of filching; and race-courses, fairs, and all uncanopied green marts were his peculiar lay. But in every place where "hooks" do congregate, that figure of ridicule inevitably drew the scrutiny of "coppers," "tecs," and "narks,"* and Benjamin was smugged—which is nabbed—where "hooks" less cruelly defeatured roamed unmolested. Besides his luck, which was generally awful, he was not what the gang call a "wide," or smart, man, and they were rather shy of working with him. He had palled at one time or another with busters and screws,† toygetters, ‡ broadsmen, § snide-pitchers, ‖ men at the duff, ¶ and skittle sharps—a pretty wide crew, who "used to use at" a public in the Lane **—but his partnerships had rarely survived a job or two; and for years Benjamin had padded the hoof alone, the forlornest "hook" in England. Then, in an hour of inexcusable conceit, he aspired to burglary—Benjamin, the plain "hook"—which was his undoing. The chat †† was an easy one to empty, and Benjamin was walking off at dawn with the wedge ‡‡ in the kipsy §§ on his back, so pleased with his cleverness that, when he piped the reeler round the double, ‖‖ he forgot that he was trudging with-

* Police spies. † Burglars. ‡ Watch stealers. § Card sharpers. ‖ Utterers of false money. ¶ Passing false jewelry. ** Petticoat Lane. †† House. ‡‡ Silver. §§ Basket. ‖‖ Saw the policeman at the corner.

out his daisy-roots, * and that the James † was sticking out of one pocket and the screws ‡ bulging in another. He was so much ashamed of himself that he declined to plead "not guilty" at his trial. Two years would have met the case, six months would have shown that the judge was disposed to reform by kindness; but the Recorder was a believer in cumulative sentences for old offenders, and Benjamin, whose record in the Criminal Register filled a quarter of a page in small type, was lagged for seven. It was his ninth sentence, and his second of penal servitude. He was just thirty-nine.

Meanwhile, Benjamin was still with his back to the wall of his cell, his little legs stretched out in front of him, trying in his stupid way to set the account right between the governor and himself. He was puzzle-headed over it. The warder who had laid the illusory charge he took no account of. He had lied against the warder on occasion, and this might be a fair move in the game. But the governor was a kind of Pope to the deformed and half-witted hook, and it seemed to him that this high authority should detect a warder's lie on the instant. The ugly sallow of his skin burned to purple, and began to change from purple into black. He was coming slowly to think that if the governor failed him, there was nothing to keep on for. He had badgered the warders till he was willing to accept any reprisals at their hands; and being reckoned among the convicts as a man with no luck, he was as shunned and lonely in the prison as he had been out of it. He had half reckoned that if he had held his tongue when he was charged, the governor would see through it, and set him right.

He heard the warder coming down the hall, unlocking the cells to turn the men out for afternoon labor. His own door was switched open.

"Now, then!" said the warder.

Cudd's misshapen face was black to the ears; he rose with a scream, picked up his stool and smashed it against the wall of his cell. Then, before he could be held, he ripped his jacket at the throat and tore it into shreds. The warder blew his whistle, and rushed on him, but Cudd fell inert, crying like a child.

It is written in the Rules that a prisoner who breaks the furniture or makes ribbons of his clothing may be punished with the "cat." Benjamin had committed both these crimes at once, and of all forms of retribution, in or out of prison, the "cat" was the one he dreaded most. Just at that time there walked, or shuffled, at the rear of Benjamin's work party a man whose ankles were hampered by cross-irons, and who wore a particolored dress of black and drab; he had come under the whip for pitching a brick at a warder, and Benjamin was sure that the whites of the man's eyes had turned yellow since his punishment.

So he sat and quaked in a dark cell not his own, and wondered when the visiting justice would come. Since his tantrum on the previous day he was decorated in quite a new style. The ridiculous little figure looked more than ever ridiculous muffled in the suit of No. 1 navy canvas, which is the particular badge of the destroyer of clothing. Then, since he had done wanton violence to the furniture of his cell, it was reasonably urged that in another fit he might turn his hands against himself (and in the darkness of the punishment cell sudden crises of madness will sometimes come), so the body belt had been added to the canvas suit. The body belt, weighing about four pounds, is of double leather sewn together, and fastened by a lock round the waist, with steel wristlets at the sides, in which Benjamin's wrists were secured. Belted and handcuffed, and cased in canvas, he sat in the dark, terrified, waiting for the coming of the man who had power over the "cat."

But the man came on this very day, and held his court and went away, and Benjamin was not set before him.

All night he lay on a plank on the broad of his back, still held by the wrists, wide awake, saying to himself, "I wonder if he'll come to-morrer?"

No light came with the day, but Benjamin knew it was breakfast time when a loaf of brown bread was pushed in through the trap in the door. He thought of the other prisoners turning out for the day, putting their cells to rights, and being mustered for chapel. Oh, what happiness to be rolling out of one's hammock, hands free, and nothing worse to expect than the day's routine on the works! Those other chaps had nothing to complain of; no one had anything to complain of who was not waiting to be brought before the visiting justice. By and by the door was unlocked, but he knew it was too early yet for the summons that was always singing in his ear.

"Like a stroll, my boy?" said the warder. "Come along o' me."

Benjamin understood that he was to be

* Boots. † Crowbar. ‡ Skeleton keys.

exercised, and he went after the warder, blinking in the daylight, into a small, high-walled yard, empty and perfectly bare. Here prisoners undergoing special punishment were brought for an hour's exercise in the morning, one at a time; and here Benjamin trudged to and fro under the eye of the warder, who stood stiffly against the iron wicket. It was a stinging forenoon of mid-October, not a gleam from the ashen sky. The warder had his top coat on, but Benjamin's No. 1 canvas let the cold in, and his pinioned wrists felt numb.

Every time he passed the warder he looked at him furtively; he wanted to ask if the visiting justice were coming that day, but he had never had to do with this warder, and was afraid to speak. He had not slept, he had not tasted his bread, he was dull and weak and cold, and the fear almost paralyzed him.

The rules being what they are, an officer of the prison can do little for a prisoner under special punishment; but Benjamin's warder—a married man, with children whom he doted on—observed the color of his wrists. He had bought his youngest a pair of woollen mittens the night before.

"Hold on," he said.

Benjamin stood dumbly, and the warder went up to him.

"Cold at the wrists, ain't you?" said he, and Benjamin looked and nodded.

"It wouldn't be much harm if you answered civil," jerked the warder, "but you're in for a dose of it this time"—Benjamin quaked again—"and I can make allowances."

While speaking he had been unlocking the wristlets, and Benjamin's arms were suddenly free.

"There!" said the warder, "now clap your hands to your sides and do a trot. You'll be warm all right soon. Law, man, you ain't so bad! You might be in the leg-irons. Now do a bit of a double round the yard."

Benjamin was still voiceless, but his goggle eyes held a kind of gratitude.

"Time's up!" called the warder presently. "Slip your dukes in again, my lad," and Benjamin, strangely and wonderfully obedient, thrust his hands and wrists through the steel circlets.

"Take my advice and stow that toke," said the warder, pointing to the loaf of bread that had tumbled from the trap-door to the floor of the cell. "Want to see the doctor?"

"Don't send the doctor! Don't send me the doctor, sir!" said Benjamin very quick. "I'm all right, sir, an' thenk you, sir."

"Law, man! The doctor ain't the visiting justice," said the warder.

No, he wasn't; but he came just before him, when the "cat" was threatening. The doctor had to sound you, and punch you, and probe you, and feel your pulse and heart, to make sure that you were fit for it. Benjamin had often sent for the doctor, when he wanted to try a fake on him and fetch the farm;* but he didn't wish for him now.

The doctor came, however.

"Medical orf'cer!" said the warder, as he threw the door open; and Benjamin scrambled up to attention, frightened almost to sickness.

"Let's have a look at you!" said the doctor. "Come out here into the corridor. Take his wrists out of the bracelets. Now, stand up square, and no kid."

Among the lags, the doctor was the most popular officer in prison, but he had never been known to let a man off who was sound for the "cat."

He jerked up Benjamin's chin, felt his pulse, and sounded him over the heart. Benjamin could almost hear the chief warder's "One!" for the first stroke of the "cat," governor and doctor standing by, and the man with the whip measuring his distance.

"Sleep last night?" said the doctor.

"No, sir."

"Eaten your bread?"

"No, sir."

"What's your game?"

Except for his terror, Benjamin would have whimpered something, but the terror kept him dumb.

The doctor knew that he was expecting to be flogged, and saw that he was silly from excess of fright.

"Take the belt off," he said to the warder.

Benjamin thought they were getting him ready for the triangles, and his great head wagged foolishly on his little body as he said:

"'As 'e come, sir?"

"Who?" said the doctor.

"You know, sir—the visitin' justice."

"Yes; he's come and gone."

Benjamin's knees knocked. "Oh, sir!" he cried. "Don't play with me. Ain't I goin' to get bashed?"

"You're in luck again, Benjy!" said the doctor, as he turned out of the cell.

Benjamin glimmered at the warder. Was prison such a heaven as this?

"You 'eard 'im say it, sir, didn't you?" he said.

* Get into hospital, the convict's paradise.

But now that the tension was over, the warder was on duty.

"Sit down, my lad, and eat your bread," said he.

When the door was locked again, Benjamin groped on the floor for his loaf of bread, and carried it to his plank bed, and mumbled it greedily. He had never felt so happy in his life. In the evening a mattress and a bolster were thrown in to him, and then came a cup of hot cocoa, good fat stuff, and Benjamin wished, in the black stone cell, that he might never get out of prison.

Perhaps no one had ever quite such a narrow squeak of it. But the governor had well and truly pondered that dark and stunted case, and had decided not to put Benjamin back for the visiting justice. Benjamin had given "old Gingertail" (a shocking name for one of the smartest and best-looking men in the service) a great deal of trouble; but he thought there was probably something at the back of that moment's fury, for in his right senses—as far as his senses were ever right—this lag had always been very wary in offence. The governor could seldom be certain that he got the naked truth from a warder who reported a troublesome prisoner, and when the prisoner rebelled under a sentence which was not excessive as the penalties of the prison went, the governor had his private mind upon the matter. He knew that nearly any warder who had had charge of Benjamin would report him for almost anything, but he remembered also that Benjamin had generally taken his punishment, if not like a lamb, at least unlike a tiger. So it was that, the case being weighed of the governor, Benjamin was not set before the visiting justice, in which event, had the doctor passed him, he would certainly have got the order to strip.

But the bark of Benjamin the lucky was yet a long, long way from shore. If he had been a day and a night in hell, he was now to be translated to purgatory.

They took him out of chokey, but only to immure him in a "special," which is just one remove in quality from the den he had spent that night of terror in. But Benjamin had been in the specials before, and entered briskly, without giving cheek. He was in love with the prison just then, and only thought what a good, kind man the governor was.

"I can do speshuls all right enough," he said to himself.

Specials, nevertheless, want a good deal of "doing," as Benjamin might have remembered, if he had not been in such a sweet state of mind. They don't let you speak ever such a little word in the specials, and woe betide if you are caught trying to telegraph through the wall. Then the graft* in specials is very unlovely. In your own cell, if you have a bit of oakum-picking to do, they give you a little thing called a fiddle to ravel it out with; in the specials you get oakum varied with crank most of the time, and the picking is done with the unassisted dukes. Exercise is not much better than graft, for in the penal class—which was Benjamin's at present—there's never a creature to look at in the yard except the screw,† and he is not often a "soft" one. For a long sentence in the specials, the diet is generally No. 2: eight ounces of bread for breakfast, a pint of stirabout for dinner, and eight ounces of bread for supper.

All this is very chastening after a time, but Benjamin sat over his oakum day by day through hard October, and still said to himself that he could "do speshuls right enough." The world of felonry wagged on all round him, but not an echo of it found his ear; they give you in the specials the very fullest benefit of your own society.

When Benjamin stated, quite politely, and not at all as a grievance, that his fingers were getting raw with the oakum, they put him on the crank.

He had been deprived of his book from the library, and that was something of a loss, for he had chanced on a work called the "Popular Educator," which had a lot of lovely pictures, including a cut of Barnet Fair, where he had spent some glorious hours.

He had his books of devotion, to be sure; but Benjamin was not a pious man, and his reading, when there were no pictures, was principally an exercise in spelling. He had, moreover, been disappointed in the Bible. Long Dicky the Dean had whispered him on the works some remarkable stories which purported to be Sacred Writ, and in his cell one night, before lights were turned out, Benjamin had spelled over some passages of Scripture, regarding it as an improper book. But his curiosity was defeated, and as he returned the volume to the shelf he thought what a slap-up wide man the Dean must be to find such nuggets in the Bible. Perhaps—and this seemed likely—the Dean had made a private Bible for himself.

* Labor. † Warder.

From time to time the doctor came, but Benjamin said he was "workin' through it all right, sir, thenk you, sir," and he kept on. He knew that, out of the twelve hundred lags in the prison, there must be a dozen or two doing their turn in the specials, and he thought he was getting on very well.

During twenty days he did his graft steadily, and in those twenty days he had scarcely spoken twenty words. Then he began to feel that he was losing himself a little. He caught himself chewing his oakum when he ought to have been picking it. It had a nasty taste, but it gave the palate something to do during the six hours from bread to stirabout, and the next six hours from stirabout to bread. At night he had odd fancies that they were going to let him out of prison on what the Queen is made to call a free pardon. He thought the neighborhood of Barnet would be a nice place to settle in, because of the fair. He had a notion that he was going to be well-to-do, and that he wouldn't have to be a hook any more. It was the first time in his life that he had imagined any better existence than a hook's.

The twenty days straddled out into forty-two, and Benjamin, though he did not know it, had dwindled a good deal. He had taken to sucking his sleeve instead of chewing his oakum, though he had left off being very hungry. He fancied he was no longer doing a full day's graft, and was surprised to see, when he returned to cell after his hour's exercise, that he was always credited with six marks on the card outside his cell, which are the most that can be earned in the penal class.

Then, without expecting it, he found himself back one night in his own cell. It seemed like getting into a hotel. The tins, and the stool, and the tiny deal table looked wonderfully smart, and there was the hammock to unsling and fix up—a hammock with sheets and a pillow—and the gas was burning in the wire guard, just as if you'd ordered it. He had a pint of cocoa for supper that night, and felt almost as good as he had done the day they let him off his flogging. He thought it was want of use, and not weakness, that made it a kind of effort to nip into the hammock at the signal for lights out.

"I knew I'd work them speshuls!" he said. "They've got a noo reseep for skilly. I'll finish this three year on me 'ead!"

The last sentence was in the nature of a flourish, for Benjamin was still possessed by the notion that they were going to let him out.

The change of scene was more pantomimic than ever the next day, for instead of being taken in a thick slop coat to the works, he was marched into the nice warm room of the stocking-knitters. In the prison they call the stocking-knitters' party the Old Women, but nobody minds that, for it is a very slack and cozy berth. Benjamin took his place in a row of prisoners—most of the rows were old and white-headed—who sat on their haunches and knitted silently, under the eye of a warder at a desk. He chuckled over his work.

"This here's graft, this is," he said to himself.

His face was as gray as the November sky, the skin drawn over the bones; and the big goggle eyes, more prominent than ever in their shrunken frame, had as much speculation as the eyes of a mask. But Benjamin looked so pleased with himself.

The stocking-knitters had a superstition that no one who joined on Friday would stay long with them. If he went in as a convalescent from hospital, he got well soon, and was put on hard graft again, or he had a relapse and died. If he were passed in as the result of a clever fake, he was sure to be in trouble by and by, and turned out. But Benjamin, who had become an Old Woman on a Friday, sat in his row with the other shorn heads; and from the odd little airs that he gave himself it might have been thought that his friend, the governor, had put him there in charge of the party, and that the warder was merely Benjamin's deputy.

As an artist at the craft over which the warder presided, his success, it must be confessed, was slow and indifferent. The needles—four to keep going at once—performed wonderfully; Benjamin, whose waking dreams were still with Barnet Fair, called them a "bloomin' merry-go-round." For a second-rate hook, he had a pretty light touch; but four years on the works take the wit out of the digits, and when it came to "stocking-knitting" he found that his fingers were all thumbs. But he toiled over his task as a play, with the steadfastness of a child learning a new game. From time to time he wondered how long they would let him stay there, but he had a steady belief that he should never go back to the works. Then he thought about his release, but the idea of

an escape never entered his mind. Neither did it enter his mind that he had still three years to serve; he was quite possessed by the notion that a way to freedom was to be found for him—all of which may serve to show that Benjamin's terror, and his season of penance in the "speshuls," had produced effects. The Old Women, seeing him so perky and good-humored, and knowing something of his character in the prison, concluded that he was coming his tricks again; but they thought it mattered little, as he would soon be leaving them, for had he not joined on a Friday?

Few of them were known to Benjamin, who, in the course of his laggings, had not often found himself in such select criminal society. Whether his stay in prison were long or short, it was rare indeed for him to rise to the first class, and these were nearly all first-class men, with the elegant blue facings to their jackets. They never gave cheek or trouble to the warder; many of them being indeed old, sorry creatures, doing their last lagging, knitting themselves, with tired fingers and bent, shaven heads, into a grave within the prison walls. There were plenty of middle-aged and some young men, but they did not represent the able-bodied population of the place, which works all day in the open, and may on necessity be starved and whipped into obedience.

The big head of Benjamin wagged solemnly over his needles amid these ghosts, scarecrows, and wastrels of the "college of iniquity." He was quite unconscious of the concern he aroused. He did not know that the warder watched him often, and wished him elsewhere, expecting sorrow from him; or that the Old Women were half afraid of him, and half inclined to stir him up to something.

Toward the end of November the sky one morning broke into sudden sunshine, and there came a rush of mild sweet air through the stone yard where the stocking-knitters were tramping round at exercise. Heads were lifted to the pale blue and gold above, and even the very old men quivered at the smell of the gentle air. The walls of the yard were too high for any glimpse beyond, but it seemed as if the shades of the prison-house had scattered for a moment, owing to some beautiful change in the world without. The sun and the pleasant air lasted through the hour of exercise. One prisoner, a thin, pallid man, whose legs in the red and black stockings were a jest among the party, was seen to be crying on the way back to the knitting-room. Benjamin, going in a kind of amble at the tail of the gang, looked utterly blissful, staring wide-eyed at the sky, as if he did greatly desire it.

Work was given out, and in a few minutes the needles were clicking as usual.

It wanted about an hour of dinner, when Benjamin, the end man of his row, laid down his needles and ball of worsted, passed a hand over his eyes, and stood up. A foolish happiness illumined his dull, pinched face, and he chuckled audibly, the big head on the dwarfed body moving slowly from side to side. Then he spoke.

"I knowed it was a-comin'," he said. "Chaps, I've got that free pard'n."

The room tittered. This was the hour expected of the Old Women; Benjamin had not disappointed them—he was coming a new game.

He began to walk down the room toward the warder's desk, which was just against the door.

"Sit down!" said the warder sternly. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Don't stop me, sir," answered Benjamin, pleasantly. "I've got me pard'n all right. I'm a-goin' where it's three shies a penny, an' I bet you knows where that is, sir."

The warder sprang to his feet, and in the silence of the room the toppling over of his stool sounded like a crash.

But Benjamin was quick, too.

For a moment he had halted, evidently not quite understanding the check he had received; then, as the warder rose, Benjamin's features underwent the horrid transformation they had done in the cell, and with the same demoniacal scream his wasted hands—nerved for the instant—went like a flash at the officer's throat. It was the supreme effort of madness, but it sufficed.

A dozen prisoners threw themselves upon the pair; but Benjamin, who had got his prey to earth, his knees planted, and both hands riveted on the throat, was not to be loosened.

The warder's frame was convulsed from head to foot, and then he lay still.

"Lemme go!" said Benjamin, and he got up quietly. "There 'e is!" he continued, pointing down at the dead warder. "You don't know 'im, mates, but I does. It's the reeler what got me this laggin'. I see 'im d'rec'ly 'e got orf the stool. That's all right, pals. You don't need ter bodder. I got me pard'n."

One of the convicts dashed at the door, pulled it open, and shouted "Murder!"

The sun streamed in through the doorway, and Benjamin stared up at the blue.

"Time I was movin', pals," he said. "They starts the fun about twel' o'clock, an' it's a step from 'ere to Barnet."

Benjamin is very well tended in the Criminal Lunatic Asylum, that celebrated place, and if you were ever allowed there as a visitor he would spot you at once, ask if you had any message for him from his friend Cap'en Lambert, and insist on showing you round the fair. It's always fair day to Benjy when a visitor comes.

THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS PA.

THE STORY OF HOW THEY GOT ACQUAINTED WITH EACH OTHER.

By Ellsworth Kelley.

THE little boy and his pa lived on a ranch where the short grass ran down the slope to meet the elm and the hackberry trees along the river. He was the only little boy in the family; the only child, for that matter. His mother thought him the only little boy in the world, for she knew him well. The little boy and his pa did not have an extended acquaintance. His pa was a very busy man, whose cattle business took him here and there and everywhere a great deal of the time. So the little boy did not see him every day, and when he did see him it was usually at meal time. When at home, sometimes his pa would say: "Come, little boy, wake up if you want to eat breakfast with your pa and ma."

And the little boy would answer, "I'm getting dressed, pa."

At noon his pa would say: "Come, little boy, wash your face, and comb your hair, and be sure you act nice at the table."

The little boy would reply: "Yes, sir."

At night when the clock struck nine his pa would say: "Now, little boy, it's bedtime for folks of your size."

Then the little boy would kiss his ma, and call "Good-night, pa!" as he went upstairs to bed.

So their acquaintance stood till one September day when the little boy was ten years old. That day his pa took the little boy with him to the county-seat. That day the little boy and his pa got acquainted with each other. It was a Kansas September morning. This sentence will sufficiently describe it to all who have passed a September in the short-grass country. Words cannot convey an adequate description to others. They rode along in silence for a while. The little boy had never been to the county-seat, and his imagination was busy with the farther end of the journey. By and by he fell to counting the herds of cattle grazing on the short-grass. He enjoyed the changing landscape. The quails whistled from the brown corn-fields. Somewhere back on the uplands the prairie chickens were drumming their sunrise march. He viewed with intense enjoyment the tag game of a village of prairie dogs. He watched a coyote in pursuit of a jack-rabbit. But even upon the soul of a child impressions of sound and sight will sometimes pall. Then the little boy, all unconscious of what he was doing, began to let his pa get acquainted with him. "Pa, do you remember when you were a little boy—a ten-year-old boy—like me?"

The vision of a barefoot boy with trousers rolled up to his knees, fishing for chubs and goggle-eyes in the old Spring branch—so many years ago—flitted before the father's mental vision as he replied: "Well, yes, my son, I remember quite well."

"What was your name when you were a little boy? Your *boy* name, you know, that the other fellows called you by?"

"Tommy. Your grandma called me 'Tommy Taylor.' But the boys I used to run with called me 'Pony'—'Pony Taylor.' Sometimes they'd turn my name around, and call me 'Taylor's Pony.'"

"What did they call you 'Pony' for?"

"Oh, I guess it was because I was a great, big, overgrown boy."

The little boy caught the spirit of the

irony, and laughed outright. He was silent for a while, and then he began putting his father through a little boy's catechism. "Pa, did you ever play 'scrub'?"

"Scrub? What's that?"

"Oh, it's a game something like base-ball that you play when there isn't enough fellows there to make nine on a side."

"When I was a boy—when I was Pony Taylor—we played town ball, and if we hadn't enough on one side, why, we gave that side a 'blind eye.'"

"Blind eye! What's a blind eye?"

"Oh, it's just letting the first fellow out on a side play again."

"I see now. That made the sides even, didn't it? But did you ever play humper-down or foot-an'-a-half or high jump or put the shot?"

"Well, not by those names. We used to play hop-step-and-a-jump, bull-pen, and old three-cornered cat."

"Do you know what an alley or taw is?"

"Sure! I'll never forget them."

Another short silence. The little boy was thinking. "Pa, can't you tell me something—something funny—that happened—when you were a little boy?"

"Let me see! Well, I remember something that I thought was pretty funny when it happened, and it got still funnier as I thought about it in school time."

"What was it?"

"It wasn't anything much." His pa hesitated a moment before telling it, for he did not know the little boy well enough to be certain that he would be able to appreciate what, to him, was the ludicrous feature of the story. Then he began: "There was a little boy in our school that called himself the 'Boss.' He was a great big hulk of a fellow, and most of the boys were small, for it was a summer term. If we played war, he was the captain. If we played horse, he was the driver. Well, one day he had a whole lot of us fellows pulling a sled of rocks from one part of the yard to the other. We had a hedge pole tied to the sled for a tongue, and each of us took hold of the pole with one hand and pulled. All at once he took a notion that he would be a horse, and he took my place and made me be driver.

"I soon saw what he was about. He was going to be the meanest horse ever hitched up. He reared and pranced and plunged and knocked the rest of the horses right and left. I cracked him one with the whip, and he kicked; and when he kicked, he struck his bare foot on a hedge thorn and tore it pretty badly, and then that unmanageable horse just sat down and howled! After school took up, I got to thinking about it, and I laughed right out. The teacher brought me out on the floor, and when she asked what I was laughing at, I told her I had thought of something funny. She said that she thought of something funny, too, and she took me over and set me between two girls. Then I cried."

The little boy laughed delightedly and said, "*I've* never had to sit with girls."

There was another mile sped over before the little boy spoke again. "Pa, when you went fishing, what did you use for bait—good bait, you know?"

"Angle-worms to catch goggle-eyes, and minnows for bass. I fished for goggle-eyes mostly."

"Pa, do you think it does any good to spit on bait?"

His pa considered carefully before answering; then he said that, when he was a boy, it was so believed by all fishermen.

"Well, that's what I think, though I don't exactly see why. But Billy Mullins catches more fish than any of us fellows, and he says the reason is because he always spits on his bait. Say, pa, did you ever go swimming the whole afternoon? Just swim and swim 'til supper-time came, and then feel sorry because it was time to go home?"

"Did I? I used to be in the long hole of Spring branch so much that your grandma pretended that she could see scales and fins starting to grow on my body."

"Could you dive, and turn handsprings off the spring-board, and tread water, and lay your hair?"

"Better than any other boy in the crowd."

Then the little boy moved close over to his father, and said: "So can I."

By and by they came in sight of the county-seat. The little boy was surprised at its size. He expected it to be larger than Taylor's Corners, which had a school-house, a blacksmith shop, and a store where they got the mail. But he had not dreamed of such a picture as burst upon his sight when they reached the hill-top that overlooked the county-seat. Street after street walled in with high houses! Seven church steeples! A great two-story school building! Whole blocks of two and three story business houses! It seemed to him like a scene out of his pictorial Aladdin which he found by his plate on Christmas morning. It was after reaching the city that the little boy began getting acquainted with his pa.

"Well, well, Taylor! I'm glad to see you. I am indeed. I was just telling my wife this morning that I would rather see Tom Taylor than any man likely to attend the convention. You see, Taylor, I haven't forgotten those three years we spent in the mounted infantry, nor how you pulled me out of the Johnnies' hands when I got that bullet in my arm at Okolona. Say, those Johnnie Rebs were the hot stuff that day, weren't they? And how are you getting along, Taylor, and how is the wife; and—is this your boy?"

"Yes—all I've got—and he's a namesake of yours, Judge—William Strong Taylor."

"You don't say! Well, well, well! Your boy and my namesake! A fine boy, sir, a fine boy." And the judge shook the little boy's awkward right hand—for it was not much used to handshaking and worked very much indeed like a pump-handle—and patted the little boy on the head.

"You and the little boy will take dinner with me to-day, Taylor. We don't get a chance to visit very often, so we'll just go right along down to the house, and talk over old times until dinner;" and the judge took his pa by the arm, and, holding the little boy's hand, together the three walked down the street to the home of the judge.

So walking, the little boy was face to face with the greatest episode of his short life. He had known that he was named for the great Judge Strong. He had occasionally heard his father speak of the judge in terms of the highest respect, and the little boy, in his boyish way, had grown to think him a very great man, only surpassed in greatness by the governor himself; and now the judge had actually patted him on the head, and called him a fine boy; and now they were to take dinner with him! Again he thought of Aladdin.

While his pa and the judge were talking on the veranda, the little boy sat like some little old man, listening to the tales of camp life and army hardships; listening until he felt that he would have given anything in the world—which meant his Aladdin and his pony, Topsy—to have been old enough to have carried a saber and ridden a cavalry horse, and to have had a Spencer carbine slung across his back.

At dinner he behaved very well, and said "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am," and "If you please" in just the right places, and the judge beamed on him with smiles of approval. He really would have enjoyed another piece of the custard pie, and one more spoonful of grape jelly; but he remembered his manners, and resolutely declined when motherly Mrs. Strong insisted on a second helping.

As they went back down town after dinner was over, the little boy was surprised to notice how many men knew his pa. They all acted as if they were glad to see him, and shook hands with him very heartily, and called him "Captain." Finally they reached the Opera House, where the convention was to be held. The little boy gazed curiously on the noisy, surging, good-natured crowd of delegates and politicians that filled the room. By and by a big man on the stage hammered with a mallet on a table, and called the house to order. The committee on organization made its report, and named Captain Thomas Taylor for chairman. The crowd cheered, and adopted the report unanimously. Then there were cries of "Taylor! Taylor! Speech from Taylor!"

The little boy felt proud and sorry all at once—proud of the honor that had come to his pa, sorry because he was sure his pa could not make a speech. He had read something of Patrick Henry, and Webster, and Henry Clay, and knew that they were speech-makers. But he knew that they were dead, and he had a vague idea that nobody living, certainly nobody in that country, could make speeches unless it might be preachers and lawyers, or the schoolmaster on the last day of school. So when his pa stood up before the crowd and bowed, and said: "Fellow-citizens and gentlemen of the convention," the little boy grew very pale, and could hear his own heart beat.

But his pa went right off into a speech about the grand old party and the spirit of liberty, and about the platform. The little boy wondered if he meant the platform upon which he was standing. Then his pa told a humorous story, and the crowd laughed and cheered. He spoke of prison-pens and dead heroes, and the little boy saw a man draw his coat sleeve across his eyes. When his pa had finished his speech, the little boy thought the cheering never would cease, and he mentally placed his pa in the list of men who could make speeches, and wondered if some time that speech would be placed in a Fifth Reader for boys to study in school, along with the speeches of Henry and Webster and Clay.

The convention then proceeded to nominate the ticket. Finally Judge Strong was on his feet making a speech. He was placing a name before the convention for repre-

sentative. He said he wished to name a representative citizen, a man well known and held in esteem by all who knew him; a man who had marched and fought by the judge's side through the years of the war; who now carried in his body the bullets of battle and bore upon his breast the scars of conflict. He drew a vivid picture of this man leading his company in a desperate charge at Missionary Ridge, and concluded by saying, "Gentlemen, I have the honor to place before this convention the name of Captain Thomas Taylor, of Summit Township."

There were more cheers, and some one moved to suspend the rules and make the nomination unanimous. Motion carried. Captain Thomas Taylor was declared the nominee by unanimous vote. The little boy could not remember anything like it in his story of Aladdin.

The convention was over, the congratulations of the delegates and others showered upon the captain, and then the little boy and his pa were on the homeward journey. They did not talk much for many miles. His pa was busy thinking over the events of the day. So was the little boy. The sun had gone down. Suddenly the quiet of the twilight hour—the great, impressive silence of the plains—was broken by a fusillade somewhere off in the gathering darkness. Some belated hunters were taking a parting shot at a scurrying jack-rabbit. A correlation of ideas inspired the little boy to ask: "Pa, when you were a soldier in the war with Judge Strong, did you ever kill any one?"

His pa did not answer at once. In an instant there flashed before his eyes the events of a September day in a year long gone. Clouds of smoke hung over a battle-field. The pungent, nauseous odor of sulphurous smoke was in his nostrils. Again he looked down a line of blue-coated horsemen sitting like statues, each holding a drawn saber. The men had grimy faces and tense, set jaws. He heard Jack Stevens jest about what pretty corpses they would make. Another man was softly whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Dick Saunders cursed the whistler, and some of the boys laughed. A blast of the bugle cut through the smoke-laden air. A shell screamed overhead. A minie ball wailed and shrieked the length of the line. Each man leaned forward in his saddle, and hitched his belt a notch tighter.

"Ta-ta. Ta-ta-ra. Ta-ta-ra-a-a-a!"

In ten seconds the company was making a saber charge now historic. It was a cumbrous whirlwind of horse and rider, and above, the sheet lightning of flashing sabers. The lightning faded, and the sabers were dripping, but not with rain. A gray-sleeved arm was swinging a saber at his throat. Like a machine moving at higher speed, his own saber met and drove back that of the gray arm, and rested upon the cheek of the wielder. When his own saber swung to position its mark was upon the face. The face wavered for an instant, and then pitched forward. Was it a dead face? He never knew.

"Pa, did you ever *kill* a man when you was in the war?"

His pa, like one waking from a deep sleep, answered slowly, "Not that I know of, my son."

"Well, I'm awful glad you didn't," said the little boy, as he again moved closer to the side of his pa.

The little boy was sleepy and quite tired out when he reached the farm-house on the hill-slope. His ma heard them coming, and opened the big gate for them to drive into the barnyard. As the little boy climbed out of the buggy and into the arms of his mother, he put his arms around her neck, kissed her, and exclaimed: "Oh, ma, I've had the best time! And I saw Judge Strong, and we ate dinner at his house, and pa knows nearly everybody, and he made a speech, and they nominated him for something, and his boy name was 'Pony,' and he could swim and tread water and lay his hair same as I can."

His ma kissed him for reply, and knew that the little boy and his pa had entered the Land of Companionship together.

EXPERIMENTS IN FLYING.

By O. Chanute.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR'S OWN INVENTIONS AND ADVENTURES.

IT is considerably over forty years since I first became interested in the problem of flight. This presented the attraction of an unsolved problem which did not seem as visionary as that of perpetual motion. Birds gave daily proof that flying could be done, and the reasons advanced by scientists why the performance was inaccessible to man did not seem to be entirely conclusive, if sufficiently light motors were eventually to be obtained. There was, to be sure, a record of several thousand years of constant failures, often resulting in personal injuries; but it did not seem useless for engineers to investigate the causes of such failures, with a view to a remedy. I, therefore, gathered from time to time such information as was to be found on the subject, and added thereto such speculations as suggested themselves. After a while this grew absorbing, and interfered with regular duties, so that in 1874 all the accumulated material was rolled up into a bundle and red tape tied around it, a resolution being taken that it should not be undone until the subject could be taken up again without detriment to any duty. It was fourteen years before the knot was untied.

Meantime a considerable change had taken place in the public attitude on the question. It was no longer considered proof of lunacy to investigate it, and great progress had been made in producing artificial motors approximating those of the birds in relative lightness. The problem was, therefore, taken up again under more favorable circumstances. A study was begun of the history of past failures, and the endeavor was made to account for them. In point of fact, this produced a series of technical articles which swelled into a book,* and also led to the conclusion that, when a sufficiently light motor was evolved, the principal cause of failure would be that lack of stability in the air which rendered all man-ridden flying-machines most hazardous; but that, if this difficulty were overcome, further progress would be rapid.

Experiments were, therefore, begun to investigate this question of stability and safety, and, if possible, to render the former automatic. These experiments were hundreds in number, and were, at first, very modest. They consisted in liberating weighted paper models of various shapes, either ancient or new, with gravity as a motive power, and observing their glides downward. This was done in still air. After a while, resort was had to larger models, with muslin wings and wooden frameworks, carrying bricks as passengers; and these were dropped from the house-top in the early morning when only the milkman was about. Very much was learned as to the effect of the wind; and then tailless kites of all sorts of shapes were flown, to the great admiration of small boys. During the seven or eight years within which this work was carried on, some glimmerings were obtained of the principles involved, and some definite conclusions were reached. But it was only after Lilienthal had shown that such an adventure was feasible that courage was gathered to experiment with full-sized machines carrying a man through the air.

Otto Lilienthal was a very able German engineer and physicist. He demonstrated that concave wings afforded, at very acute angles, from three to seven times as much support as flat wings in the air. He made, from 1891 to 1896, more than 2,000 successful glides, the longest being about 1,200 feet, upon machines of his own design, launching himself into the air from a hill-top and gliding down against the wind. In 1895, he endeavored to add a motor, but found that this complicated the handling so much that he went back to his gliding-device. It was while experimenting with a double-decked machine of this character, which probably was in bad order, that he

* "Progress in Flying-Machines," 1894. M. N. Forney, New York, publisher.

fell and was killed, in August, 1896. Thus perished the man who will probably be credited by posterity with having pointed out the best way to preliminary experiments in human flight through the air.

Just before this dismal accident, I had been testing a full-sized Lilienthal machine. I discarded it as hazardous, and then tested the value of an idea of my own. This was to follow the same general method, but to reverse the principle upon which Lilienthal had depended for maintaining his equilibrium in the air. He shifted the weight of his body, under immovable wings, as fast and as far as the sustaining pressure varied under his surfaces. This shifting was mainly done by moving the feet, as the actions required were small except when alighting. My notion was to have the operator remain seated in the machine in the air, and to intervene only to steer or to alight; moving mechanism being provided to shift the wings automatically, so as to restore the balance when endangered. There are several ways in which this can be done. Two of them have been worked out to a probable success in my experiments, and there is still a third which I intend to test in due course.

To make such experiments truly instructive, they should be made with a full-sized machine and with an operator riding therein. Models seldom fly twice alike in the open air (where there is almost always some wind), and they cannot relate the vicissitudes which they have encountered. A flying-machine would be of little future use if it could not operate in a moderate wind; hence the necessity for an operator to report upon what occurs in flight, and to acquire the art of the birds. My own operations were conducted from that point of view, with the great disadvantage, however, that being over threescore years of age, I was no longer sufficiently young and active to perform any but short and insignificant glides in such tentative experiments; the latter being directed solely to evolving the conditions of stability, and without any expectation of advancing to the invention of a commercial flying-machine. I simply tested various automatic devices to secure equilibrium, and, with great anxiety, employed young and active assistants.

The best way to carry on such adventures is first to select a soft place on which to alight. This is well secured on a dry and loose sand-hill, and there ought to be no bushes or trees to run into. Our party found such sand-hills, almost a desert, in which we pitched our tent, on the shore of Lake Michigan, about thirty miles east of Chicago. The main hill selected was ninety-five feet high; but the highest point started from was sixty-one feet above the beach, as the best instruction was to be obtained from short glides at low speeds.

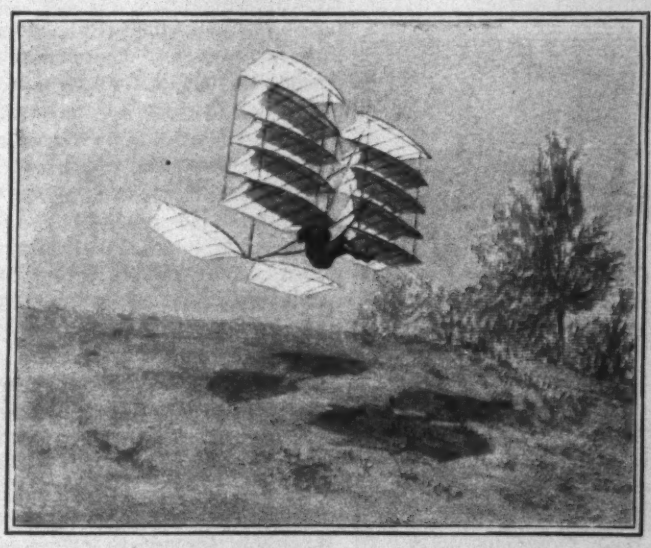
With parties of from four to six persons, five full-sized gliding-machines * (one rebuilt) were experimented with in 1896, and one in 1897. Out of these, two types were evolved, the "Multiple-Wing" and the "Two-Surfaced," which are believed to be safer than any heretofore produced, and to work out fairly well the problem of automatic equilibrium. The photographs herewith reproduced, many of them heretofore unpublished, are from snap-shots taken of these two types. In 1896, very few photographs were taken, all the attention being devoted to studying the action of the machines, and the one picture shown is the sixth permutation of the "Multiple-Wing" machine, so-called. In 1897, there was more leisure to take snap-shots, as the machine used was a duplication of the "Two-Surfaced" of 1896, supplied with a regulating mechanism designed by Mr. A. M. Herring, my assistant. Each photograph was taken from a different experiment (there were about 1,000 glides); but the point of view was varied, so as to exhibit the consecutive phases of a single flight. The frog-like appearance of some of the legs is due to the speed.

The first thing which we discovered practically was that the wind flowing up a hill-side is not a steadily flowing current like that of a river. It comes as a rolling mass, full of tumultuous whirls and eddies, like those issuing from a chimney; and they strike the apparatus with constantly varying force and direction, sometimes withdrawing support when most needed. It has long been known, through instrumental observations, that the wind is constantly changing in force and direction; but it needed the experience of an operator afloat on a gliding-machine to realize that this all proceeded from cyclonic action; so that more was learned in this respect in a week than had previously been acquired by several years of experiments with models. There was a pair of eagles, living in the top of a dead tree about two miles from our tent, that came almost daily to show us how such wind effects are overcome and utilized. The birds swept in circles overhead on pulseless wings, and rose high up in air. Occasionally there was a

* So termed to distinguish them from true flying-machines, in which propulsion would be implied.

side-rocking motion, as of a ship rolling at sea, and then the birds rocked back to an even keel; but although we thought the action was clearly automatic, and were willing to learn, our teachers were too far off to show us just how it was done, and we had to experiment for ourselves.

The operator stands on the hill-side. He raises up the apparatus, which is steadied by a companion, and quickly slips under and within the machine. He faces the wind. This wind buffets the wings from side to side, and up or down, so that he has much difficulty in obtaining a poise. This is finally accomplished by bracing the cross-piece of the machine's frame against his back, and depressing the front edge of the wings so that they will be struck from above by the wind. His arm-pits rest on a pair of horizontal bars, and he grasps a pair of vertical bars with his hands. He is in no way attached to the machine, so that he may disengage himself instantly should anything go wrong. Then, still facing dead into the wind, he takes one or two, never more than four, running steps forward, raising up the front edge of the apparatus at the last moment, and the air claims him. Then he sails forward into the wind on a generally descending course. The "Multiple-wing" machine was provided with a seat, but, goodness! there was no time to sit down, as each glide of two to three hundred feet took but eight to twelve seconds, and then it was time to alight. This latter phase of the problem had been the subject of meditation for months, and the conclusion had been reached to imitate the sparrow. When the latter approaches the street, he throws his body back, tilts his outspread wings nearly square to the course, and on the cushion of air thus encountered he stops his speed and drops lightly to the ground. So do all birds. We tried it with misgivings, but found it perfectly effective. The soft sand was a great advantage, and even when the experts were racing there was not a single sprained ankle.

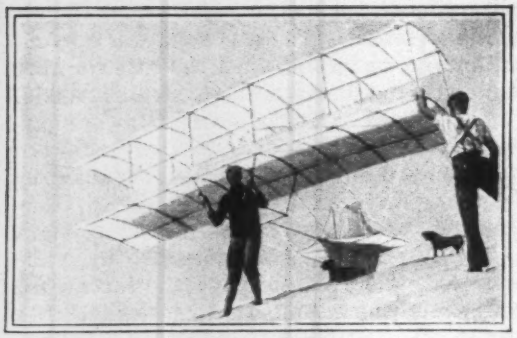


MR. CHANUTE'S MULTIPLE-WING GLIDING-MACHINE.

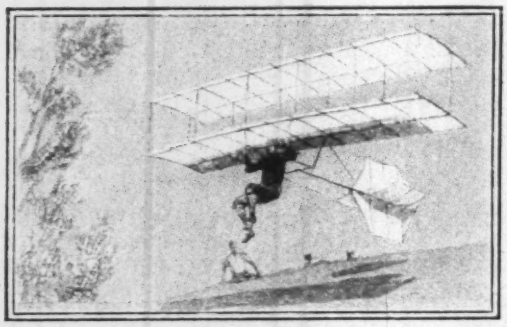
The rebuilt "Multiple-wings" were pivoted at their roots, and vibrated backward and forward on ball-bearings, restrained by rubber springs. As the wind varied, they adjusted themselves thereto, and brought back the supporting air pressure over the operator, thus reëstablishing the threatened balance. This was done automatically. But in consequence of various defects in construction and adjustment, the operator still had to move one or two inches, as against the from seven to fifteen inches of movement required by the Lilienthal apparatus. Some two or three hundred glides were made with the "Multiple-wing" without any accident to man or machine, and the action was deemed so effective, the principle so sound, that the full plans were published in the "Aëronautical Annual" for 1897, for the benefit of experimenters desiring to improve on this apparatus.

There is no more delightful sensation than that of gliding through the air. All the faculties are on the alert, and the motion is astonishingly smooth and elastic. The machine responds instantly to the slightest movement of the operator; the air rushes by one's ears; the trees and bushes flit away underneath, and the landing comes all too quickly. Skating, sliding, and bicycling are not to be compared for a moment to aërial conveyance, in which, perhaps, zest is added by the spice of danger. For it must be distinctly understood that there is constant danger in such preliminary experiments. When this hazard has been eliminated by further evolution, gliding will become a most popular sport.

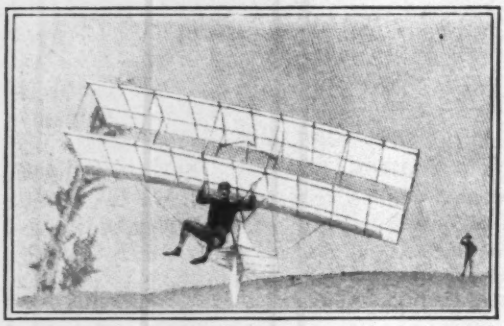
The "Two-surfaced" machine, so-called,



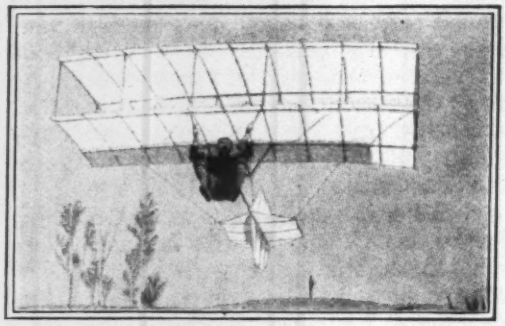
Struggling for a poise.



A good start.



Struck by a side gust.



Right again.

EXPERIMENTS WITH MACHINES INVENTED BY MR. CHANUTE. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY HIM.

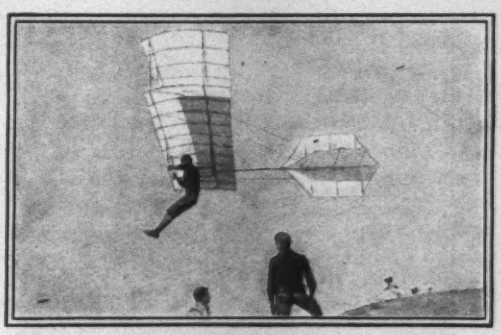
produced longer and more numerous glides. There were perhaps 700 or 800, at a rate of descent of about one foot in six; so that while the longest distance traversed was 360 feet, we could have sailed 1,200 feet, had we started from a hill 200 feet high. In consequence of the speed gained by running, the initial stage of the flight is nearly horizontal, and it is thrilling to see the operator pass from thirty to forty feet overhead, steering his machine, undulating his course, and struggling with the wind gusts which whistle through the guy wires. The automatic mechanism restores the angle of advance when compromised by variations of the breeze; but when these come from one side and tilt the apparatus, the weight has to be shifted to right up the machine. This is generally done by thrusting out the feet toward the side which has been raised, a movement which is just the reverse of what would be instinctively made on the ground, but which becomes second nature to an expert. These gusts sometimes raise the machine from ten to twenty feet vertically, and sometimes they strike the apparatus from above, causing it to descend suddenly. When sailing near the ground, these vicissitudes can be counteracted by movements of the body of three or four inches; but this has to be done instantly, for neither wind nor gravity will wait on meditation. At a height of 300 or 400 feet the regulating mechanism would probably take care of these wind gusts, as it does, in fact, for their minor variations. The speed of the machine is generally about seventeen miles an hour over the ground, and from twenty-two to thirty miles an hour relative to the air. Constant effort was directed to keep down the velocity, which was at times fifty-two miles an hour. This is the purpose of the starting and gliding against the wind, which thus furnishes an initial velocity without there being undue speed at the landing. The highest wind we dared to experiment in blew at thirty-one miles an hour; when the wind was stronger, we waited and watched the birds.

There was a gull came fishing over the lake, and took up his station over its very edge, about 100 feet high in air. The wind was blowing a steady gale from the north at sixty-one measured miles an hour. The bird breasted it squarely, and without beat of wing maintained for five minutes his position of observation. Occasionally there was a short rocking motion fore and aft, or from side to side. At times he was raised several feet and drifted backward; at others he

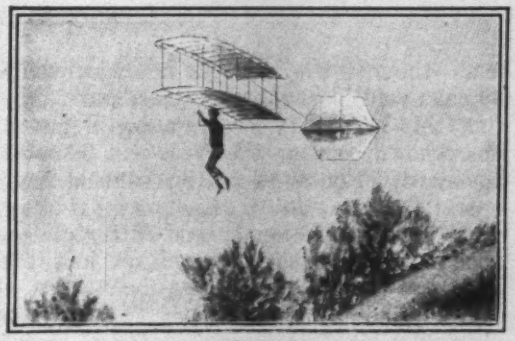
drooped down; but he never flapped once. It was evident that he derived from the wind alone all the power required to remain afloat and to perforate the blast without drifting back. Whether man will ever be able to perform this feat, which has been termed "aspiration," is perhaps doubtful, but there is no mistake about the observation. The only thing we could not ascertain was whether our practice hill, 350 feet to his leeward, produced an ascending trend in the wind about the bird, who was level with its summit.

Another day a curious thing occurred. We had taken one of the machines to the top of the hill, and loaded its lower wings with sand to hold it while we went to lunch. A gull came strolling inland, and flapped full-winged to inspect. He swept several circles above the machine, stretched his neck, gave a squawk, and went off. Presently he returned with eleven other gulls, and they seemed to hold a conclave, about 100 feet above the big new white bird which they had discovered on the sand. They circled round after round, and once in a while there was a series of loud peeps, like those of a rusty gate, as if in conference, with sudden flutterings, as if a terrifying suggestion had been made. The bolder birds occasionally swooped downward to inspect the monster more closely; they twisted their heads around to bring first one eye and then the other to bear, and then they rose again. After some seven or eight minutes of this performance, they evidently concluded either that the stranger was too formidable to tackle, if alive, or that he was not good to eat, if dead, and they flew off to resume fishing, for the weak point about a bird is his stomach.

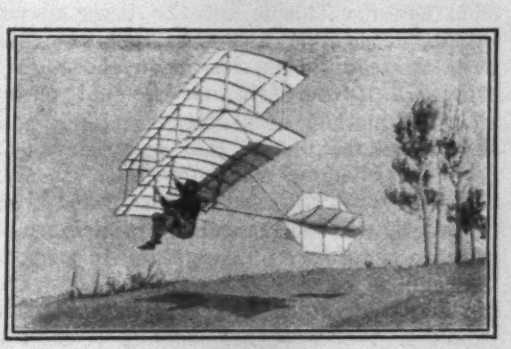
We did not have the slightest accident to lament during all our experiments. These were chiefly performed by two young, active men, who took turns, and who became expert in a week; but then, we attempted no feats and took no chances. Toward the last, we gained such confidence in the machines that we allowed amateurs to try them under guidance. Half a dozen performed fairly well, but awkwardly of course. One of them was our cook, who was by profession a surgeon, and one was a newspaper reporter who had succeeded in finding his way to the camp. Another was a novice; he was picked up by a wind gust, raised forty feet vertically, and gently set down again. Any young, quick, and handy man can master a gliding-machine almost as soon as a bicycle, but the penalties for mistakes are much more severe. After all, it will be by the cautious, observant



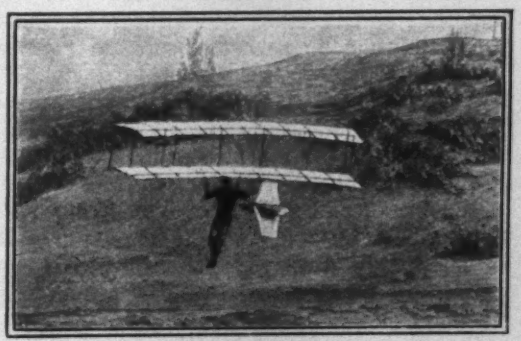
Rising.



Sailing.

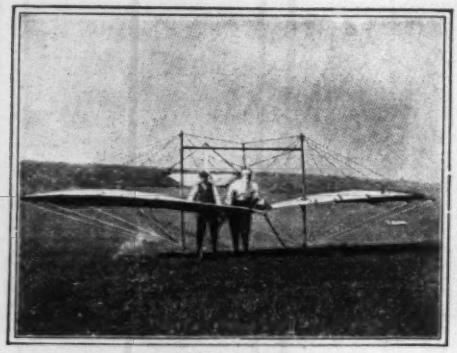


Dropping.

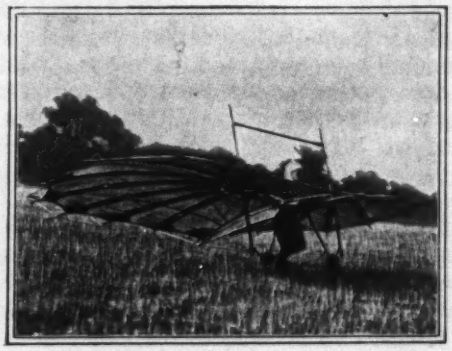


About to alight.

EXPERIMENTS WITH MACHINES INVENTED BY MR. CHANUTE, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY HIM.



Preparing for the flight.



Ready.

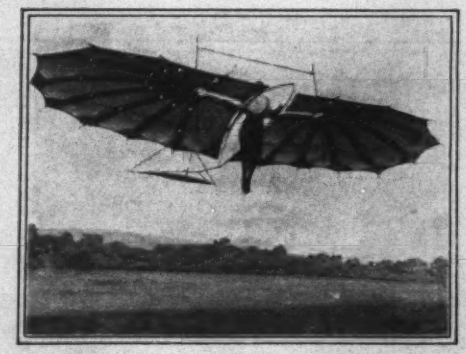
THE PILCHER FLYING-MACHINE.

man—the man who accepts no risks which he can avoid, perhaps the ultra-timid man—that this hazardous investigation of an art now known only to the birds will be most advanced. Not even the birds could have operated more safely than we; but they would have made longer and flatter glides, and they would have soared up into the blue.

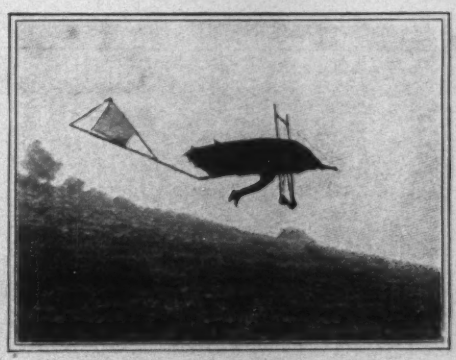
In my judgment, neither of the machines above described is as yet perfected, and I believe it is still premature to apply an artificial motor. This is sure to bring about complications which it is preferable to avoid until the equilibrium has been thoroughly evolved. I, therefore, advise that every plausible method of securing stability and safety shall be tested, that many such experiments shall be made, first with models, and then with full-sized machines, and that their designers shall practice, practice, practice; to make sure of the action, to proportion and adjust the parts, and to eliminate hidden defects. If any feat is attempted, it should be over water, in order to break the fall, should any occur. All this once accomplished, it will be time enough to apply a motor; and it seems not improbable that the gliding-machine will furnish the prototype. This step-by-step process is doubtless slow and costly, but it greatly diminishes the chance of those accidents which bring a whole line of investigation into contempt. We have no reason to believe that, contrary to past experience, a practical flying-machine will be the result of the happy thought of one or of two persons. It will come rather by a process of evolution: one man accomplishing some promising results, but stopping short of success; the next carrying the investigation somewhat further, and thus on, until a machine is produced which will be as practical as the "safety" bicycle, which took some eighty years for its development from the original despised velocipede.

Since the above described experiments were tried, another deplorable accident has come to re-inculcate the necessity for extreme caution. Mr. Percy S. Pilcher, a young, accomplished, and enthusiastic English engineer, lost his life September 30, 1899, while making experiments in soaring with a machine of his own design upon the Lilienthal principle. He had already performed hundreds of glides since 1894, and had introduced a method of towing the machine with horses, by means of a long cord with multiplying tackle, so that he could rise from level ground. On this occasion, a first successful flight was made; but on the second trial, after a height of some thirty feet had been gained, a snap was heard, the tail was seen to collapse, and the apparatus dived forward, and fell to the ground, Mr. Pilcher receiving injuries from which he died two days later. He doubtless was the victim of his own amiability, for his apparatus had been wet by a shower, so that the canvas of the tail had shrunk, thus producing undue strains upon the bamboo stretcher, the wind was gusty, and the weather very unfavorable; but as many persons had come from a distance to witness the experiments, Mr. Pilcher did not like to disappoint them, and accepted the undue risks which cost him his life. He was less than thirty-four years of age, a skilful and earnest mechanician, who had already built the oil-engine and screw which he meant to apply to his machine.

Notably enough, he had written to me some eighteen months before for leave to copy and test one of my machines, which leave, with instructions, had, of course, been gladly given. The machine had been built, and was to have been tried on the following day. It is a curious coincidence that



Sailing.



Dropping and going fast.

THE PILCHER FLYING-MACHINE.

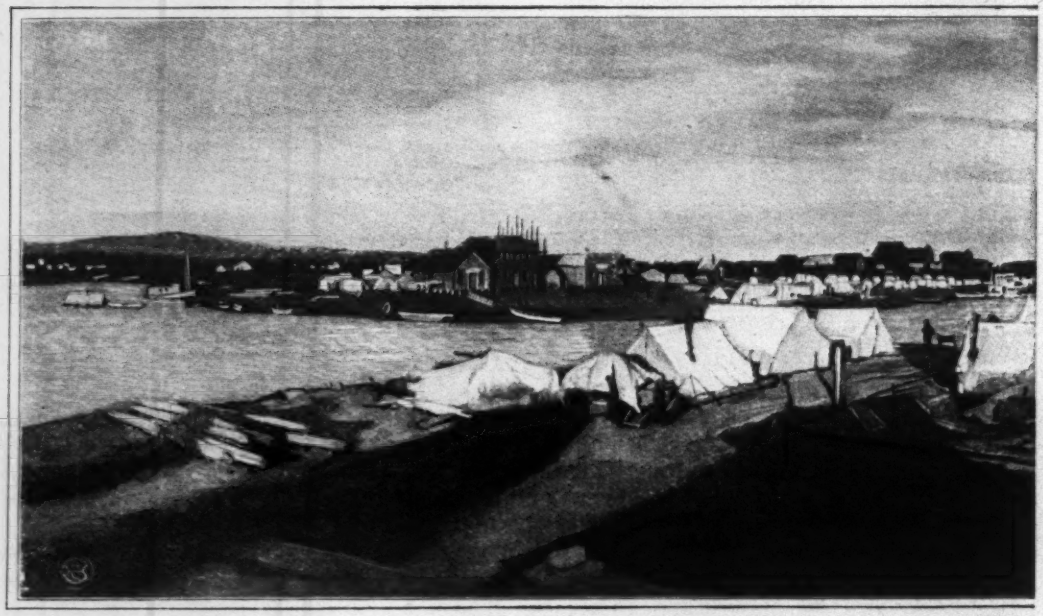
Lilienthal is said to have also built a machine, quite original with him, upon the same principle as that above alluded to, and that this also was to have been tested within a day or two of the owner's death. It is idle to speculate on what would have been the result; but then accidents might have happened in my own work, and I am profoundly thankful that we were spared such anguish.

Having been compelled, for the last two years, to give all my time and attention to a practical business, I have been unable to experiment; but I have had an expert testing models of a third method of securing automatic stability, which I hope to experiment full-sized.

Aside from the more imaginative and eccentric inventors, there are now a number of scientific investigators who are working to bring about the solution of this difficult problem; and it is not at all improbable that some experimenter will succeed, within a year or so, in making a flight of something like a mile with a motor. This is now fairly feasible, and there are several inventors who are preparing to attempt it. But between this achievement and its extension to a journey, or even to its indefinite repetition, there will intervene many accidents. Nor is there a fortune to be made by the first successful man. Experimenters who wish to advance the final solution of the quest surely and safely must work without expectation of other reward than that of being remembered hereafter; for, in the usual course of such things, it will be the manufacturers who will reap the pecuniary benefits when commercial flying-machines are finally evolved. There will probably be two types of these, one of them a machine for sport, with a very light and simple motor, if any, carrying but a single operator, and deriving most of its power from wind and gravity, as do the soaring birds. This will be used in competitions of skill and speed, and there will be no finer or more exciting sport. The other future machine will probably be of a journeying type. It will be provided with a powerful, but light, motor and with fuel for one or two days' travel. It will preferably carry but a single man, and will be utilized in exploration and in war. Its speed will be from thirty to sixty miles an hour at the beginning, and eventually much greater, for it is a singular fact that the higher speeds require less power in the air, within certain limits, than low speeds. At high velocities, the surfaces may be smaller, lie at flatter angles, and offer less resistance, but the pressure then increases on the framework, and the ultimate speed may not be more than 80 or 100 miles an hour.

Neither of these machines seems likely to compete with existing modes of transportation. But be this as it may, every improvement in transportation, whether in cheapness, in comfort, or in speed, soon develops new and sometimes unexpected uses of its own; so, even with sober anticipation of the benefits to be realized, investigators and public-spirited men may well afford to advance the solution of a problem which has so warmly appealed to the imagination of men for the past forty or fifty centuries.

Snake River. NOME CITY,



From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Pillsbury Panoramic View Co., Seattle.

THE CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

THEIR REMARKABLE PRODUCT AND PROMISE.—THE LIFE OF THE MINERS.—THE GROWTH OF NOME CITY.

By William J. Lampton.

THE last ships coming down to Pacific ports from the Bering Sea in November, 1899, brought hundreds of passengers who asserted that in the marvelous tales already abroad the half had not been told of the richness of the Cape Nome gold fields ; and who, moreover, brought hundreds of thousands of dollars in gold dust in proof of their assertions. Their reports at once spread eastward, stirring the spirit of acquisition everywhere between the seas, and now from East, West, North, and South thousands, eager with the thirst for gold, are hurrying toward the Arctic Eldorado. Before Christmas nearly every available vessel on the Pacific Coast had been chartered to start for Cape Nome as soon as the present season opened ; and it is expected that from 25,000 to 30,000 people will make the journey from one or another of the Pacific ports, while thousands will go in overland by way of the Yukon valley.

Although Cape Nome had had its name upon the maps of Alaska for twenty years, it possessed small interest until gold was discovered in its vicinity two years ago. Observing a time-honored custom, the first comers secured every claim that they could lay their hands on. By June, 1899, several hundred men had entered the district, and consequently claims that could be had for the mere staking and payment of the government entry fees were by that time becoming exceedingly scarce. Under these circumstances, disappointment to the late comers was inevitable. A territory twenty-five miles square, extending along the shore and back into the mountains, was covered by stakes ; and many men who had thought that life was hard enough in the Klondike and Yukon

Editor's Note.—Mr. Lampton visited Alaska last fall under circumstances especially favorable for getting the best information regarding the new gold fields. His article is a summary of the present knowledge of that new Eldorado which has aroused almost unparalleled interest and excitement.

Bering Sea.

country, began to think, and to say, that Cape Nome was no better. Hundreds were "stranded," and they circulated reports that Cape Nome was a "fake" foisted on the public by the transportation companies, in order to make business for themselves regardless of consequences to the miners. So many reports of this kind went out, that for a short time Nome became a name for everything nefarious. Many of the disappointed prospectors returned to St. Michael, and there waited again, as they had been waiting before, for a steamer or a revenue cutter that would carry them back to the States. But many remained because they were unable to pay for their passage to St. Michael, though it is only 130 miles away, to the southeast across Norton Sound.

Then came the beach diggings, the easiest gold-mining in the world, and free to every man who had a pick and shovel and pan, and the energy to use them. Of this discovery, as of the earlier one, there are conflicting accounts; but it is generally accepted that a soldier was really the first man to find gold in the beach sands. Almost on the instant the name of Nome was on every tongue. The discovery was made the latter part of June or the first of July, 1899, when the sea-way was open; and every ship that went out carried the news, and hurried to bring a load of passengers back. There was an immediate rush from the near-by mining regions, and hundreds came by steamers from St. Michael and from all points along the Yukon as far up as Dawson. Before a month had elapsed, it was estimated that over two thousand persons were at work on the beach—in a strip extending along the sea for five or six miles—and were taking out as much as $30,000 of "dust" a day. The excitement affected all classes; and although the prevailing rate of wages at other work was $10 a day and board, every man who could secure tools gave up his employment, and went to digging on the beach. Even the women worked in the sand, and at one time a mother and her twelve-year-old boy plodded away with the others. There was no mining like this in all the world; it was superlatively the "poor man's diggings," and the poor men went thither in droves by every means of transportation at their command. With them came their invariable attendants; and by September, 1899, Cape Nome, or Nome City, as the new town and postoffice were called, had a population of from four to five thousand persons of both sexes, with the full complement of eating and lodging places—not houses, for they were chiefly tents and shacks—gambling dens, dance halls, saloons, and stores, all of them doing a rushing business, and many of them getting the miners' gold almost as soon as they had washed it from the sand.

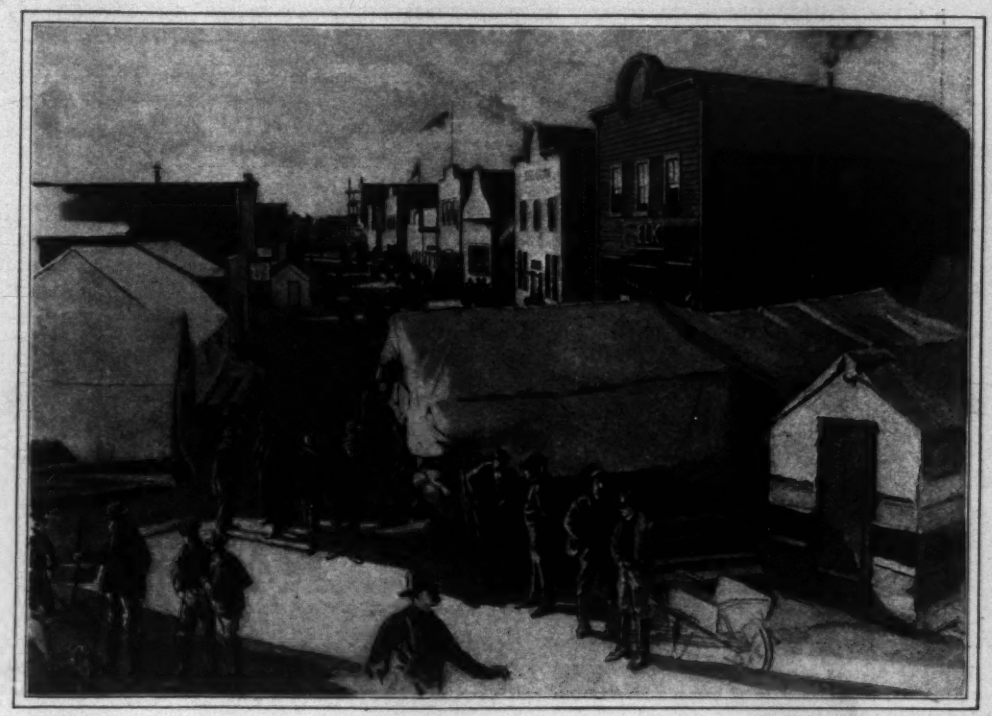
Beach deposits of gold were not entirely unknown before the Cape Nome discoveries, such deposits having been found on Unga Isl-

LANDING FREIGHT ON THE BEACH AT NOME CITY.

Norton Sound is extremely shallow, and in front of Nome City it shoals off, so that ships cannot approach nearer than half a mile. At present all goods and passengers are brought ashore in lighters, but money has already been subscribed to build a floating pier. From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Pillsbury Panoramic View Co., Seattle.

and in the North Pacific and at several places along the coast of California. But the Cape Nome deposits so far exceed all others in richness that they quite deserve the prominence to which they have so suddenly attained. The beach at Nome, as most of the beach line of northwest Alaska, varies in width from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty feet, extending from low-water mark to what is called the "tundra." This "tundra" ends at the sand in an almost perpendicular bluff from fifteen to twenty feet high, and thence slopes gently back for three or four miles to the foot hills. It is a level morass of black, boggy soil, almost peat in places, and is covered with coarse grass or moss, pleasantly green to the eye in summer, but at all times difficult and tiresome to travel over. Little pools and ponds, sometimes increasing to the size of small lakes, are scattered over it, connected by streams which grow into creeks and empty, sooner or later, either into the rivers that come down to the sea from the mountains or else directly into the sea itself. The streams are upon the surface, and do not cut down into the sand that lies below. In the winter the entire "tundra" field is a sheet of ice and snow; and at no time of the year does it thaw deeper than from a foot to eighteen inches below the surface. The "tundra" rests upon a bed of sand, supposed to have constituted the beach when the sea extended back to the foot hills, a hundred thousand years or more ago. Both the "tundra" and its underlying sand are gold-bearing, but are difficult to work because of the frozen earth, and very little has as yet been done to determine their value. The richest returns are expected from them, however, as soon as they can be subjected to modern mining appliances.

The gold-bearing beach, which is but an extension of the sand under the "tundra," begins at Cape Nome, to the east of Nome City, and continues along the coast to the westward as far as prospected, say 120 miles. The portion near Nome City seems to be richer than that farther away, and the territory mined over here covers a length of six or eight miles and a width of 150 feet or more. As a rule, the face of the "tundra" bluff and back for sixty feet is worked, as the law allows a sixty-foot roadway at high-water mark. The entire beach between high and low water mark is technically "tide lands," which is set aside by the gen-



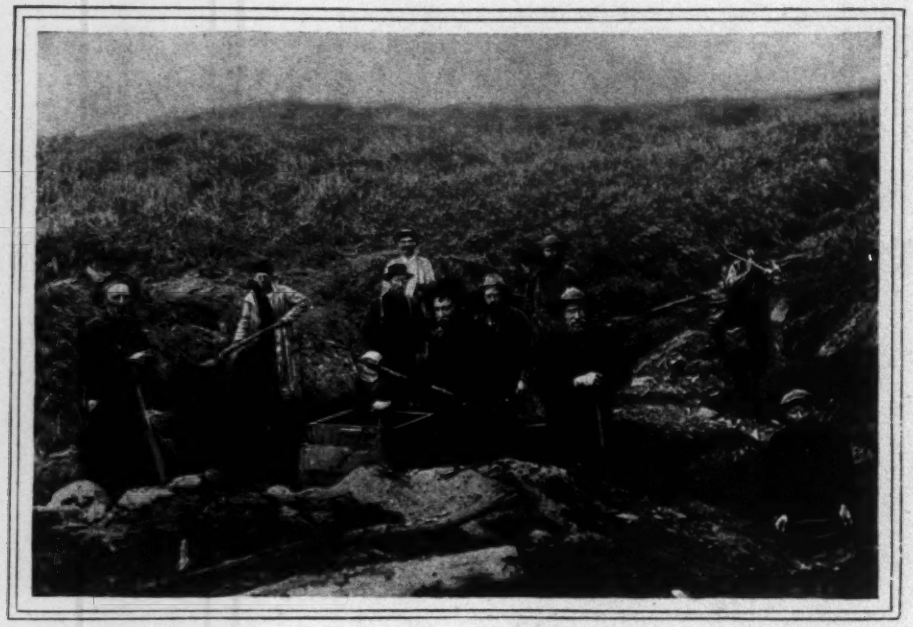
MAIN STREET IN NOME CITY.

In construction, Nome City began the season of 1899 with a few Indian huts, which were soon supplanted by hundreds of tents. Before winter came, wooden houses had displaced most of the tents; a hospital and several churches had been erected, and some wooden sidewalks had been laid. From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Pillsbury Panoramic View Co., Seattle.

eral government in territorial possession for the benefit of the future State and is not subject to the general land laws. In addition to the "tide lands" is the sixty-foot roadway allowance for the use of the public; and as claims may not be granted upon this territory, a large area of free land is left to be taken, at least for the present, by as many as may "squat" upon it. It is upon such claims as these that the famous beach diggings are conducted. No man holds save by priority of possession. This right, however, is very generally recognized by the miners, and when once a man has taken a claim, he is not disturbed in it so long as he remains and works it. Efforts have been made by owners of claims on the "tundra" to extend their boundaries to the exclusion of the "squatters," but thus far without success. A legal settlement of all "tideland" questions is promised during this season, as well as a number of others which are of more importance as affecting more permanent and valuable properties than the beach diggings. It was stated on good authority, at the close of last season, that every one of the thousand claims recorded up to September 1st—claims covering 20,000 acres, or about thirty square miles—represented a suit at law, so hasty and haphazard had been the procedure in securing claims. The value of the properties already in litigation was estimated by Judge Johnston, United States District Judge for the District of Alaska, who held his first court in Nome early last September, at $10,000,000. Practically nothing was done toward the settlement of these cases in the brief time at the disposal of the court, and the number awaiting determination by the time the court next sits will necessarily be very large.

The diggings along the beach vary in depth from a foot to fifteen feet; and the gold, which is always in the "dust" form here, is found through the ruby sand and gravel which lie upon a silty clay, there being no bed rock proper as far as yet known. The appliances in use are of the simplest kind, the pick and shovel and pan and rocker being found equal to the requirements of the work. In a few instances, sluice-boxes have been employed, but not with as much advantage as they would have been had there been a greater water supply from the "tundra" with a greater fall.

While most of the beach mining is well



DIGGING ON THE "TUNDRA" ABOVE THE BEACH AT CAPE NOME.

From the edge of the sand the black, peaty soil of the "tundra" slopes back to the foot hills. Never thawing deeper than a foot or two below the surface, it is most difficult ground to work; but with improved appliances, it is expected that the product will be marvelously rich.

back from the water, several holes have been sunk below low-water mark, and it is reported that the farther into the sea the mine can be worked, the richer is the pay streak. The difficulty of operating in the water, with the very primitive appliances thus far in use, has kept the work from getting far beyond the experimental stage. Some dredging has been done from boats at short distances from the shore, but thus far with no great success, although enough gold has been raised in this way to warrant further effort. A novel project, the result of which cannot be known until communication is once more resumed with the winter-beleaguered city, is to go to the bottom of the sea through shafts sunk in the ice.

For all the notoriety at present enjoyed by the beach diggings, it is upon the not less rich diggings along the creeks and gulches tributary to the Nome, Snake, and other rivers that the future prosperity and permanence of Nome City must depend. The limited area of the beach and its freedom to thousands of workers must of necessity soon exhaust it, at least in the immediate vicinity of the city. On the other hand, the territory along the creeks covers hundreds of square miles, and years will be required for its full development. There is always a degree of uncertainty in the continuance of placer mining, which is by nature superficial; but if quartz is discovered in the mountains that stretch along the entire coast, as many authorities assert that it will be, Nome City, despite all physical and climatic hindrances, will be as permanent as the everlasting hills. A reference to the map will show the great number of streams draining the territory between the mountains and the sea, and as gold in varying quantities has been found upon all of them, an estimate may be readily made as to the richness of the section.

While the mining on the beach is done by individual workers largely with pick and shovel and pan or rocker, that on the creeks is carried on by gangs of men who take the "dirt" from the shafts and wash it in sluice-boxes similar in principle to the pan or rocker, but of much greater capacity. Large quantities of water are required for these boxes, and there is a scarcity at present; but with more capital and further development this want will be supplied, and later will come the powerful hydraulic machines which eat the earth away as fire eats grass. The great bulk of the Nome gold has come from these creeks, and claims along them are worth from $1,000 to $100,000 each, according to their showing. Some are not for sale at any price—especially such a claim

THE BEACH DIGGINGS.

This is the easiest gold mining in the world, and is free to any man who has a pick and shovel and pan and the energy to use them. From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Pillsbury Panoramic View Co., Seattle.

as No. 1 Anvil, which is reported to have cleared up as much as $25,000 in twenty-four hours, and $200,000 in sixty days.

At present Nome is preëminently a city of doubt, and all its fair promise may be blighted within a very few years. But if it loses its prominence as a center of gold-mining, some other place or places in the same general locality will gain all that Nome loses; for through all of northwest Alaska rich deposits of the yellow metal are reported by prospectors, and miners are migratory creatures whose persistence ends only with death. Already a movement toward Cape York, a hundred or more miles to the westward, has begun; and pioneers have blazed the way to Cape Prince of Wales, the last point to the west, and only seventy miles from the Siberian coast, on which, also, gold is reported to exist.

The Nome gold regions, while entirely inaccessible during the winter—that is, from November to June—are the most accessible known during the open season of navigation, for they lie immediately along the shores of Norton Sound, and the miner steps from the ship which has brought him from the "States" almost into the mine where he is to work. There are no steep, snow-clad mountains to cross, nor long trails and dangerous rivers to traverse through hundreds of miles of inhospitable country, as there were at first in getting to the Klondike. The farthest claims are not more than a dozen miles from the shore, and the trails to them are easy, except for the mud. The most serious difficulty of the entire journey is in making the landing from the ship. Norton Sound is extremely shallow in all parts, and in front of Nome City it shoals off to a depth of only four or five feet, so that ships drawing more than that cannot approach nearer than half a mile; and not so near when the wind is blowing at all strong, for the winds, coming up from the wide sweep of the Bering Sea, make the surf difficult and dangerous. At present all goods and passengers are brought ashore in lighters; but in view of the much greater business during the season of 1900, when it is believed that as many as 30,000 persons and thousands of tons of machinery and supplies will be carried to Nome, it has been proposed, and money has been subscribed, to build a breakwater of piles, and, with boats between, form a floating pier which will extend out into the sea to a point at which ships may land and discharge their cargoes. The matter of tide, fortunately, does not enter much into the problem, as the tide variation is often less and seldom more than a foot.

Of Nome City it may be said that it is the largest city of its age in the world. It is located on the north shore of Norton Sound,

A DOLLAR'S WORTH OF WOOD.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Pillsbury Panoramic View Co., Seattle.

west of Cape Nome, from which it takes its name, and stretches in a straggling string for three or four miles eastward from the mouth of Nome River toward the cape. It is estimated that 2,500 people have been shut up there in complete isolation from the world since last November. No such number of people ever before passed a winter under such conditions. Before the winter exodus, which ended with the departure of the last steamer for the south last November, the population was about 5,000; and by next August it will, no doubt, reach 25,000. In construction, the city began at the opening of the season of 1899 with a few Indian huts, which were quickly overwhelmed by hundreds of tents. The necessity of better structures soon became imperative for business purposes, and lumber and other materials were brought over from St. Michael for the construction of huge storehouses for the use of the big trading companies. Other buildings followed as fast as the limited supply of labor and material would allow; and when the cold weather came, wooden houses had displaced most of the tents—not all of them as substantial and comfortable as the rigors of the climate would seem to require, but much better than walls and roofs of canvas. Two or three churches and a hospital had been erected, streets had been surveyed, and some wooden sidewalks had been laid. A city government had been organized, officials elected, and police appointed.

A troop of twenty or more soldiers, sent over from the post at St. Michael, proved useful on more than one occasion in the earlier stages of the city's development. But it is only fair to say that although Nome was, as the phrase is, "wide open," and devoted to gambling and all the kindred wild diversions, yet the public order was far superior to that prevailing in the Rocky Mountain mining towns of twenty years ago. Two newspapers, selling at fifty cents a copy or twenty-four dollars a year, were in existence at last accounts; and water-works, fire department, an electric-light plant, an electric street-car line, and a telephone line are all projected, to be put into operation as early in 1900 as practicable.

As there is more of money in Nome than of any other of the modern conveniences, it is safe to predict that an exchange will soon be effected, giving the city what is needed to make it a city in fact as well as in name. The climate and latitude will, however, always remain the same. A temperature of from zero to sixty degrees below may be expected from November to June, with winds and fogs; and a hundred miles of ice spread southward before the town shuts off all communication with the outside world for six months or more every year. There is no night in June, and no day in December; and never a tree breaks the monotony of moss-grown mountain and "tundra" for hundreds of miles along the coast. There are no trees, indeed, until you get a hundred or more miles back in the country to the northeast. Yet the beach at Nome is, or was, strewn with driftwood, and this was practically the only supply of fuel for the entire community. Coal at $100 or more per ton from Seattle was out of the question. At first the driftwood cost only the labor of bringing it in and cutting it up; but the near-by supply was soon exhausted, and as the wood had to be brought farther the price rose until at last reports it was between fifty and sixty dollars a cord.

While other commodities command higher prices at Nome than elsewhere, Nome gold, when it comes abroad, commands higher prices than other gold. At the United States assay offices or mints, Klondike gold is worth but sixteen dollars and fifty cents an ounce, while Nome gold is worth eighteen dollars and fifty cents an ounce. Nome gold is considerably darker in color than the Klondike gold, and specimen nuggets of it are not so handsome as the brighter yellow

of the Yukon metal. "Dust" is the currency of the realm of Nome, and every business house has its gold scales as a matter of necessity. As sixteen dollars an ounce is the accepted exchange value of the dust by all dealers, it will be seen that they make a very fair profit on the money in which they are paid, in addition to the profit on the goods they sell, which varies from 100 to 1,000 per cent. or more. For example, cigars that cost four cents each in the States, were sold last fall at fifty cents each; champagne that cost from fifty cents to one dollar and fifty cents a pint was selling at fifteen dollars the pint; a breakfast of two eggs, coffee, and bread sold for one dollar and fifty cents; flour sold at fifty dollars a sack; candles were a dollar each; shoes, ten to fifteen dollars a pair; and meat, from fifty to seventy-five cents a pound.

One does not realize the full remoteness of Nome until he stands upon its shore and looks backward over the path he has come. Starting, let us say, from New York City, Monday afternoon, he reaches Chicago the next day; the next, he is in St. Paul; during the next two days he is flying over the plains of Dakota and Montana and through the gorges and passes of the mountains of Idaho; the next, he is spinning down beside the crystal rivers of the Cascade Range, and on Saturday afternoon he reaches Seattle, descending from the train a short distance from the dock where his steamer waits to carry him still onward. Next he is on Puget Sound for one day; then passing out by Cape Flattery, he sails for an entire week westward over the North Pacific, seeing no ship but his own. Thus he sails for 1,700 miles. Then pushing through either the Akutan or the Unimak Pass, between the Alaska Peninsula and the Aleutian Islands, he coasts along for miles at the base of cliffs and crags rising straight out of the sea and covered with millions of water-fowl, slips in between the lofty mountains to the west, and finally drops anchor in Dutch Harbor. Here he stops to coal; then sets forward again for a further sail of 800 miles, almost straight to the north, over the Bering Sea, requiring four or five days, according to the weather. This brings him at last to Nome City. He has come in all nearly one-quarter of the way around the world; and nowhere in all the journey, as it thrills him to reflect, have his feet touched other than the sacred soil of Uncle Sam. But along with the thrill at the vastness of his country, he is apt to experience, as he looks back, a decided feeling that if there is any better way of getting home again than by traversing that waste of waters, with its fogs and winds and waves, its sea-sickness and its other dire discomforts, he should like to take it. There is another way—one through the interior from St. Michael, up the Yukon, over the White Pass, and down by boat from Skagway—but it requires twice as much time and costs three or four times as much money. Some idea of the tremendous Alaskan distances may be derived from the following figures: from Nome to St. Michael it is 130 miles; to Siberia, 315 miles; to the Arctic Circle, 150 miles; to Seattle, by water, 2,500 miles, and by land, by way of the Yukon, 3,500 miles; to San Francisco, by water, 2,800 miles, and by way of the Yukon, 4,300 miles; to Dawson, 1,900 miles; to Skagway, by sea, 2,300 miles; to Tacoma, 2,550 miles; to Portland, 2,700 miles; to New York, 5,600 miles.

The points of departure for Cape Nome on the Pacific Coast are San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma, and Seattle, with a preference for Seattle, as the farthest north. The rail routes to reach these points are the Southern, Union, and Central Pacific to San Francisco; the Northern Pacific to Seattle and Tacoma; the Great Northern to Seattle, and the Northern Pacific from the north, and the Southern Pacific from the south, to Portland. The fare to Nome was the same from all Pacific ports last season—$75 first-class, $60 second. This season it has been advanced by all the regular lines and better class of irregulars to $100 first-class and $75 second-class, with freight at $40 per ton.

It is quite impossible to forecast with any exactness the outcome for the people who will try their fortunes in the new fields this season. That great hardships await many of them, with, perhaps, complete disappointment to their hopes, is quite certain. But, on the other hand, returns unparalleled in all the history of gold-digging may come to others. Here are some of the wonderful stories told of those who fared well in the new fields last season, when, as it is believed, only the merest beginning toward getting at the treasure there was made. One miner, who had formerly been an engineer, tending a stationary engine at $75 a month, was able to send 200 pounds of gold to his wife in Denver as a birthday gift, a present worth in the neighborhood of $45,000. A medical student, lately graduated, went to seek his fortune in the Klondike, and lost nearly all that he had. He finally went on to Cape Nome, where he rendered some service to

two miners who afterwards died, leaving him claims from which he took $24,000, and for one of which he refused an offer of $60,000. A Swede who, under the exposure of his prospectings, had lost part of one foot and an entire ear by freezing, took up a claim, and before the season was over he sent 750 pounds of gold to the mint at San Francisco. A New Jersey man landed at Cape Nome with $400. He took up one claim, and bought two at $100 each. Sixty days later, he refused $35,000 for one of the claims; still later, he sent $47,000 to the mint at San Francisco, and his property is now valued at $400,000. A Lutheran missionary, receiving a salary of $600 a year, took up a claim from which he sent 400 pounds of gold to the mint in August, and his claims are now worth $250,000. He promises to give twenty per cent. of his earnings to the church. A young man from San Francisco, still in the twenties, cleared up $80,000 from three months' work. One miner on the beach washed $8,200 out of a space forty-five feet square. A newspaper man, "flat broke," succeeded in getting hold of a bit of ground thirty by twenty-four feet, and with the help of two men took out $5,200 in eight days. A miner near him took out $1,700 in one day. Two men took advantage of a very low tide, and going out almost into the sea, secured $2,200 in two days' time. C. D. Lane of California, now one of the richest men of Nome City, had in his safe in October, awaiting shipment, 1,400 pounds of gold, worth over $400,000. Four men on the beach seven miles from Nome City took out $3,000 in four days. On August 29th, $6,400 was sluiced out of No. 8 Anvil in seven hours by six men. On August 14th, Linderberg mine under the work of six men yielded $18,000 in eighteen hours. No. 3 Snow Gulch yielded $1,000 an hour for twelve hours. A man named Loss—there's nothing in a name—took out $240 in two hours with a rocker. All the good fortune has not been in mining, however. The man who owns all the horses at Nome, eight in number (as might be guessed, he is from Kentucky), made $500 a day with them during the mining season; and when the mining stopped, he set about hauling the driftwood which is the only available fuel, up from the beach and storing it for the winter demand, at from fifty to sixty dollars a cord. A lawyer, who went to Nome expecting to work as a miner, found a demand for legal talent; and he and his partner made by their legal services over $100,000 in dust, not to mention numerous interests in claims on contingents. One woman became independently rich on the profits of a hotel and restaurant. Gamblers, of course, do a brisk business, and it is estimated that the eight or ten in the town clear $100,000 a month.

CAPE NOME INDIAN MOTHER AND CHILD.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Pillsbury Panoramic View Co., Seattle.

Of course, many of these stories must, in their progress and repetition, get a good ways from the original fact. But there is not wanting something like official proof of the extraordinary yield of the Cape Nome gold fields last season. For instance, the report of United States Assayer Wing at Seattle—and Seattle is only one of the points at which gold is received from Cape Nome—shows that since the discovery of gold at Cape Nome the receipts of his office have almost doubled, being $11,855,993.50 for the six months from June, 1899, to January, 1900, and only $6,881,540.98 for the six months from January to June, 1899. What percentage of this increase is Cape Nome gold cannot be determined exactly; but certainly a large part. The estimated output for the coming season by the most conservative is over two millions of dollars; many claim that it will reach ten millions of dollars. And even the larger estimate scarcely seems extravagant, when one considers that 25,000 or 30,000 persons may be putting forth their whole energy in getting out the gold already discovered and in making new discoveries.

THE NIGHT RUN OF THE "OVERLAND."

By Elmore Elliott Peake,

Author of "The Captain of the 'Aphrodite,'" and other stories.

A STORY OF DOMESTIC LIFE AMONG THE RAILROAD PEOPLE.

IT snowed. The switch-lamps at Valley Junction twinkled faintly through the swirling flakes. A broad band of light from the night-operator's room shot out into the gloom, and it, too, was thickly powdered. Aside from this, the scattered houses of the little hamlet slept in darkness—all save one.

Through the drawn curtains of a cottage which squatted in the right angle formed by the intersecting tracks, a hundred yards or more from the station, a light shone dully. Inside, a young woman with a book in her lap sat beside a sick-bed. On the bed lay a young man of perhaps thirty.

They were not an ordinary couple, nor of the type which prevailed in Valley Junction. The rugged strength of the man, which shone through even the pallor of sickness, was touched and softened by an unmistakable gentleness of birth; and the dark eyes, which rested motionless upon the further wall, were thoughtful and liquid with intelligence. The young woman was yet more striking. Her loose gown, girdled at the waist with a tasseled cord, only half concealed the sturdy, sweeping lines of the form beneath. Her placid, womanly face was crowned with a glorious mass of burnished auburn hair. Her blue eyes, now fixed solicitously upon her husband's face, were dark with what seemed an habitual earnestness of purpose, and her sweet mouth drooped seriously. After a moment, though, she shook off her pensive

Editor's Note.—The S. S. McClure Co. has in press a novel by Mr. Peake, which, it is thought, will prove one of the most popular books of the day. It is a realistic story of American life, told with great dramatic power.

mood. "What are you thinking of, dear?" she asked, with a brightening face.

"Of you," answered her husband gravely, tightening his grasp upon the hand she had slipped into his. "Comparing your life in this wretched place, Sylvia, with what it was before I married you; and thinking of that wonderful thing called 'love,' which can make you content with the change."

The young woman bent forward with a little spasmodic movement, and laid her beautiful hair upon the pillow beside her husband's dark strands. For a little she held herself in a kind of breathless tension, her hand upon his further temple, her full, passionate lips pressed tight against his cheek.

"Not content, my heart's husband, but happy!" she whispered, ecstatically. After a moment she lifted herself and quietly smoothed her ruffled hair. "I mustn't do that again," she said, demurely. "The doctor said you were not to be excited. I guess I won't allow you to think any more on that subject, either," she added, with pretty tyranny. "Only this, Ben—papa will forgive us some day. He's good. Just give him time. Some day you'll put away your dear, foolish pride, and let me write to him, and tell him where we are—no matter if he did forbid it. And he'll write back, take my word for it, and say, 'Come home, children, and be forgiven.' But whether he does or not, I tell you, sweetheart, I would sooner flutter about this little dovecote of ours, and ride on the engine with you on bright days, than be mistress of the finest palace papa's money can build."

For a moment the pair looked the love they could not speak. Then the spell was broken by the distant scream of a locomotive, half-drowned in the howling wind. Sylvia glanced at the clock.

"There's the 'Overland,'" she murmured. "She's three minutes late. The wind is dead against her. Some day, dear," she added, fondly, "you will hold the throttle of that engine, if you want to, and I shall be the proudest girl in the land."

With a fine unconscious loyalty to the corporation which gave them bread and butter, they listened in silence to the dull roar of the on-coming train. But instead, a moment later, of the usual thunderous burst as the train swept by, and the trembling of earth, they heard the grinding of brake-shoes, the whistle of the air, and then, in the lull which followed, the thumping of the pump, like some great, excited heart. At this unexampled occurrence, the sick man threw his wife a startled glance, and she sprang to the front window and drew back the curtain. She was just turning away again, still unsatisfied, when there came a quick, imperative rap at the door. Instantly connecting this rap with the delayed train, Sylvia flung the door wide open, revealing three men, the foremost of whom she recognized as the night-operator at the Junction.

"Mrs. Fox," he began with nervous haste, "this is the general superintendent, Mr.——"

"My name is Howard, madam," said the official for himself, unceremoniously pushing forward. "We are in trouble. Our engineer had a stroke of apoplexy fifteen miles back, and I want your husband to take this train. I know he's sick, but——"

"But he's too sick, sir, to hold his head up!" Sylvia exclaimed, aghast.

"What's the trouble?" called Fox sharply, from his bed.

An instant's hush fell over the little group at the door, and then they all, as if moved by one impulse, filed quickly back to the sick-room.

"Mr. Fox, I hate to ask a sick man to get out of bed and pull a train," began the general superintendent hurriedly, before Sylvia could speak. "But we're tied up here hard and fast, with not another engineer in sight; and every minute that train stands there the company loses a thousand dollars. If you can pull her through to Stockton, and will, it will be the best two hours' work that you ever did. I will give you five hundred dollars."

Fox had at first risen to his elbow, but he now sank back, dizzy and trembling from weakness. In a moment, though, he was up again. "I can't do it, Mr. Howard! I'm too sick!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "If it weren't a physical impossibility—if I weren't too dizzy to hold my head up——"

He broke off abruptly, and pressed his hand in a dazed way to his brow. Then he fixed his excited eyes upon his wife. The other men followed his gaze, plainly regarding him as out of his head. But Sylvia turned pale, and leaned against the wall for support. She had caught her husband's meaning.

"She'll take the train, sir!" exclaimed Fox, eagerly; "and she'll take it through safe. She knows an engine as well as I, and every inch of the road. Sylvia, you must go. It is your duty."

The superintendent, staggered at this amazing proposition, gasped, and stared at the young woman. She stood with her di-

lated eyes fastened upon her husband, her chest rising and falling, and blood-red tongues of returning color shooting through her cheeks. Yet even in that crucial moment, when her little heart was fluttering like a wounded bird, something in Sylvia's eye—something hard and stubborn—fixed the skeptical superintendent's attention, and he drew a step nearer. Sylvia, with twitching nostrils and swelling throat, turned upon him almost desperately.

"I will go," she said, in a low, resigned voice. "But some one must stay here with him."

"This young man will attend to all that, never fret," cried Howard gaily, in his relief, turning to the night-operator.

Whatever doubts the superintendent may have harbored yet of the fair engineer's nerve and skill were plainly removed when Sylvia returned from an inner room, after an absence of scarcely sixty seconds. An indomitable courage was stamped upon her handsome features, and she bore herself with the firm, subdued mien of one who knows the gravity of her task, yet has faith in herself for its performance. One of her husband's caps was drawn down tightly over her thick hair. She had slipped into a short walking-skirt, and as she advanced she calmly but swiftly buttoned her jacket. Without hesitation, she stepped to the bedside and kissed her husband good-by.

"Be brave, girl!" he said encouragingly, though his own voice shook. "You have got to make seventy-five miles an hour, or better; but you've got the machine to do it with. Give her her head on all the grades except Four Mile Creek—don't be afraid!—and give her a little sand on Beechtree Hill. Good-by—and God keep you!"

As Sylvia stood beneath the great black hulk of iron and steel which drew the "Overland"—compared with which her husband's little local engine was but a toy—and glanced down the long line of mail, express, and sleeping-cars, laden with human freight, her heart almost failed her again. The mighty boiler towered high above her in the darkness like the body of some horrible antediluvian monster, and the steam rushed angrily from the dome, as though the great animal were fretting under the unaccountable delay, and longed again to be off on the wings of the wind, rending the tempest with its iron snout, and awakening the sleeping hills and hollows with its hoarse shriek.

"You are a brave little woman," she heard the superintendent saying at the cab-step. "Don't lose your nerve—but make time whatever else you do. Every minute you make up is money in the company's pocket, and they won't forget it. Besides," he added, familiarly, "we've got a big gun aboard, and I want to show him that a little thing like this don't flustrate *us* any. If you draw into Stockton on time, I'll add five hundred dollars to that check! Remember that." And he lifted her up to the cab.

The fireman, a young Irishman, stared at Sylvia as she stepped into the cab as though she were a banshee; but she made no explanations, and, after a glance at the steam and the water gages, climbed up to the engineer's high seat. The hand she laid upon the throttle-lever trembled slightly—as well it might; the huge iron horse quivered and stiffened, as if bracing itself for its task; noiselessly and imperceptibly it moved ahead, expelled one mighty breath, then another and another, quicker and quicker, shorter and shorter, until its respirations were lost in one continuous flow of steam. The "Overland" was once more under way.

The locomotive responded to Sylvia's touch with an alacrity which seemed almost human, and which, familiar though she was with the work, thrilled her through and through. She glanced at the time-table. They were twelve minutes behind time. The twenty miles between the Junction and Grafton lay in a straight, level line. Sylvia determined to use it to good purpose, and to harden herself at once—as, indeed, she must—to the dizzy speed required by the inexorable schedule. She threw the throttle wide open, and pushed the reverse-lever into the last notch. The great machine seemed suddenly animated with a demoniac energy, and soon they were shooting through the black, storm-beaten night like an avenging bolt from the hand of a colossal god. The headlight—so dazzling from in front, so insufficient from behind—danced feebly ahead upon the driving cloud of snow. But that was all. The track was illuminated for scarcely fifty feet, and the night yawned beyond like some engulfing abyss. Sylvia momentarily closed her eyes and prayed that no unfortunate creature—human or brute—might wander that night between the rails.

The fireman danced attendance on the fire, watching his heat and water as jealously as a doctor might watch the pulse of a fevered patient. Now the furnace-door was closed, now it hung on its latch; now it was closed again, and now, when the ravenous maw

within cried for more coal, it was flung wide open, lighting the driving cloud of steam and smoke above with a spectral glare.

Sylvia worked with the fireman with a fine intelligence which only the initiated could understand; for an engine is a steed whose speed depends upon its driver. She opened or closed the injector, to economize heat and water, and eased the steam when it could be spared. Thus together they coaxed, cajoled, threatened, and goaded the wheeled monster until, like a veritable thing of life, it seemed to strain every nerve to do their bidding, and whirled them faster and faster. Yet, as they flashed through Grafton—scarcely distinguishable in the darkness and the storm—they were still ten minutes behind time. Sylvia shut her lips tightly. If it was necessary to defy death on the curves and grades ahead, defy death she would.

The sticky snow on her glass now cut off Sylvia's vision ahead. It mattered little, for her life and the lives of the sleeping passengers behind were in higher hands than hers, and only the All-seeing Eye could see that night. Another train ahead, an open switch, a fallen rock or tree—one awful crash, and the engine would become a gridiron for her tender flesh, while the palatial cars behind, now so full of warmth and light and comfort, would suddenly be turned into mere shapeless heaps of death. Yet Sylvia cautiously opened her door a little, and held it firmly against the hurricane while she brushed off the snow. At the same time she noticed that the headlight was burning dim.

"The headlight is covered with snow!" she called to the fireman.

The young fellow instantly drew his cap tighter, braced himself, and swung open his door. At the first cruel blast, the speed of which was that of the gale added to that of the train, he closed his eyes and held his breath; then, taking his life in his hands, he slipped out upon the wet, treacherous running-board of the pitching locomotive, made his way forward, and cleared the glass. Sylvia waited with bated breath until his head appeared in the door again.

"Fire up, please!" she exclaimed, nervously, for the steam had fallen off a pound.

As the twinkling street-lamps of Nancyville came into view, Sylvia blew a long blast. But there was no tuneful reverberation among the hills that night, for the wind, like some ferocious beast of prey, pounced upon the sound and throttled it in the teeth of the whistle. The Foxes shopped in Nancyville—they could shop fifty miles from home as easily as fifty rods—and the town, by comparison with Valley Junction, was beginning to seem like a little city to Sylvia. But tonight, sitting at the helm of that transcontinental train, which burst upon the town like a cyclone, with a shriek and a roar, and then was gone again all in a breath, she scarcely recognized the place; and it seemed little and rural and mean to her, a mere eddy in the world's great current.

One-third of the one hundred and forty-nine miles was now gone, and still the "Overland" was ten minutes behind, and it seemed as if no human power could make up the time. They were winding through the Tallahula Hills, where the road was as crooked as a serpent's trail. The engine jerked viciously from side to side, as if angrily resenting the pitiless goading from behind, and twice Sylvia was nearly thrown from her seat. The wheels savagely ground the rails at every curve, and made them shriek in agony. One side of the engine first mounted upward, like a ship upon a wave, then suddenly sank, as if engulfed. One instant Sylvia was lifted high above her fireman, the next dropped far below him.

Yet she dared not slacken speed. The cry of "Time! Time! Time!" was dinned into her ears with every stroke of the piston. Her train was but one wheel—nay, but one cog on one wheel—in the vast and complicated machine of transportation. Yet one slip of that cog would rudely jar the whole delicate mechanism from coast to coast. Indeed, in Sylvia's excited fancy, the spirit of world-wide commercialism seemed riding on the gale above her, like Odin of old in the Wildhunt, urging her on and on.

Something of all this was in the mind of the fireman, too, in a simpler way; and when he glanced at his gentle superior from time to time, as she clung desperately to the armrest with one hand and clutched the reverse-lever with the other, with white, set face, but firm mouth and fearless eye, his blue eyes flashed with a chivalric fire.

The train dashed into Carbondale, and Sylvia made out ahead the glowing headlight of the east-bound train, side-tracked and waiting for the belated "Overland," her engineer and conductor doubtless fuming and fretting. For the first time during the run Sylvia allowed a morbid, nervous fear to take hold of her. Suppose the switch were open! She knew that it *must* be closed, but the sickening possibility presented itself over and over again, with its train of horrors, in the brief space of a few seconds. She held her breath and half closed her eyes as they thundered

down upon the other train; and when the engine lurched a little as it struck the switch, her heart leaped into her mouth. The suspense was mercifully short, though, for in an instant, as it were, they were past the danger, past the town, and once more scouring the open country.

In spite of the half-pipe of sand which she let run as they climbed Beechtree Hill—the last of the Tallahulas—it seemed to Sylvia as if they would never reach the summit and as if the locomotive had lost all its vim. Yet the speed was slow only by contrast, and in reality was terrific; and the tireless steed upon whose high haunch Sylvia was perched was doing the noblest work of the night. At last, though, the high level of the Barren Plains was gained, and for forty miles—which were reeled off in less than thirty minutes—they swept along like an albatross on the crest of a gale, smoothly and almost noiselessly in the deadening snow.

Sylvia suspected that the engine was doing no better right here than it did every night of the year, and that when on time. Yet when she glanced from the time-table to the clock, as they clicked over the switch-points of Melrose with a force which seemed sufficient to snap them off like icicles, she was chagrined to discover that they were still eight minutes behind. They were now approaching the long twelve-mile descent of Four Mile Creek, with a beautiful level stretch at the bottom through the Spirit River Valley. Sylvia came to a grim determination. Half a dozen times previously she had wondered, in her unfamiliarity with heavy trains and their magnificent speed, if she were falling short of or exceeding the safety limit; and half a dozen times she had been on the point of appealing to the fireman. But her pride, even in that momentous crisis, had restrained her; and, moreover, the time-table, mutely urging her faster and faster, seemed answer enough. But just before they struck the grade, the responsibility of her determination—contrary, too, to her husband's advice—seemed too much to bear alone.

"I am going to let her have her head!" she cried out, in her distress.

The fireman did not answer—perhaps he did not hear—and, setting her teeth, Sylvia assumed the grim burden alone. The ponderous locomotive fell over the brow of the hill, with her throttle agape, and the fire seething in her vitals with volcanic fury. Then she lowered her head like a maddened bull in its charge. The long, heavy train, sweeping down the sharp descent, might fitly have been likened to some winged dragon flying low to earth, so appallingly flightlike was the motion. It seemed to Sylvia as though they dropped down the grade as an aërolite drops from heaven—silent, irresistible, awful, touched only by the circumambient air.

All Sylvia's familiar methods of gaging speed were now at fault, but she believed that for the moment they were running two miles to every minute. The thought that a puny human hand—a woman's hand, moreover, contrived for the soft offices of love—could stay that grand momentum, seemed wildly absurd; and as Sylvia, under the strange lassitude born of her deadly peril, relaxed her tense muscles and drowsily closed her eyes, she smiled, with a ghastly humor, at the trust of the sleeping passengers in *her!*

She was rudely shaken out of her lethargy as the train struck a slight curve half way down the grade. The locomotive shied like a frightened steed, and shook in every iron muscle. The flanges shrieked against the rails, the cab swayed and cracked, and the very earth seemed to tremble. For a moment the startled girl was sure they were upon the ties, or at least had lost a wheel. But it was only the terrible momentum lifting them momentarily from the track, and in a few seconds—though every second meant 150 feet—the fire-eating behemoth righted itself. Yet its beautiful equilibrium was gone; and, as if abandoning itself to its driver's mad mood, the engine rolled and pitched, and rose and fell, like a water-logged vessel in a storm. The bell, catching the motion, began to toll; and the dolorous sound, twisted into weird discord by the gale, fell upon the ears of the pallid engineer and fireman like the notes of a storm-tossed bell-buoy sounding the knell of the doomed.

The young fireman, who up to this time had maintained a stoical calm, suddenly sprang to the floor of the cab, with a face torn by superstitious fear.

"What if she leaves the rails!" he cried.

But instantly recovering himself, he sprang back to his seat, with the blood of shame on his cheeks.

"Am I running too fast?" shouted Sylvia.

"Not when we're behind time!" he doggedly shouted back.

As the track became smoother, the engine grew calmer; but its barred tongue licked up the flying space for many a mile before the momentum of that perilous descent was lost. As the roar of their passage over the long bridge spanning the Mattetunk, twenty

miles from Stockton, died away, the fireman called out cheerily:

"On time, madam!"

His voice reached Sylvia's swimming ears faint and distant as she nodded dizzily on her seat, bracing herself against the reverse-lever.

Meanwhile, in the general superintendent's private car, at the extreme rear of the train, a party of men still sat up, smoking their Havanas and sipping their wine. One member of this party was the "big gun" mentioned to Sylvia by the general superintendent—the president of the Mississippi Valley, Omaha, and Western Railway. He was a large man, with luxuriant, snow-white hair; and, though his face was benevolent, even paternal, every line of it betrayed the inflexible will which had lifted its owner from the roof of a freight car to the presidential chair of a great road.

Mr. Howard, the general superintendent, was regaling the party with an account of his experience in securing a substitute engineer at Valley Junction. For reasons afterward divulged, he suppressed, though, the most startling feature of his story; namely, the sex of the engine-runner he had secured. But he compensated his hearers for this omission with a most dramatic account of the heroism of the sick man, whom he unblushingly represented as having risen from his bed and taken charge of the engine.

Mr. Staniford, the distinguished guest, listened quietly until Howard was done. "Charlie, you are a heartless wretch," he observed, smiling; and when Howard protested, with a twinkle in his eye, that there was no other way, the president added: "If it had been on my road, I should have held the train all night rather than drag a sick man from his bed."

"We all know how many trains are held all night on your road, Staniford," answered Howard, laughing. "Do you happen to remember the story of an ambitious young engineer who picked himself up out of a wreck with a broken arm, and stepped into a new engine, and pulled his train through to the end of the run?" he asked significantly.

"I was young then and working for glory, and no superintendent ordered me to do it, or I should probably have refused," said Staniford, good-naturedly. He added soberly: "These engineers are a heroic set, and, Charlie, sometimes I think we don't always do them justice."

"I'll do this one justice," answered Howard, warmly.

The party dropped off to bed, one by one. The general superintendent himself finally rose and looked at his watch. As he turned and made his way forward, his careless expression gave way to one of concern. His mind was evidently on the gentle engine-runner. Possibly he had recurring doubts of her skill and courage; but perhaps the fact that he had daughters of his own gave his thoughts, as much as anything else, a graver turn. Three cars ahead he met the conductor, who also seemed a little nervous, and they talked together for some moments. The train, at the time, was snapping around the choppy curves in the Tallahula Hills like the lash of a whip, and the two men had difficulty in keeping their feet.

"Fast, but not too fast, Dackins," observed the superintendent, half inquiringly.

"What I call a high safety," answered the conductor.

"But fearful in the cab, eh?"

"Nothing equal to it, sir," rejoined Dackins, dryly.

Howard started back toward the private car about the time the train struck Beechtree Hill. He paused in a vestibule, opened the door, and laid his practised ear to the din outside. Then he gently closed the door, as if to slam it might break the spell, and complacently smiled. When the train reached the level of Barren Plains, and the sleepers ceased their swaying and settled down to a smooth, straightaway motion—that sure annunciator of high speed—the superintendent rubbed his palms together very much like a man shaking hands with himself. When he got back to his car, he found Mr. Staniford still up, smoking, and leaning back in the luxurious seat with half-closed eyes. Staniford motioned Howard to sit down beside him, and laid his hand familiarly on the latter's knee.

"Confound you, Charlie, you've got that sick engineer on my heart, with your inflammatory descriptions, for which you probably drew largely on your imagination. I have been sitting here thinking about him. Confess, now, that you exaggerated matters a little."

The superintendent chuckled like a man who knows a thing or two, if he only chose to tell. "Well, I did, in one respect; but in another I fell short." He paused for effect, and then continued exultingly: "Staniford, I've got the best railroad story to give the papers that has been brought out in years, and if I don't get several thousand dollars' worth of free advertising out of it, my name

isn't C. W. Howard. The best of it is, it's the gospel truth."

"Let's have it," said Staniford, smiling.

"Well, between you and me, that man Fox was a mighty sick man—too sick to hold his head up, in fact." Howard paused inquiringly as Staniford turned sharply, and gave him a glance.

"Fox, did you say?" asked Staniford. "What's his first name?"

"I don't know. He's a tall, smooth-faced man, with dark hair and eyes. Rather intelligent-looking. What do you know about him? He's a comparatively new man with us."

The old man's fingers trembled slightly as he flicked the ashes from his cigar. "I don't know that I know him," he answered, in a constrained tone. "If he's the man I have in mind, he's all right. Go on."

"Ever run on your road?" inquired Howard, deliberately.

"Yes, yes. But that has nothing to do with it," returned Staniford, with strange impatience. "Go on."

"Well," continued the superintendent, with a mildly curious glance at his companion, "he was altogether too sick to pull a plug. But it seems that his wife has been in the habit of riding with him, and knows the road and an engine as well as he does. To come to the point—and this is my story, which I didn't tell the boys for the sake of their nerves," he added, with sparkling eyes —"the 'Overland' at this moment is in the hands of a girl, sir—Fox's wife!"

It seemed a long time before either man spoke again. Howard stared in blank amazement at the pallid face of the president, unable to understand the old railroader's agitation, and unwilling to attribute it to fear from being in the hands of an engineer who might lose her head. Then Staniford took the other's hand, and held it in an iron grip.

"Charlie, it's my own little baby girl!" he said, huskily.

Howard was familiar with the story of the elopement of Staniford's daughter with one of the M. V., O., and W. engineers, and the situation flashed over him in an instant. After a moment—during which, as he afterward confessed, he could not keep his mind off the added sensation this new fact would give his advertising story—he said enthusiastically: "She's a heroine, Staniford, and worthy of her father!"

During the perilous descent of Four Mile Creek, the private car rocked like a cradle, and cracked and snapped in every joint. Staniford clung helplessly to Howard's hand, with the tears trickling down his cheeks. When the bottom was at last reached and the danger was over—the danger at the front —the president drew his handkerchief and wiped the great drops of sweat from his brow. The ex-engineer knew the agony through which his child had passed.

The operator at Valley Junction had flashed the news along the wire, and when the "Overland" steamed up to the union depot in Stockton, at 1:07, twenty seconds ahead of time, a curious and enthusiastic throng of lay-over passengers and railroad men pressed around the engine. When Sylvia appeared in the gangway, her glorious sun-kissed hair glistening with melted snow, and her pale face streaked with soot, the generous crowd burst into yells of applause. The husky old veteran runner who was to take the girl's place stepped forward, by virtue of his office, as it were, and lifted Sylvia down. For a moment she reeled, partly from faintness, partly from the sickness caused by the pitching of the locomotive. Then she saw pushing unceremoniously through the throng the general superintendent and—she started and looked again—her father!

When President Staniford, struggling to control his emotion, clasped his daughter to his bosom, her overstrained nerves gave way under the double excitement; and, laying her head wearily upon his shoulder, and with her hands upon his neck, she began to cry in a choked, pitiful little way. "Oh, papa, call me your dear little red-head once more!" she sobbed.

THE MEMBER FROM THE NINTH.

By James Gardner Sanderson.

A STORY OF DOMESTIC AND POLITICAL LIFE.

THE contract man of the Asphalt Company had already been twice to the house to confer with Michael, and now, even while Michael lay ill, he had come again. It was a matter to be mentioned with much pride to Mrs. Monahan as Nora did her Monday's washing on the back stoop; and Mrs. Monahan's trans-railinged propitiation, born of her landlord's rising importance in the community of Shanty Hill, was deeply gratifying. To know a member of the Select Council, however that organization may belie its adjective, is something. "Isn't he the b'y now!" ejaculated Mrs. Monahan, admiringly raising two red and soapy hands.

To which Nora, not even trying to repress her honest pride, rejoined: "I'm thinkin' me Mike is as good as anny of thim. It isn't ivery man has min like that a-followin' him around."

"An' to think of hims havin' a saloon and ownin' this house at his age," continued Mrs. Monahan. "Dear, dear, and my man's old enough to be his father—widout a cent."

"There wor three carriages came yisterday," said Nora joyously, while her soft cheeks bloomed. "Squires, wid silk hats and illigant clothes, I think they was."

Mrs. Monahan laughed indulgently. Nora's gray eyes and open Irish face bid strongly for indulgence—even from her own sex. "Sure, we have no squires here," she replied. "Ye should know that be now wid the three years ye're over. 'Tis the street car and telephone companies' managers more like," she added shrewdly.

"And why?" asked Nora blankly. She was too used to her mistakes to trouble over them.

"'Tis his infloonce they want," said Mrs. Monahan meditatively. "I donno—but I've seen thim big wans before, and ye can make up your mind, Mrs. Conry, that they're afther it."

"Maybe," answered Nora sedately, after a little moment of uncomprehending silence. "It's me Mike they're afther, though; that I know."

"And well ye may. He's a great lad in the ward annyhow," said Mrs. Monahan, "and it's me that hopes to see him mayor some day. Will ye not come over and luk at me pigs, Mrs. Conry?"

Within the house Michael lay ill and feverish. It was against the doctor's orders, but the contract man of the Tonsor Asphalt Company was with him.

The councilman was but one of a hundred. Born in the County of Kerry, he had set his face and ambitions toward America some five years before the visit of the contract man above mentioned. He had left Ireland and the shackles of its bogs and evictions, chiefly for the sake of Nora's gray eyes; but the pungent odor of his native peat was scarcely free from his nostrils before that had become a secondary matter. His calculating heart and soaring ambition permitted nothing else. The sorrow of their parting vanished; he flung himself body and soul into the game and won.

After the first inevitable struggle in New York, he had drifted westward, and finally reaching Pennsylvania and the manufacturing city of Dalton, his bark had become wedged in the current. During the first year he ran a "speak-easy," until it brought him enough profits to embark legitimately in a small saloon. Then, under the protecting scroll of a license, he had made his venture. From this vantage ground his eyes first looked on ward politics with their wondrous possibilities. They attracted him, and his native shrewdness, coupled with a certain quickness in reading his fellow-men, soon gained him his footing. His energy and the success of his saloon increased it. At the end of the second year, he had become a captain on the city's police force, and the right-hand man of the mighty Coogan, who held the Ninth in the hollow of his palm.

Incidentally, the office was not without profit. He bought a lot next his saloon, borrowed money from Coogan, built a double-house, and, after much cogitation, sent for

Nora. She had come; fresh, comely above all other women in the Ninth, quaint in her never-failing wonder at the great new world, and admirable in her unswerving, trusting adoration of Michael. The hills and dales of Kerry were in her gentle gray eyes, and her soft brogue, falling gratefully upon the ears of the ward, sent many a warped Irish-American memory wandering back to an all but buried past. The hearts of men and women instinctively went out to her in protecting tenderness. Even Coogan, the thin-faced, far-sighted "boss," with all his unscrupulous schemes of plunder, found his heart beating a faster measure in her presence.

But because Michael loved her and knew that she loved him, trusting in his honor and strictest integrity with the implicit faith that a woman gives to her husband before he sways from the pedestal on which she has placed him, Nora lived happily upon the proceeds of steals and the candid filchings of ward money, unknowing and uncorrupted. Knowing that these things which had become almost second nature to him would be to her not less than heart-breaking, he guarded her ignorance sedulously. To himself he often said, "Sure, she'd raise fury if she knew. 'Twon't do." To her he growled in response to timid inquiries regarding certain inexplicable transactions, "It's not for you to know. Wud I tell ye and ye Mrs. Monahan, and lave me be the laugh of the ward?" It was never necessary to further protect the star sessions of the ring which met in the rear room of "Conry's," next door, for Nora's softer brogue was never raised in protest. Her faith in Michael suffered no doubts. The king could do no wrong.

In two years' time Michael had risen to greater successes, riding into the Select Council on the crest of the usual wave of doubtful reform. Prosperity poured in an unending stream upon the Conrys. The cabbages spread magnificently; the ducks waddled fatly, and the two children throve through lusty babyhood. Coogan only was discontented, and growing to like Nora more than a peaceful mind permitted, frowned darkly. His position and intimacy gave him privileges. "I made 'im, Nora; y' should be thankin' *me*, girl," he said, devouring her with hungry eyes. "Aye! And d'ye know why, Nora? D'ye know why?" he added tenderly.

And Nora with innocent coquetry, albeit startled a little deep in her heart at his tone, replied saucily: "Nor do I care, Coogan. Sure ye can't make *me* believe me Mike needs help of anny one."

Through all the visits of the mysterious silk-hatted men who came in carriages, and through all of Michael's increase in girth and riches, she remained in contented ignorance of ways and means. Her pride and simple belief in his success and integrity grew stronger daily. Even Coogan's calls, which grew more frequent with the passing of time, and which, though made on the plea of business with Michael, generally occurred when he was away, left no trace upon her clear-eyed, wholesome innocence.

The contract man sat on a chair and watched him lazily through a cloud of cigar smoke. His polished shoes rested flatly upon the red and green jute rug, and his open coat afforded glimpses of a heavily embroidered waistcoat and a fob, with which he played absently. "It ought to go through," he said slowly.

"'Tis r-robbin' the city," replied the sick man cautiously. "It's the same pave you people put down five years ago, and luk at th' condition av it now."

"Well—it's all getting mighty hot," said the contract man, yawning until his eyes disappeared in the rolls of his fat face. "You, being sick, don't know. Just thought I'd drop up and try to show you our position, you know. Half the boys want us to repair, and half favor a city plant with a brick pave. Neidlinger and Hawkes, of course, want the city to run it. They're not selling bricks and cement for nothing. It's a bad fight, though, and your vote for us would clinch it. Both sides are firm as rocks, and we want one man for our majority. We'll put in a good pave, if we're let, too. A fair contract, and a ten-year guarantee."

"What's your bid?" asked the sick man indifferently.

"A hundred and seventy-five thousand for resurfacing and keeping every mile of pave in town in repair for ten years."

"Ye'll make a lot o' money," said Michael.

"If we get the contract," said the contract man smoothly. "And I can assure you, Conry, that our friends won't regret it," he added significantly.

"Well—I donno," said Michael. "I ain't been down in some time. I cud go down Thursday, I suppose, but I guess now I won't. I'm too sick."

The contract man cleared his throat. He felt that the councilman's speech was tenta-

tive, for these were not their first dealings together. Nevertheless, some things require diplomatic handling. "It ought to go through," he said again, persuasively. "Yes, it ought! The city'll be disgraced if this keeps on. Besides—I'd like to see you on the right side. If—if there is any friendly arrangement we can make——"

Michael thought of his mortgages, certain notes held by indefinite corporations, and lastly of Neidlinger and Hawkes's offer of the day before.

"I mighty near broke my leg over that steam-roller of yours on Linden Street last year," he said moodily, staring at the ceiling, "and I donno about me helpin' you. What have you iver done for me? I owe you nothin'. It's no help but a damage suit of fifteen hundred I'll bring, I'm thinkin'—and that as soon as I get out."

The man smiled sleepily again. He was used to the work; but this seemed unusually easy. "That can be settled out of court," he said easily, rising and smoothing his hat. "We don't want any trouble with you. If you really think you're damaged that badly, I'll see that you get it—unless the mayor vetoes. It's a good deal, though."

"It's that or nothin'," said Michael grimly. "There's other claims I have of the kind against other people," he added. "Sind me wife in as ye go out. I think me head is goin' to break. Fifteen hundred, mind ye. No cint less."

"I'll take care of it," said the contract man, "if that's the least."

"It is," said Michael. "Me feelings were hurted by your r-roller."

The Select Branch of the Dalton City Council, that august, deliberative body which, with its companion organization, the Common Council, holds the fortunes of so many corporations and contractors balanced upon its giant thumb, had convened for its regular Thursday evening's session. The gray-haired president sat on his platform gazing abstractedly at the crowds which thronged the pillared galleries. On the floor the municipal fathers lounged in awesome and obese ease in their semi-circle of armchairs, or strolled here and there, gathering in knots and small oases of twos and threes, bandying persiflage of a dignity commensurate with their station.

The biggest fight of the year was on. That "ten-tentacled octopus," as the Congressman's daily had dubbed the Tonsor Asphalt Company, was in the field to try conclusions with the virtuous Neidlinger and Hawkes, leaders of the city-plant faction. The corporation was again at war with the individual.

Yet the question of repairing the streets had risen to such a position of burning importance in the city's welfare that every land-owner was bound up in its interests. Five large manufactories had already been lost by the Board of Trade because of the high rate of taxation and the poor streets. The immediate mitigation of the latter evil, at least, meant much to that short-sighted and narrow-minded citizen who was foolish enough to demand stridently—as if he could be answered—"where the money was going to?"

As the first dull routine of business dragged on stragglers drifted in. The galleries became more crowded. It had become noised abroad that on this night the famous deadlock would at last be broken, and that the Asphalt Company had a card up its sleeve. An air of general expectancy and tense excitement was manifest as the hour for bringing up the resolution drew near. A buzz of subdued conversation hummed through the anxious balconies. But in the gallery the contract man smiled sleepily—albeit a little anxiously, for Michael had not yet arrived. In a few moments he rose, elbowed his way through the crowd, and disappeared. Five minutes later he imperturbably pushed back to his seat.

Ten minutes afterward the venerable presiding officer placidly declared Mr. Hawkes, who moved to refer the asphalt question to a committee, of which he suggested the names, to be out of order, and in the midst of a painful silence the clerk wearily rose to read the resolution and to call the roll. As he had done both on this question for six consecutive meetings, and as he dealt not in bricks, cement, or asphalt, he was somewhat tired.

The crowd in the gallery craned their necks. Those who were nearest the rail leaned far over, straining their ears to catch every word. Almost to a man they would have voted for the city plant, for they feared with the fear of poverty-stricken property-owners the awarding of the contract to the Tonsor Asphalt Company. It meant ten more years of corruption; it meant the retirement in disgust and discouragement of those few sterling men in the councils who held the honor of the city and the welfare of its citizens at heart. The question as to whether the government of Dalton's 100,000 souls lay in the hollow of one corporation's hand

hung upon the flimsiest of threads. The corporation's victory would be the last glaring proof that the councils were, body and soul, its property.

And all the crowd left Michael Conry out of their reckonings. It was known that he lay bound down by typhoid fever; the contract man had been cunning enough for that, so they were justified. But in the gallery the contract man yawned. He felt that it was his party.

"Ferber," droned the clerk.

"Aye."

"O'Malley."

"No."

"McCarthy."

"No."

"Getstall."

"Aye."

Evenly the votes broke, ward by ward, first, second, third, fourth—there was no wavering in the ranks. It was a fight to the death. Fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth; still even. The anxious galleries held their breath.

"Conry—ninth," called the clerk as usual.

There was no answer. The president began slowly and stiffly to worm into his overcoat.

"Conry."

Still the silence of absence. No answer. The asphalt man smiled as though bored. For the last time the clerk's voice droned the name. "Conry."

"*Aye!*"

The clerk wheeled, looked up in the gallery savagely—and the contract man looked back at him. He leaned forward, his pudgy hands hooked viciously around the railing; and his eyes, now far from sleepy, glared a malevolent, tiger green. He was smiling snarlingly, like a wolf in a corner. The president stopped with his arm half in his sleeve; the members gasped; the people craned their necks; and five seconds later, in the midst of the hush, the chamber door swung open, and Michael Conry, bright-eyed and flushed, strode dizzily to his seat.

"Aye!" he cried. "That's me vote! Yis! 'Tis the steam r-roller I like! Take that to yourself, Hawkes! 'Tis a blow f'r old Ireland! 'Tis—'tis—" Then while some one led him babbling and staggering away, many others, even in the midst of the uproar, saw that the vote was properly recorded.

For the next month Michael Conry lay ill beyond the skill of man. The will that dragged him from his bed to the Council Chamber availed him nothing, and he tossed in wildest delirium. Nora, watching by his bedside, grew haggard and thin with sleepless anxiety. The soft bloom left her cheeks, dispossessed by hollows of deepest woe; her voice lost all its happiness, and her gray eyes dulled with anguish and bitter pain, for as the days dragged monotonously on, deep in her heart there sank the knowledge that Michael—her Michael, her dear lord and master—was going to die.

Coogan and Mrs. Monahan came daily. The doctor did not count for comfort, for despite Nora's clasped fingers and white, appealing face, his science could do no good. At night she watched and kept her vigils alone. When the baby cried fretfully in the still, dark hours, she walked with her in the next room, singing her to sleep with choking lullabies of Ireland. When the day came again, though the child still slept, the drowsy sun found her sitting fully clothed, eyes haggard with the dumbness of their pathos, beside Michael's bed. Bravely and with the whole devotion of her love, she sat watching and ready to move at the slightest flutter of his eyelid. Her worn cheeks grew to rival his as he lay slipping away from her, and the enduring little figure drooped lower and lower as the strain began to tell. But not even the vigorous Mrs. Monahan could shake her resolution. "I'll stay till I die," she said to her protests, "or till he dies. 'Tis all the same. Me place is here."

As the hot June days slipped smoking by, Michael grew worse more rapidly. Sometimes he raged in fits of blasphemous delirium, and sometimes he babbled meaninglessly of every one in his past, from his old father in Kerry down to his wife and Coogan. Nora, though she understood nothing of ward money and protection, felt another of the few remaining chords of her heart being wrenched and torn to pieces when, his emaciated hand beating unceasingly upon the spread, he moaned and muttered bits of Irish phrases or spoke in a weird, far-off voice of little Michael, the baby, and herself. In one hour he would be in his father's shanty deep in talk with him and with his mother; in the next he would fiercely contradict a statement made by an imaginary Coogan in the rear room of "Conry's." As a rule, Nora's touch and gentle "Whisht now, Mike, dear," would soothe him; but Coogan he could not suffer near. For some occult reason, though he did not recognize him, Coogan's presence made him rage like a madman.

Then at last there came a period when, free from the chains of delirium or the unconsciousness of stupor, he looked around the room, and saw death waiting in its far corner. He awoke to consciousness only to realize that he was in a deal with one far mightier than himself, and more inexorable than Coogan in his insistence upon his share. He was conscious of a slight surprise, as his mind grew clear, that no horror of death possessed him, and he even found the contemplation of non-existence slightly interesting. Later he began to think.

Nora's strained white face and the drooping lines of her young figure as she moved about the room inspired within him a strange new tenderness. It was with an odd feeling —a feeling almost as if he were planning again for their after-life together—that he gradually arranged his business affairs into mental orderliness. At last he called her, and as she came obediently and sat down upon the plush-covered chair beside the bed, he caught his breath, conscious of a sharp stab of pain.

"Nora, dear," he said, taking one of her hands nervously, "ye've been a good woman to me, and it's sorry I am I've been no bether a man; if I'd known—but now my time's most up. 'Tis too late."

The tears that Nora had so long and so courageously held back welled out, and the dreadful finality in his voice and words broke down her courage at last. She threw herself upon her knees beside the bed. "Oh, Mike! Mike, me darlint," she wailed in anguish, "don't go! Don't—I can't do widout ye. Ye're all I have. All I have, Mike, dear. Don't be lavin' me—" and she broke off in a torrent of sobs.

Michael watched her. He was too weak to comfort her, and the knowledge was bitter. "Don't, dear," he whispered after a little. "I'm not gone yet. Time an' a-plinty to cry thin. Besides—there's something I must tell ye, and—and it's bad enough I feel already."

Nora straightened herself bravely. "I don't know what I'll do widout ye," she said simply.

"It's that I want to talk about," said Mike weakly. "I didn't think I'd have to tell ye. 'Twould have been all right, but now—well, I'm in debt, Nora, and the house and saloon'll have to go."

"They can all go," replied Nora, "all of thim—if you'll only stay. Wid you I don't need thim. Widout you what would I do with thim?"

"The house and saloon," replied the sick man, pressing close upon his single thought. "All you'll have will be the fifteen hundred the Asphalt Company owes me. Now see. Pay my funeral an' a good wake an' all the bills if y' can out of little Mike's bank account. 'Twill be enough, I think. Thin, after the property is sold out, get that fifteen hundred an' go home with the childer to ye're father. 'Twill be a-plinty to keep you over there as long as you live, if ye're careful. God knows it's sorry I am to be lavin' ye so short, but if I'd lived ye'd been a rich man's wife. Ask Coogan—he'll tell ye 'tis true. Somehow, I never thought of me dyin'. I was makin' money, y' see, and I thought I couldn't die, I guess. But promise me ye'll get the asphalt money. They'll pay ye; they brought me here—thim an' me own foolishness, so they'll pay ye. 'Twas for— Do ye promise? Fifteen hundred they owe me, Nora acushla—for damages. Promise me. God knows I'll die easier knowin'."

And Nora, seeing through her tears nothing but the dying eyes of the man who stood for her all in life; hearing nothing but his ever-weakening voice; knowing nothing except that she thought her heart was breaking, stretched out her arms and promised.

The wake and funeral had been befitting the dead man's station. The priest had spoken very comfortingly of his integrity and virtues; six pall-bearers from the councils, two lodges, and fully one-quarter of the "Hill's" adult population attended the obsequies. The hearse carried eight black plumes, and there were thirty-five carriages in the procession.

Yet as Nora sat a week later in the room where he had died, the room which, though no stick of furniture had been moved, was still so subtly, so unalterably changed, her sorrow, her loneliness, and the fear of the world weighed down upon her like an intangible, invisible dread, frightening and stifling her. She could not bring herself to the realization of her loss. It was not credible that Michael—her Michael —upright and honest, universally loved and honored, was gone—to never again return. She could not believe that he might not enter alone or with Coogan, any moment, through the door at the end of the hall. But gradually the acceptance of his death forced itself upon her, and now, brooding, she let the consciousness of her lack of power to bring him back sink with all its hopelessness deep into

her soul. There rose a certain exaltation with it as she remembered what he had been, and to herself she made a vow. In life she had looked up to him and loved him; in death she would protect his name—a sacred thing hallowed by that love and doubly hallowed by its own spotlessness. Her eyes shone softly with the glow of her resolve.

Coogan came—and Nora remembered her husband's last words proudly. He sat down upon the chair by the door and cleared his throat.

"Ye've been kind to me, Coogan, and I'll see ye paid," she said greeting him.

"Paid?" replied Coogan, uncomprehendingly.

"Ye're not after ye're money thin?" asked Nora, smiling wanly. "Niver mind, for ye'll get it."

"Money! Nora!" cried the boss, upsetting the chair and striding across the room. "D'ye think I've been watching me money this while? D'ye think I've been comin' here because of me *money?*"

Nora looked up at him. A look in his eyes frightened her, and his thin, spare figure seemed to lengthen as he bent forward. Instinctively she put up one hand as if to ward a coming blow.

"It's you I want," blazed Coogan. Then with a sudden change: "Ah, Nora, dear, me heart is gone entirely. Ever since the day Mike brought ye here I've loved ye. Will ye not come? It's a lone woman ye are now, wid two children, and ye'll all be wanting a home soon."

Nora rose unsteadily. To her tightly strung nerves, worn by all she had suffered, and breaking rudely upon the sanctity of her reveries, the shock of Coogan's passion came at first like some numbing blow, and made her feel as though she were standing face to face with an awful, revolting crime. For a moment she stood robbed of speech. Swift was her recovery.

"Dennis Coogan, shame be to ye," she cried, with a white face and beating heart. "Me husband not dead tin days, an' spakin' of such! I thought ye were me friend. I thought ye're heart was good to me. You—lovin'?—ah no, Coogan. Ye mean well perhaps. I didn't mean to speak illy. But I loved Mike whin he was alive, and 'tis God that knows I can't stop lovin' him just because he's dead. I'll always love him, and niver will I take another man."

Coogan dropped the hand he had seized. There was a chill in the words that checked even his ardent nature. He did not know this sort of love. There broke upon his mind a glimmering—like the first few night lights of a distant city. "But he's dead, Nora," he said, uncomprehendingly.

"Aye," said Nora, steadfastly, "but he's my man."

"The house and saloon will go," said Coogan.

"I have some money comin'," replied Nora.

Coogan looked at her sharply. He knew about the money. "Whisht! Ye'll see the time," he said hopefully.

A month went by. In that month all of Michael's outstanding accounts were paid in full; the saloon was sold under foreclosure by the Hawkes Cement Works; all of Nora's furniture had been bought by a second-hand dealer for about one-tenth of what it had cost, and little Michael's bank account was balanced to zero. Even the house Nora no longer regarded as her own; it was Coogan's. She might have held it, and certainly Coogan would never have taken it; but the zeal of a fanatic had seized her; Michael's name was to be cleared. Not a dollar should be unpaid. He had lived honestly; he should rest honestly.

Coogan called again, and Nora delivered unto him the keys. "'Tis yours, Coogan," she said bravely, "and now Mike's name is clear."

"Take them back and stay here," said the boss, flushing a dark red. "D'ye think me a man or a blood-sucker?"

But Nora brooked no opposition, and in the end Coogan stood in the deserted side of the house, staring at the keys thrown down before him. Through the wall came the sound of stifled sobs, for the last parting from her home had wrenched the sorrow beyond silent bearing, and she had fled with both the children to the sympathetic Mrs. Monahan. Coogan heard, and the lines in his face settled into an interesting grimness—the kind of grimness that means a man has resolved to get a certain thing or die.

The flaggings were hard, and the baby was heavy, and little Michael dragged at her arm laggingly; Nora had not remembered that the walk to town was so long. Yet somehow she had not been able to leave the children long enough to come alone. Since Michael's death she could not bear to be separated from them; they were all she had left of him. She found, too, that her widow's veil—lent for the occasion by Mrs. Monahan's deceased brother's wife—blew awkwardly at

the street corners. Everything was very strange and confusing. She shrank timidly from the business-like lack of sympathy of the elevators; and the huge, humming beehive of a building which she entered made her heart beat with a little fear.

The contract man emerged from his inner sanctuary as the office boy announced her. He had been expecting her, but he did not say so. Nor did he offer his hand—an omission of which he had never been guilty in his visits to Michael's home—and Nora sat down in the chair to which he sleekly waved her feeling vaguely hurt at the neglect. Little Michael stood shyly at her knee; the baby crowed, and reached gladly for the contract man's watch charm, and within the inner office a man rose and crept to convenient hearing distance.

"Misther Dale," said Nora, after waiting for the first word, "I—it's a nice day."

"A charming day, Mrs. Conry," acquiesced the contract man, blandly.

Nora took heart at his tone. "I—I came, sir, about the money," she continued.

"Oh," said the contract man with a rising inflection, but with apparent mystification.

"The money you're owin' Mike," explained Nora. "The fifteen hundred."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said the contract man, clearing his throat. "Did he send you here?"

"Before he died," replied Nora with a little choke, "he says you owed him, an' fer me to get it. I'm goin' back to Ireland wid it."

"But we don't owe him anything now," said the contract man, slowly.

Nora's heart dropped. There was a mistake. Mike had never lied to her. But there was something dreadful in the contract man's smooth voice as he went on talking.

"We couldn't pay it, you see, Mrs. Conry," he was saying. "We've too many live people to bother with now. Besides, we didn't really need his vote."

"His vote," cried Nora, sickening with a sudden fear.

"Why, yes," said the contract man, wearily, "that's the fourth vote of his we've bought. I don't see why you need money. Forty-five hundred from one concern is good, isn't it? That's better money than most of them make."

Nora rose, trembling like a leaf. "Ye bought me Mike's vote, ye say? Ye *bought* it? Oh, Misther Dale, it isn't thrue, is it? Say it isn't! Oh, say it isn't!" The rising wail of a breaking heart spoke in her cry.

The contract man was silent. His little eyes looked into hers with a steady, selfish cruelty. His sleek face shone with satisfaction. Nora gasped. "Thin that money—that fifteen hundred dollars."

"Bribe money, madam. Sorry—but a man must live, you know, if he wants to collect bills like that. If you care for further proof than my words, I think I can accommodate you with the testimony of a witness," and the contract man, who had feasted on the vision of this *dénouement* for a month, leaned back in his chair, and waved his hand blandly toward the door of the inner office.

Then while the room still whirled before Nora's eyes the door swung outward, and Coogan stood upon the threshold. His lean face and deep-set eyes shone with a malignant fire; yet strangely enough, after one swift glance at Nora, he turned the anger of his gaze upon the astonished contract man.

"Ye blackguard, Dale," he said slowly, "besides robbin' a poor woman, ye'd lie her man's character away, wud ye? 'Twas straight money, and you know it. Small thanks to you that Mike Conry was as honest a man as ever was! Say again that ye bribed him if ye dare!"

The contract man gasped, and tried to grasp things. There seemed to be something wrong with his carefully arranged *finale*. Coogan had been cast as the cat's paw in the melodrama—not as the hero. The subtle Ulysses who was to save the Tonsor Company $1,500 was to have played that part. There was some mistake. Then, as the enormity of the insult swept away all other considerations, his gorge rose mightily, and his self-control and craftiness slipped away like running water. Nora shrank back into the recess of the window as he rose to his feet, for there was so cold, so Satanic a look of concentrated hate in his eyes that her heart grew faint. Coogan eyed him as a cat eyes a mouse.

"In the first place," he said slowly, his voice shaking with passion, "you had better wash your own hands; what did *you* come here for this afternoon? In the second place—get out of this office and stay out! In the third, though it is absolutely none of your business, I'm not in the least afraid of you, and I repeat that I bribed Conry to vote our way!"

"For all that ye wrote your manager that Mike Conry was honest and that you'd have to buy some one else? Read that!"

And the contract man stared stupidly at the letter which Coogan thrust into his hands. It was a queerly folded, legal-looking letter, and began oddly with the words "State of Pennsylvania, County of Luzawanna, ss:" after which, in language more or less technical, it set forth a certain statute of 31st March, 1860, and an averment that one Arthur L. Dale had been guilty of offending against said statute; that he had bribed and unduly influenced one Michael Conry, councilman, and that the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth had been thereby offended.

"I have just been to the Disthrict Attorney's office," said Coogan, softly. "He thinks that wid the help of the witnesses prisent ye will get a year, at least. He drew th' indictment himself."

For a moment the two men looked each other fairly in the face. Nora uncomprehendingly stared from one to the other. Then the contract man, reading in Coogan's eyes the hopelessness of the struggle, half surrendered. "You'll go with me if I do," he said, weakly.

"I will—gladly," said Coogan, "wid the hope, however, that it'll be solitary confinement."

"I—I had forgotten that letter," the contract man said, lamely, hauling down his colors.

"I thought ye had," answered Coogan grimly. "And now, as soon as ye have apologized to Mrs. Conry for insultin' her man, and as soon as ye have written that check, we'll be acceptin' of your kind invitation to leave."

On the street he turned to Nora. "The lyin', smooth-face rogue!" he cried angrily.

And Nora, whose idol had tottered and in the nick of time been thrust back on the shelf in safety, merely said, with a shining face, "Oh, Coogan!"

A week later a steamer sailing for Queenstown churned panting out of New York harbor. A tall, thin man stood on the dock until it vanished in the network of shipping on the river. His face was a little drawn, and his lips pressed tightly together, as he watched the yellow tops of the steamer's stacks blur in the haze of low-hanging smoke. Then he walked away.

Coogan was going back to the Ninth to rule undisputed, to wax fat and influential, and to gather much rich plunder, but—he was going alone.

PAUL KRUGER.

SOME SCENES AND TRAITS.

By F. Edmund Garrett.

PEASANT, millionaire, rebel, autocrat, lay-preacher, filibuster, visionary, and statesman, Paul Kruger is easily the most interesting figure of a president now living. Some have gone back from the generation of McKinley and Loubet to compare him with the great dead, and have likened Oom Paul to Old Abe. That is very superficial. In so far as the issues of secession and slavery have touched South Africa—and they are both there—Kruger figures not on Lincoln's side, but on the other. He is an arch "Secesher," and the farthest possible from an Abolitionist. He has the piety and the humor, though both grimmer and less sunny than Lincoln's; he has the shrewdness, only shading rather into cunning; he has the earnestness of character, the sense of a call, the unquailing fortitude, past all cavil; but alas! he has not the moral fastidiousness, the rigorously clean hands, the unbreathed-on name of Abraham Lincoln. In Kruger, as in his rival Cecil Rhodes, there are flaws that must make a thoughtful contemporary hesitate to canonize either among the really great. Posterity may or may not stop for such flaws. Her verdict will depend, perhaps, more on the relative permanence of the two men's life-work, which to contemporaries it is not given to know. But whether or not we dub Kruger great, we must allow him, no whit less than his rival, many qualities of greatness. Huge self-confidence, contempt for ease, unflagging devotion to an aim, tyrannous command over men, and that remorseless persistence that goes far to command events—these are qualities of greatness, and

these are common to Rhodes and Kruger. The Boer adds a half-religious, half-racial fanaticism, which fits him to die for a dream as the Khalifa and his Emirs died on their sheep-skins. His patriotism is as genuine as his piety; but it is as narrow. A Continental writer described the armed Transvaal as the Prussia of South Africa, and, indeed, Kruger has many traits in common with Bismarck. He is much more like Bismarck than like Lincoln. Bismarck made Prussia head of a United Germany. It is not possible that Kruger's experiment in blood and iron can succeed in making the Transvaal head of a united anti-English South Africa. But at least it must be allowed that what we should have scouted a few months ago as an idle dream proves to have had more preparation and consistency behind it than was thought for. We have all had to reread and reconstruct our Kruger in the light of that discovery.

I have had the good fortune to enjoy more than one talk with President Kruger on matters near his heart. The frame of the old athlete was already bowed and unknit by these later sedentary years, which told their tale in sallow face and the flaccid droop under the eyes. Charm of manner or dignity there was none. The little gross peasant ways which have been described, and overdescribed, at first distracted attention. The voice, down in some growling depths, was grudging, almost morose, till a vein of feeling was struck, when it became voluble and explosive. But I never doubted that in this hard, shrewd old gentleman in rusty broadcloth, fiercely gesticulating with his pipe, I had before me one of the few really significant and forceful personalities of our time, and that I should look back to these reminiscences one day, if I lived, much as I look back to conversations I was fortunate enough to have with Gladstone or with Parnell. It was a privilege.

The Kruger family in South Africa was founded by a German from Berlin, who was shipped out by the Dutch East India Company early in the eighteenth century to grow cabbages for its ships at the Cape house of call. Illiberal laws and a stubborn breed enabled the Cape Dutch to digest their foreign immigrants very thoroughly. The language of even the large batch of Huguenot French, whose names and handsome looks are stamped all over South Africa, was crushed in one generation. Krugers have married Dutchwomen; and the long Dutch fiddle-face, the uncompromisingly prosaic Dutch features, have had it all their own way in the scion who has made the German name famous.

Paul Kruger, who has been once in his life a British official, was born a British subject. That was in 1825—ten years after Waterloo and nine after the final cession of the Cape to England. His father was a frontier grazier. On the frontiers, it was a question of the usual frontier incidents between whites and tribal savages, with cattle-stealing, free shooting, and mutual charges of atrocities. The frontier grazier, who had been allowed to call a tract of country his farm, was used to receiving no proper protection from government, and it was too much when finally government hampered him in the reprisals which were his way of protecting himself. The result was that curious migration into the regions beyond, where no writ ran, which is known as the Great Trek. It cost the British Government, first to last, the secession of over a thousand families; and among them, the Krugers.

And so it came to pass that about the time that Queen Victoria came to the throne as a girl of eighteen, Paul Kruger, a boy of eleven, was tramping beside his father's wagon across the uplands of what is now the Free State, pushing ever slowly northward. As the parties gradually spread into what are now the Free State, Natal, and the Transvaal, some settling here, some there, as a tract of country might take their fancy, they again and again had to fight for their lives. Once some hundreds of men, women, and children were surprised and massacred. It may seem a wonder that this was not the ultimate fate of all. What saved them was hitting upon the *laagers*, a word now familiar to all the world; and the battle of Vechtkop, where this device won its first great triumph, was a scene in which the Kruger family, including the boy Paul, took part. It must be one of the most memorable in his life.

In a square made by lashing some fifty wagons end to end, as many farmers, with their wives and families, awaited the attack (they say) of 5,000 Matabele warriors. The Boer wagon, in which the families lived and carried all that they had, was massively built, such as only a long span of oxen could draw, and covered with a great tent, or tilt. There was good shelter in the square against assegais, which, though hurled in clouds, could only fall in the middle, and the interstices were well strengthened against a charge of naked men by bushes of the thorny mimosa. The men and boys manned the

wagons, and fired, not as soldiers fire, but as hunters; the women, close behind, kept reloading for them. Again and again the enveloping mass of black warriors flung itself on the laager only to be choked off by its own dead. The Boer marksmanship had been learned in a good, because a hard, school. Ammunition was precious. Young Kruger, for instance, was accustomed to herd his father's sheep in a land of wild beasts, and had always been expected to bring home game in proportion to any powder he had burned. After terrible loss, the Matabele army drew off, and the farmers, who declare that they lost in the laager but two men, sang psalms of thanksgiving, as well they might.

Paul Kruger was twelve years old at Vechtkop. At thirteen, he was present at a slaughter grim and great, which gave the name to the Bloed River, where the emigrants wreaked vengeance for treachery upon thousands of Zulus. At fourteen, Paul, now considered a man and properly in the fighting line, took part in a punitive invasion of the Matabele, which chased them headlong out of the Transvaal to find new homes farther north. Such experiences in his teens were sure to leave their mark on the man. The Great Trek was a school for heroes, but hardly for philanthropists.

There is no doubt that the dealings of the Boers with native races whom they found in their Land of Promise were but too faithfully modeled on the Old Testament precedent of the chosen people's dealings with Midianites or Gibeonites. The more ferocious passages of Exodus were ever on their lips, and were applied with fidelity. Paul Kruger had part responsibility in the most notorious of all these scenes—the terrible affair of the extermination of the tribe of Makapan. A Boer against whom the natives had a long grudge, and by some accounts a just one, fell at last into Makapan's hands; his family were butchered, and he, horrible to tell, was flayed alive. In retribution, a command of Boers contrived to seal Makapan and all his people up in some large caves to which they fled. The Boers gradually built up almost every outlet, and for three weeks kept watch at the few holes that remained unstopped. Within, the men, women, and children had no water; and as one after another was driven out by thirst, the watching Boers shot them down to a man. Of the fate of the women and children the story says only that they died after lapping water. When at last the Boers forced their way in, they were driven back by the stench of the corpses of those whom thirst had killed; those who fell at the cave mouth by Boer bullets numbered 900. Commandant Paul Kruger showed distinguished courage in rescuing under fire the body of a wounded comrade.

In all the troubles of those times, Paul Kruger is found pushing to the front. His name crops up in the record, like a stormy petrel, wherever the tale is of turbulent and high-handed action, whether against natives, missionaries, or fellow-emigrants. At sixteen, he was already Field Cornet of Potchefstroom, which shows that by the rough standards of the place and time the lad was already judged a man among men. Not many years later he became a commandant. By an irony of fate, the characters in which history first shows us the future president are those of a "uitlander," a reformer, and a raid-maker. In a sense, all the "voortrekkers" began as "uitlanders," newcomers from outside, for they had to supplant and dispossess the blacks. But Paul Kruger was for some time a "uitlander" in the Transvaal in a closer meaning. His family was not of the earliest batch, and those who came in before and managed affairs through a volksraad held at Lydenburg were not disposed to share power or authority with later arrivals.

The sequel was two, at one time practically three, republican establishments, each with its own president and officers, and each freely proclaiming the other "rebel." Presently the faction of Marthinus Pretorius, whose right-hand officer was Commandant Paul Kruger, now a man of thirty, attempted a bold stroke. This was nothing short of annexing the Free State. The Free State government declined the proposed "union." Thereupon Pretorius, with a strong command, made an armed raid across the Vaal, and prepared to march on Bloemfontein. President Boshoff called out his burghers, and marched to repel the raiders. He encountered them at a stream called the Rhenoster; and at this Rubicon, destined never to be crossed, the two forces sat down on opposite banks and for three hours thought things over. Meanwhile one Schoeman, commandant of one of the districts in the Transvaal impartially proclaimed "rebels" by the arch-rebel Pretorius, tried to organize a joint attack on Pretorius in the rear. The game was up. From the ranks of the raiders issued a stalwart, grave young man bearing a white flag, and crossed the river to parley.

It was Paul Kruger. And after peace was made, it was Kruger again who did much to secure amnesty for such Free Staters as Pretorius had induced to join him—the Johannesburgers of his Jameson Raid, so to speak. The sentences for "treason," one of them a capital sentence, were reduced at Mr. Kruger's pleading to petty fines; for in those days he had a firm grip of the truth that sedition is sometimes the duty of a good citizen.

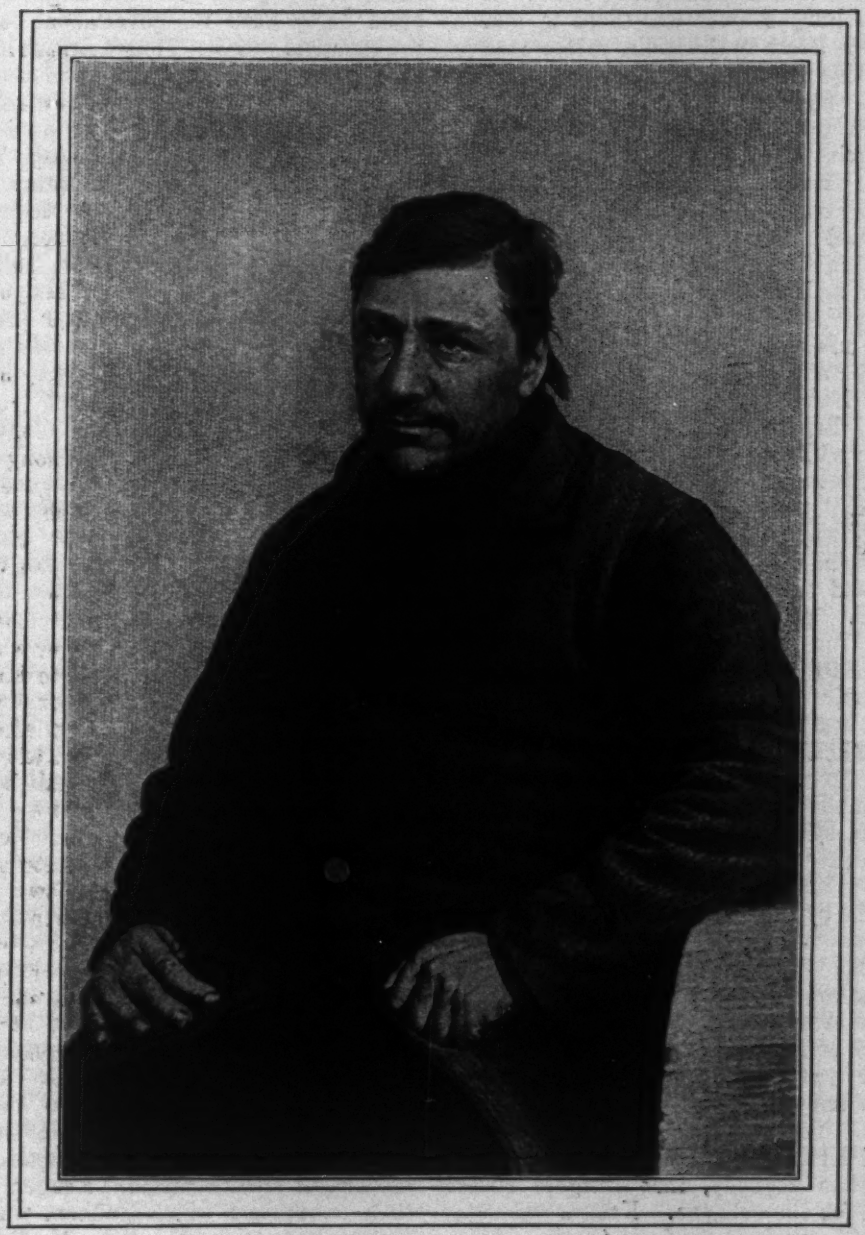
It would take too long to detail how, soon after the Free State raid, the Transvaal came to be given over for some years to civil war between Paul Kruger and Schoeman, with whom that affair left the Pretorius party a score to settle. Kruger and Schoeman were both commandants and raised forces of burghers, and marched and counter-marched and chased each other in and out of the villages which served as semi-capitals, in a very free and buccaneering manner. Kruger was oftener the chaser than the chased; but not always. Once his force was surrounded by a body calling itself "The Army of the People," and Kruger, escaping by the skin of his teeth, fled into the Free State. Broadly we may say that the Transvaal, from soon after Kruger's thirtieth year to about his fortieth, was an administrative chaos, with revolts, arrests, rescues, faction rampant, and recurrent civil war; that Kruger took almost from the first a bold and commanding part; and that he emerged at the end as commandant-general.

In this capacity, a few years later, he was sent to put down a native revolt in the large northern district of Zoutpansberg. But years of disorder had sapped the civic sense in the Transvaal burghers. They declined to answer the call; there was lawless action among the whites who were in the disturbed district; and Commandant-General Kruger, refusing to attack with an inadequate force, abandoned the prosperous little settlement of Schoemansdal, with its district, to the natives. The prestige of the Republic was hard hit; but the fact is, the period of unlicensed turbulence was now yielding to one of a curious apathy and national paralysis, during which even the strong man Kruger was rather under a cloud. Pretorius was now supposed to be President of a united Transvaal; but he fell, over an arbitration in which the Republic had the bad luck to lose. The burghers decided to repudiate the award. To do so, they had to repudiate the President who had submitted the case. Kruger, then not quite fifty, was passed over for the presidency. The factions agreed that there was something rotten in the state of Denmark, and they must import some educated, clever man from outside. They took (heaven knows why!) a Dutch clergyman who was being heresy-hunted by the Cape Synod; and so began the presidency of the unlucky T. F. Burgers, who soon found all his enlightened schemes and dreams of a great modern republic checkmated by the opposition of a party of which Paul Kruger—supplanting Piet Joubert,* once Acting President, who thereupon left public life for two years and sulked on his farm—came more and more to be the representative. Kruger was made Vice-President; and no contrast could be sharper or more typical than that which he and his chief presented.

Burgers handled the pen, Kruger the gun. Burgers was profuse and quixotic, Kruger acquisitive and practical. Burgers was an agnostic; Kruger was a "Dopper." Burgers had imbibed culture and modernity at Utrecht University; Kruger could painfully write his name. The republicanism of Burgers was as ambitious, patriotic, and independent as anybody's; at first it was as anti-English; but it was a republicanism of railways, of education, of national solvency, and of immigration and development. Kruger's conception of the state, then as ever, envisaged one race only and one class only—his own. Burgers was full of ardors and enthusiastic impulse, but he craved for sympathy; he lacked staying power; he easily despaired. Kruger, once aroused, knew an even deeper ardor, a more flaming passion; but he had also the callous nerves of the camp, the power to wait and tire men out, and a will that closed upon its object with a grip of steel.

Burgers, with all his gifts, was not the right man to rouse the demoralized Boers to their duty. With a Kruger on the other side, his failure was pitiably certain. So the draft toward bankruptcy and helplessness went on till the Transvaal became the by-word and danger of South Africa. The loans gave out. The President's private means were thrown into the state chest and spent. Salaries went unpaid. Railway material rotted on the distant coast. The burghers would not pay their taxes—many of them have never learnt to do so since, but their ideal of a state without taxes has been realized by having the uitlanders to pay them for them. Sick of twenty-five

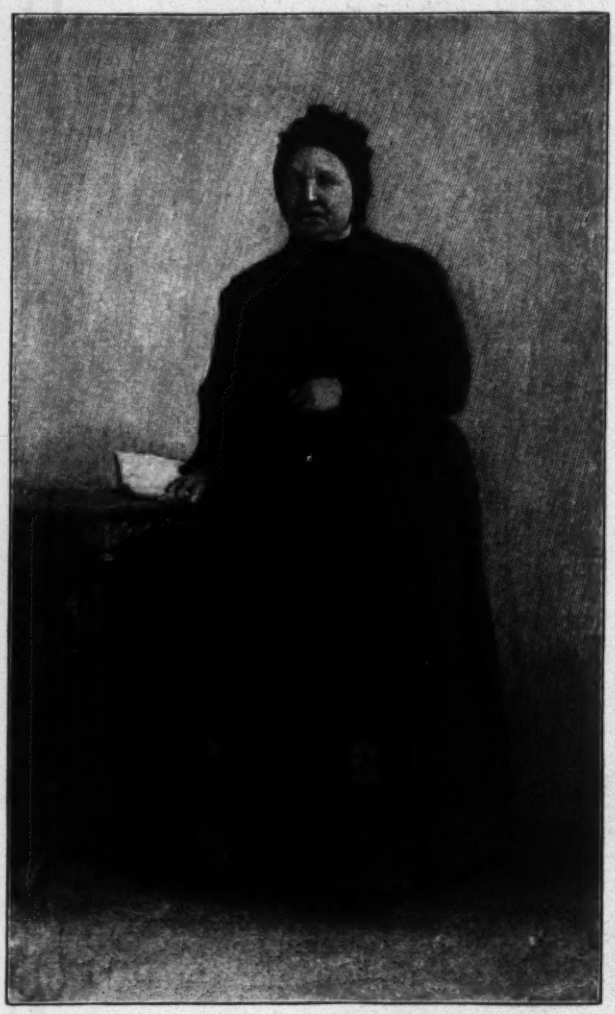
* This is the same Joubert who organized and led the Boer army with such distinction in the present war, and whose death after a brief illness is announced just as this article goes to press.—EDITOR.



PAUL KRUGER IN HIS EARLIER DAYS.

From an old silver plate taken some time prior to 1865. The portrait has an added interest from the fact that it is the only obtainable one that clearly shows that the thumb is missing from one of the hands. Later portraits give a hint of this in the peculiar posture of one of the hands. In these it is the left hand that seems to be maimed; and this accords with the fact —Mr. Kruger lost his left thumb in a fight with a lion. But in the above portrait, apparently, it is the right thumb that is missing. This is explained by the fact that the old silver plates were positives, in distinction from the negatives from which prints are now made; and in them the left side comes out as the right, as it does in a reflection from a mirror.

years' chronic war, they would not even fight; their failure in the field against the petty chief Sikokuni, more humiliating even than Kruger's Schoemansdal affair, led the more sensitive Burgers (who was there in person) to beg the Boers to shoot him rather than let him survive the disgrace. Encouraged by the Sikokuni fiasco, the Zulu tribe, now again aggressive under a military chief, threatened to overrun the country, and did overrun forty square miles of it, burning every homestead. British annexation seemed to many patriotic men the only way to avert both disgrace and ruin. It was petitioned for by nearly half the burghers, and when it was proclaimed in 1877, it was greeted with public rejoicings by the townsmen and gloomily acquiesced in by the country.



MRS. KRUGER, THE WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL.

In the light of after events, it seems strange to think of Paul Kruger as a British annexationist. Yet it is Paul Kruger, more than anybody, that Burgers bitterly blames for the collapse. Kruger was determined to oust Burgers from the presidency; and he embodied in himself every prejudice of the ignorant and turbulent back-country Boers against Burgers's progressive notions. The educated Hollanders whom Burgers had imported for the civil service were horrified, on their part, at the idea of the state falling into the control of Kruger. But Kruger had with him the men away on the veld. His party encouraged the starving out of the Burgers government, by refusal to pay taxes, which made the state insolvent; and it even, according to Burgers's explicit charges, intrigued with the English annexation party until the government fell—and the Republic with it. Thus "British interference got a strong support from the Boers themselves," wrote the broken-hearted Burgers, "and of their chief leader, P. Kruger, who had betrayed me, after promising me his and his party's support."

It is told that sons of Kruger's were conspicuous among those who gave the British commissioner an effusive public welcome. It is certain that the Kruger who was sent to England to protest a month after the annexation was a half-hearted figure, compared to the resolute patriot of two later missions, and left an impression of gradual acquiescence. Poor Burgers, who had spent his all, accepted a pension from the British administration. Kruger, yielding to a temptation which Joubert was proof against, accepted office under the British administration, and ultimately resigned because he was refused an increase of salary. Had he got the increase, would Mr. Kruger have been drawing a modest competence to-day as a Royal British official in an unrevolted Transvaal, instead of $40,000 a year as President of the South African Republic? If so, the refusal of Mr. Kruger's "rise" was one of the dearest economies ever practised. But no;

history looks deeper than that. Forces were at work, blunders and mischances which need not be gone over again here, to change the sulky acquiescence of the men on the veld into active discontent. Revolt and war were brewing; and revolt and war were bound to bring to the front Paul Kruger. The Dopper party looked to him, and not in vain. He threw himself into the gathering movement; was again a member of a mission of protest to England; and when at last the storm burst, though personal jealousies were appeased by naming a triumvirate, which included Joubert, as the Provisional Government, Kruger's will soon dominated the others. In the brief and brilliant campaign of 1881 Joubert commanded, but Kruger held the reins of government; and when the fruits of success were garnered, Kruger naturally became President, and Joubert had to satisfy himself with the office of Commandant-General.

PAUL KRUGER, PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC.

From a recent photograph by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

Mr. Kruger became President of the restored Republic in 1883, and he is still firm in the saddle. Once only did Joubert succeed in shaking him seriously. This was at the election of 1893, and the means by which Mr. Kruger met and crushed the danger are more creditable to his strength of character than to his scrupulousness. It was known that the contest would be close. At the same time elections for the Raad were in progress; and here, too, it was known that the adherents of Joubert would get a Raad majority. But Mr. Kruger did not forget the advantage of being in possession, and so, in the French phrase, "making the elections." He had the polling officers and local officials, and he had the existing Raad. Under the looseness of Transvaal administrative machinery, irregularities and objections are discoverable everywhere when once officialdom chooses to become vigilant, and then the ultimate decision of these nice points rests by law with the Raad. In other words, if Mr. Kruger's officials did their part, Joubert's candidates would be thrown on the judicial mercy of Mr. Kruger's Raad; and, pending the settlement, Joubert's own election would be "scrutineered" by the same safe body.

The point was everywhere seized with a zeal and harmony which testified to the presiding will. Where a Joubert and a Kruger candidate ran each other close, the Krugerite local official would see that the dead walked and polled, rather than let (in Samuel Johnson's phrase) "the Whig dogs get the best of it." Where the Joubert man's majority was too heavy to be got over, some flimsy objection could still be lodged by his opponent, the defeated Krugerite sitting member; and then the latter continued to sit till the Krugerite Raad should have dealt with the objection. That is the law, "and," said

Mr. Kruger solemnly, "before all things we must respect the law." By this means the chief Joubertites were excluded, or kept waiting till the Raad had "scrutineered" as between Mr. Kruger himself and his rival for the presidency. According to the Joubert party, Joubert was really elected quite easily. But the votes were examined and reëxamined with scrupulous care; three or four announcements were made; and with each, poor Joubert's vote dwindled. Mr. Kruger was at last declared elected by a respectable majority. Joubert's party in the country was furious, and proposed to take up arms. Already once in Transvaal history had the same charge of cheating at a presidential election led to civil war. But Joubert lost heart. In a conversation which I had with the old Commandant-General, two years later, he used these words: "It was a wrong, an unrighteousness. But I would not commit another wrong and unrighteousness on my part by shedding blood."

Would Mr. Kruger, if the positions had been reversed, have stopped for that scruple? To judge by his past, certainly not. It was idle for Joubert to stand up to him, and he has never done so seriously since. Mr. Kruger forthwith strengthened his position by a favorite expedient which is flat against the constitution, and has more than once embroiled him with the generally submissive Raad—that of creating new offices in the executive and appointing henchmen thereto. In this case, the new office was that of minute-keeper to the Council, with a handsome salary and a vote which just secured an anti-Joubert majority in that august body. The man for the new office was the local magistrate who had jockeyed out of his election the leader of the Joubert party in the Raad. In illustration of Mr. Kruger's working of the class system, it may be added that it was this same henchman's son who was recently thrust upon the bench in the teeth of a general protest from the bar, and who presided in what is known as the Edgar case.

The events of Mr. Kruger's continuous terms of presidency from 1883 till now are well enough known. The attempts to play off Germany against England, to get a seaport, to block British expansion northward, to shut off the Cape from Transvaal trade—these have been failures. But there have been notable successes: the securing of the watered-down Convention of 1884, the expansion of the Republic frontiers, in defiance of that Convention, by the agency of filibusters, and Mr. Kruger's admirable handling of the crisis of 1895–96, when once the cards were placed in his hands by Jameson's absurd attempt to apply the filibustering method on the other side. As for the subsequent use or abuse of the vantage thus gained, and the plans for absorbing the Free State and for setting up as an "independent sovereign state" the African Power—these are now on their trial, and will not be discussed here. I confine myself to impressing Mr. Kruger's personal responsibility for two much-criticised features of the period: its corruption, and its anti-uitlander policy.

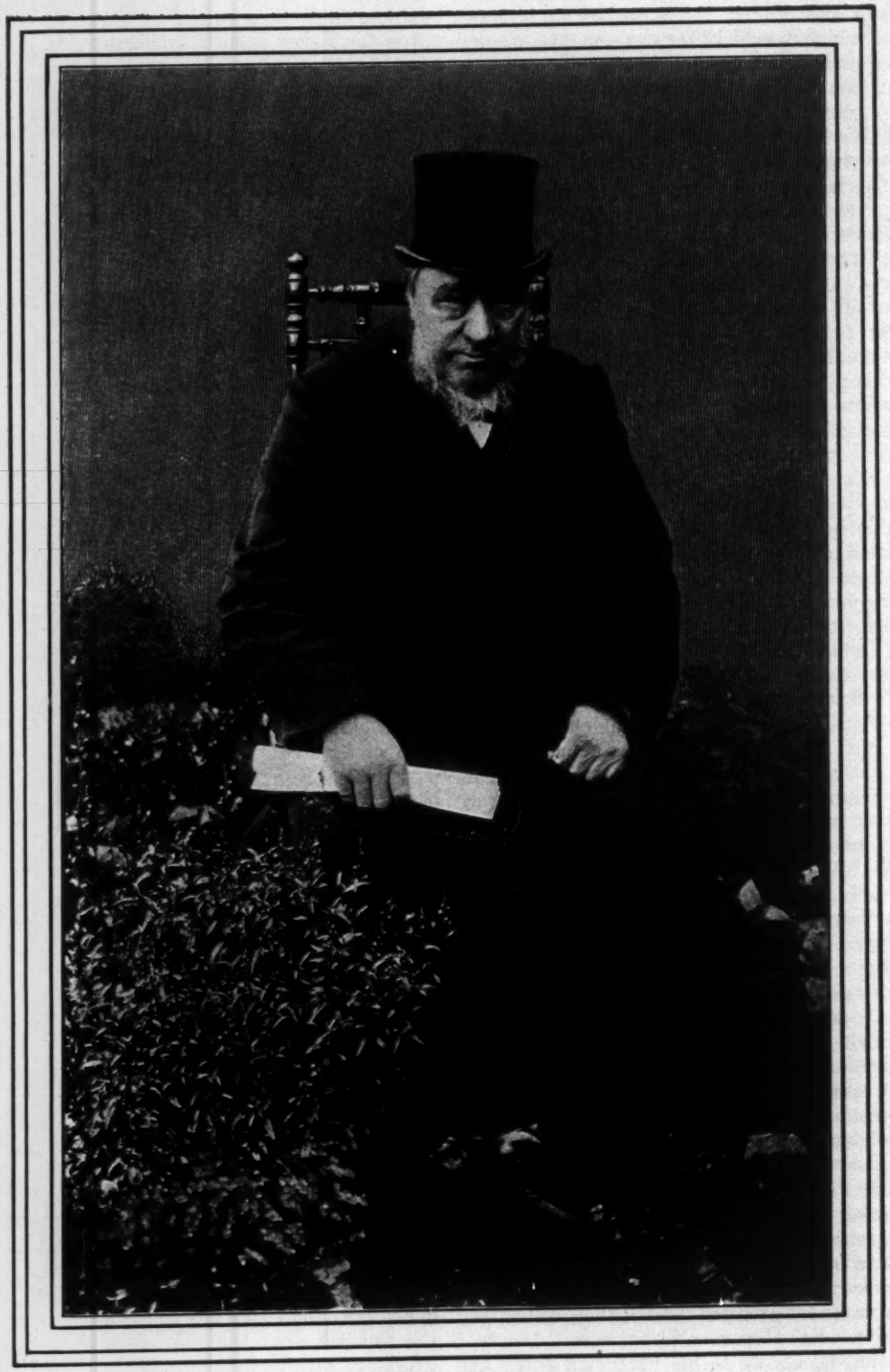
Of the concession system, in which centers half the corruption of the Transvaal, Mr. Kruger has been the main pillar. He is himself, as we have seen, practically the executive, which chooses the lucky *concessionnaires*. To secure the Raad without securing him is, for a *concessionnaire*, useless; in the opposite case he has often used his executive position to commit and coerce the Raad. Some of his strongest speeches have been devoted to screening and prolonging the worst of the concessions—those in which the *concessionnaires* rob the revenue as much as they rob the miner or consumer. His own son-in-law, and for some time secretary, was allowed to share in these good things, and apparently sell the decisions which Mr. Kruger controls; and once when the Raad objected to this young man's acquisition, by use of a departmental secret, of a Johannesburg site where some technical flaw had made the tenure doubtful, the President saw to it that the government should require that site for a coolie location, and expropriated his son-in-law at $125,000 compensation. When it came out about certain presents accepted by legislators from *concessionnaires*, it was the President who spoke in defense of such spoiling of the Egyptians, and said he "saw no harm" in it; so that if men misconstrue the large fortune that the present President is known to have acquired himself, it is only by assuming the private example from the public precept. The secret service funds are another shady corner of the Transvaal; and it is a son of the President's—and an ill-reputed son—who is trusted with disbursing large sums for which "the receipts" (he explains) "are always torn up," and who appears in one of the late blue-books as suborning conspiracy evidence in the canteens of Pretoria which should implicate the British officials, "as that will strengthen my father's hand" (at the Conference).

But enough on this subject. It is a wart

in the portrait; and a disconcerting one to the painter, for it throws askew an expression which would otherwise, on the whole, be grand and rugged. In this Kruger is a Verulam, rather than a Cromwell.

A great President might have made a great republic by fusing the older with the newer immigrants. A President who failed to rise to this larger conception might yet long have kept the busy newcomers apathetic about politics by giving them an administration that would be good for business. Mr. Kruger's government has adopted neither policy. It is told of Paul Kruger in the early days that when oxen were scarce on the Reestenburg farm he used to harness natives to his plow. Whether fact or legend, that gives us in a picture his policy toward white "uitlanders." Kruger succeeded for some years in harnessing the Englishman (the American, too) to the plow of the Boer. The Englishman in the Republic, like the Kafir, was an evil, but one which could be turned to account. You must stand over the Kafir with a hide-whip; and over Johannesburg you stand with a fort mounting Krupp quick-firers. The Boer wanted revenue, state aid (which, in one shape or another, one in every three burghers has received), salaries, and pickings for favored clans, and arms of the latest pattern. The problem was, how to give the "uitlander" free play enough to get all these desirable things out of his exertions, while yet keeping all governing power in Boer hands. Paul Kruger's key to this problem was simple. It was the Boer rifle. Mr. Kruger has been the strongest and most impassioned advocate of every one of the reactionary laws by which the Volksraad hedged in the franchise, till the door once open to every one-year's resident—"we make no difference so far as burgher rights are concerned," as Mr. Kruger assured the British commissioners at the after-Majuba peace-making—was at last locked against any self-respecting "uitlander," no matter how long he had lived and worked in the land, and even against the sons there born to him.

Mr. Kruger has a Bismarckian gift for coining blunt and picturesque phrases. He expresses himself naturally in homely figures taken from animal life and the farm. There are scores of these speeches which etch with vividness his attitude toward the "uitlander" claim. Select persons who were "trusty"—that is, known to his Pretorian guard and guaranteed to vote in a certain way—he has often spoken of admitting. But the community as a whole—never! In one of the best known debates on the question, he compared the rising tide of immigrants to dirty water held back by a dam from mixing with the clean—a bold metaphor for Transvaal burghers. If the turbid flood rose higher, why he would build the wall higher. In the same speech he was driving the state coach, and the "uitlanders" clamored to be taken up. "There is no fear of us upsetting the coach," he represented them as pleading, "for we should then be overturning ourselves and our possessions as well as you." "Yes," Kruger makes himself reply, "but you might snatch the reins from me and drive away. I don't want to go." "Their rights!" he sneered, on the publication of a reform manifesto. "Yes, they'll get them—over my dead body!" And to a deputation from Johannesburg: "Go back, and tell your people, never, never!—and now let the storm burst." And to another, when the word "protest" or "insist" was used: "Protest! insist! What's the use of that? I have the guns." "Wait till the tortoise puts out its head," he told some burghers who were alarmed by talk of a revolt brewing. "We'll soon cut it off then." When an "uitlander" crowd hooted him, he retorted with the humorous comparison to a tame baboon which bit him because it burnt its tail in the fire. When they cheered him, his comment was "Ugh! lickspittles!" When some of them called to thank him for lenience, after the 1896 fiasco, he playfully observed that "he had to beat his little dogs when they were naughty, and some went away and snarled, and some came and licked his hand, but he hoped they would not misbehave again." "Friends," he began at a meeting of burghers—then, perceiving there were "uitlanders" present, "but you are not all friends here; some are thieves and murderers. Well, friends, thieves and murderers"—and so the speech proceeded. In his anxiety to keep up among his burghers the conviction that England and the English were always the enemy, he actually introduced in a public speech an apocryphal story about Englishmen being somehow at the bottom of the massacre of a party of Boers by the Zulu chief Dingaan, a treachery which is one of the best-known pages in the history of the Great Trek. No writer has ever discovered the slightest evidence for connecting any English person with the fiendish act; the only English settlers who were within reach actually lost lives in an attempt to avenge it. The President's acceptance and public use of the calumny is an



PRESIDENT KRUGER AT THE PRESENT DAY.

extreme example of the calculated pressing of race hatred into the service of nationalism.

Yet from Mr. Kruger's lifelong point of view, all this is consistent and intelligible. What would be inconsistent and unintelligible, and a breach of solemn pledges to his people, would be any consent on his part to swamp that people by a population of other races, as the diplomacy of the Transvaal, preceding its ultimatum, pretended to do.* That was pretense only. The reality is to be read in all Mr. Kruger's past acts, and in his words at the Bloemfontein Conference, when Sir Alfred Milner put forward proposals involving, not the immediate, not the certain, but the probable ultimate loss of a monopoly of power by the Dutch-speaking graziers: "It would be worse than annexation." "We might as well throw up the Republic." Independence shared with the other classes and other white races would be "independence lost." So Mr. Kruger said; and so he has ever genuinely felt. To speak to him of the young Republic being made great and populous by wave on wave of new blood from Europe, like the United States, is like promising him a future life merged in Nirvana. When he thinks of his fatherland, the inspiring thought no more embraces the English-speakers who have followed the Boers thither than the Kafirs who were there before them. It does not even embrace the South African Dutch generally, as he has bluntly shown his Cape kinsmen by his policy toward their railways, their products, and their young men, ousted by more pliant clerks from Holland. Nay, even among the Transvaal Boers themselves, the circle is narrowed when it comes to be a question of the sovereign will of the people and of deciding who the people really are, as the election affairs of 1893 showed. Boers who are not "faithful to the country"—to Dopperdom, to the Kruger clan and policy—do not count. In short, the "land and folk" for which Paul Kruger has lived and for which he would die, means really a few thousands of families of Franco-Dutch extraction, speaking a Dutch *patois*, all either cattle-keepers or officials, or both, and largely interconnected by ties of marriage, of religious sectarianism, and of political patronage. The groove of such a patriotism may seem strangely narrow—it is intense in proportion.

Paul Kruger is a visionary: what is his vision? It is of a sort of oligarchic theocracy, with Paul Kruger as its Melchizedek, priest and king in one. He sees the faithful sitting each under his own gum-tree, on his own *stoep*, and as far as his eye ranges that is his farm, and his cattle are on a score of hills. The young men are stalwart, great hunters before the Lord, and the young women are grossly built and fruitful. And to each farm there is a made road and a dam, and the stranger in the land pays for the same. The stranger keeps to himself in the city, and is more or less godless, for he is not of the chosen in the Promised Land. But he gives no trouble, for he is "well disposed," and looks to the Raad for his laws in due season. The burgher has his Kafirs, who do his work, but they are not cruelly used, because they obey. The sons of the soil are not too much educated, because that spoils an Afrikander; but enough so to be able to hold all offices of state, that these may be purged of the Hollander and the German, no less than the accursed English or "English-hearted Afrikander." And the nations of the earth come vying the one with the other for favors, Germany and France and England, all on the one footing.

And above all sits Paul Kruger, father of his people, dwelling in the house that the *concessionnaire* Nellmapins gave him, wealthy, but thrifty, living as simply as he used to live on the farm, save that sheep's head and trotters comes round somewhat oftener. And the judges come to him to know how they shall judge, and the Raad members to know what laws they shall make; and on Sundays all come to the little chapel near to hear him expound the Word of God and the truth as set forth by the Separatist Reformed Brethren. And there is peace in the earth. And it is flat, and the sun goes round it.

* In a message to the American people ("New York Journal," December 24th), Mr. Kruger made the astounding claim that the Franchise Law lately passed "would immediately give superiority in numbers to the new population."

" . . . *that unsavory foreign quarter of San Francisco known loosely as 'Spanish Town.'*"

A TUNE IN COURT.

By Marion Hill.

A STORY OF THE ITALIAN QUARTER IN SAN FRANCISCO.

INASMUCH as little Tinto Trevino, in his daily social and commercial dealings with the San Francisco public, was hailed indifferently as a "dago," "greaser," "Eytalian," or "Portugee" kid, it is evident to any intelligence that the child was a foreigner. It is not so evident, however, why the grubby and solemn-eyed infant should have been considered of enough importance to engage the attention of the municipal government; but he was. Tinto, five-year-old, reticent, hungry Tinto, was arrested for being a public nuisance.

This to the Trevinos was more than a family grief; it was also a financial horror, for Tinto contributed appreciably to an income already miserably insufficient for a family that was outrageous as to numbers. In addition to Tinto and Tinto's father, Luis, and Tinto's mother, Tessa, there were brothers and sisters as follows: Stefano, Senta, Catalina, Rafael, Tonio, Anita, Marta, José, Doretta, and Maria—all undersized, underfed, greasy, scowling, garlicky, and clannish. Tessa once, when called upon to reconcile her youth with her indisputable motherhood of the brood, explained that she had had "T'ree-a to one time, twq-a to one time, and one-a, oh, ever so many time."

This sentence was given with the villainous scowl of suffering which English brought to every Trevino countenance. They were so ignorant of the language that they dreaded it like a scourge; the scowl, though purely a linguistic manœuver, prejudiced observers against the Trevino character.

Besides the English language (and luck), another foe to the Trevino peace of mind was an ill-disposed countryman of theirs whose last name was Zanardi. His first names are too holy to write, being those of the Divine Son and the blessed Mother; but Zanardi had them emblazoned in full in red letters on his yellow vegetable cart, and made the offense greater by his own daily life, which was of a nature calculated to bring reproach even upon the name of the Prince of Evil.

Zanardi, who had caused the arrest of baby Tinto, had harassed the Trevinos ever since

that frightened bunch first set emigrant foot upon Californian soil, led by some ill fate to rent a shanty next to his in that unsavory foreign quarter of San Francisco known loosely as "Spanish Town." His only reason for persecution lay in the fact that he was a born bully, and the cowering inoffensiveness of the Trevinos was an irresistible temptation to him; then, too, they were trying to buy their shanty, and such thriftiness offended Zanardi's sense of what was proper in a Trevino.

". . . and the officer shot the dog before Tinto's eyes."

He was really clever in his enmity, and kept safely out of the reach of the law by making the law itself perform his dirty work for him. The law has peculiar facilities for punishing the unoffender. A garden-hose can be turned upon a weak and thirsty plant so as to wash it into the dirt. For instance, when the Trevinos had gathered together a few sticks of furniture, Zanardi set the tax-collector upon them, and the ignorant wretches assented to so much English that they did not understand that they were assessed five times too much, and were fined for delinquency besides.

Then two little Trevinos, the two-a-to-one-timers, broke out in pimples due to lack of nutrition, and Zanardi promptly herded the whole flock of Trevinos to the new City Hall, and had the Board of Health vaccinate them, resulting from which their arms swelled out

and hurt them and kept them helpless for weeks, thus stopping the final payments upon the cottage.

Luckless Rafael's arm communicated pimples to the rest of his body, so Zanardi once more strenuously raised the cry of small-pox, in consequence of which the mortgaged Trevino shanty was quarantined, and then fumigated to the total destruction of all belongings that had escaped being condemned and burned.

Next, when Zanardi thought that Luis had become enough of an American citizen to vote, he had him vote industriously three or four times at the one election, and upon his information there followed an elegant séance about illegal registration, and Luis was reprimanded and imprisoned and fined and kept in so much hot water that a whole cargo of bananas went bad on his hands, not being sold in time. To ripen those bananas, Tessa and brood had nightly taken the bunches to bed with them, as is the custom of fruit peddlers; and when Tessa was worried into brain fever by Luis's difficulties with the ballot, Zanardi confided to the public the trick of trade in fruit-ripening, had Trevino's stock condemned as infected, and thereby killed the Trevino banana industry forever.

Then the School Board was induced to investigate why the Trevino children were not kept at school, with the result that they were taken from lucrative trades and put into infant classes, where they twined their long legs around desks too small for them, sat all day making queer marks upon slates, scowled darkly at an uncomprehended, uncomprehending teacher, and never by any chance learned anything. When Stefano took a day off to nurse his wrath, and sought the water-front to do it privately, not to worry his parents with his own cares, the truant officer was sent after him; and there followed another dismal séance in still another department of the City Hall.

Tinto was too young to suffer at the hands of any School Board, so Zanardi exercised special ingenuity and hurt him in a child's most vulnerable feelings—through a pet animal. The very rich and the very poor have one blessed privilege in common—both can afford to keep a dog: those in merely comfortable circumstances cannot stand the expense. Tinto had a puppy, a big, rollicking slob, so good-tempered that he got fat on a diet visibly consisting only of sunshine and the affectionate mouthings he gave the children. The puppy made a friendly run at Zanardi one day, catching playfully at his moving boot, and the Italian (after some personal treatment in his own room) came out lacerated around the ankle, showed the "wounds" to the police, and the officer shot the dog before Tinto's eyes. The moan of the pup and the shriek of the child made music acceptable to J. M. Zanardi.

So much cannot be said of the music which came from Tinto's violin. That music was a source of annoyance to the enemy, for from it came many nickels to the small player. Could the law hold out no remedy? It could. Tinto could be arrested for disturbing the peace, and being a nuisance—which brings us back to where we started.

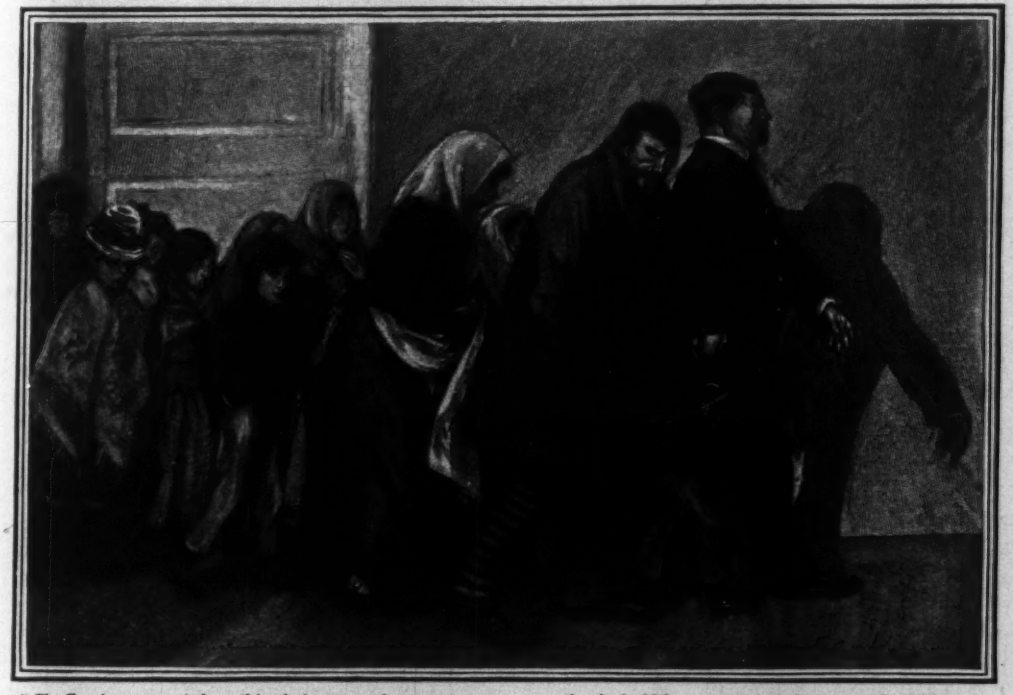
When, in answer to the charge, they all filed into a court-room of the New City Hall on that foggy December morning, the Trevinos presented anything but an engaging appearance. They all came—Luis and Tessa, Senta, Catalina, Anita, Marta, Doretta, Maria, José, Stefano, Rafael, Tonio, and, of course, Tinto—and they came shivering and scowling, the skirted members darkly muffled in greasy head-shawls, whence their eyes gleamed like those of cats; the trousered portion with dirty hands deep in frayed pockets, and still greasier collars pulled high up around swarthy necks; and they looked like an assassins' chorus in a Tivoli opera. Zanardi, on the contrary, sleek as a panther, was the embodiment of Italian grace. His face was as open as day, and when he smiled it was like sunshine, and his teeth gleamed like pearls.

It is no wonder that the desperate Trevinos had not enough interest in life even to wash. Ruin is ruin, whether the money involved be reckoned in millions of dollars or in a handful of dimes. In losing their shanty and banana trade, the Trevinos were more destitute than the word "bankruptcy" has any power to suggest: they might as well all cut their throats and leave the rest to the coroner. It is beyond the power of onlookers to estimate the horror of tragedy hourly going on in our imported population. Out of the droves of ignorantly hopeful people who come herding over to us, their souls glowing not only with impossible fancies of wealth and power to come, but with equally preposterous expectation of present welcome, only a rare few gain independence, while the rest slave and suffer, sicken, die, and rot to form an awful human fertilizer for the land they came to share. The animal hunger and desperation shining from their eyes appeal to us merely as an unpleasant, but inalienable, attribute of the "lower classes," not

at all as the signs of the death struggle of a lonely brother man. Loneliness fills as many graves as whisky. The loneliness of Italians in California is pitiful: they come with notions of placer mining in their back yards and cultivating grapes in their front yards, with the presidency always hopefully within reach. In San Francisco, the situation is worse on account of the climate. Few people understand how emphatically San Francisco is not California. The confirmed San Franciscan knows less about the Golden State than any Pueblo Indian baby. San Francisco, within an hour's journey of a torrid belt, is never hot; San Francisco, within sight of snow-clad peaks, is seldom frigid; San Francisco is cool, breezy, and foggy. To an Eskimo it is Hades; to an Italian it is perpetual winter.

The Trevinos, as they shivered in court on that gray December morning, bore in their gloomy eyes a history of pain—grief for their lost South, suffering for their present predicament, and fear for the hungry, disgraced, and homeless to-morrow. Small wonder that the history expressed itself in scowls and slinking ferocity. The Trevinos hated everything they saw. They especially abominated a eucalyptus tree which grew outside the City Hall and clashed its cruel leaves against the court-room window. An abominable tree is the eucalyptus. Its dark, sickle-shaped leaves saw against each other with the rasping of knives. Moreover, they have the power of condensing mist into rain. On a foggy day every eucalyptus drips an incessant downpour. The tree outside the court-room window was behaving with more than usual nastiness, contorting itself, wringing its arms, clashing its noisy leaves, and weeping with vulgar abandon, throwing the mist from it in a steady shower of cold tears.

Not the Trevinos alone suffered from its depressing influence: all the court clientèle,

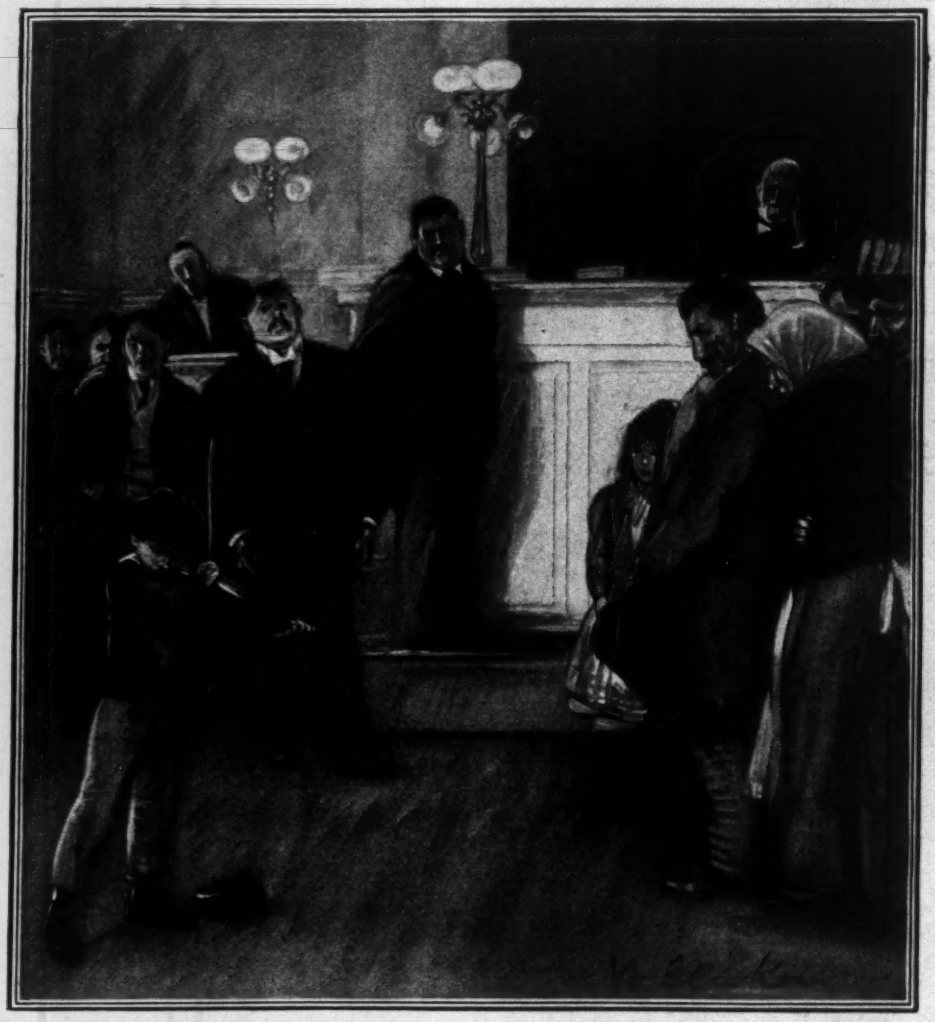


"The Trevinos presented anything but an engaging appearance . . . they looked like an assassins' chorus in a Tiroli opera."

Christmas not a fortnight off, was in an especially holiday humor—this with adults means, of course, discontent, a sneering remembrance of (and sorrowing for) childish dead joys, contempt for the empty present, and disgust for the coming ordeal of taking and giving gifts. God pity the wretches who come before a judge when he is in a holiday humor.

Next to the advent of Christmas, what most soured his Honor was the presence in the court-room of a large number of medical students: young men of prevailing pallor of complexion, most of them gone wildly to beard, and all smelling of antiseptic soap, which, though cleanly enough in itself, has unpleasant suggestions in the background. These young men had just come from an examination of some disease corpuscles, beauti-

fully mounted on glass slides and kindly on microscopic view in the rooms of the Board of Health, and they had obtained permission to use the court-room as a means of studying how the exhalations of crime vitiate the atmosphere, or something of the sort. At any rate, there they were, and their obtrusion was another prejudicial factor in the Trevino case.



" . . . the court-room was filled with music of such awful tenderness and strength that it seemed absurd to connect it with so small a performer."

Indeed, as Zanardi cited his wrongs, no sane judge could do anything but believe him to be an injured party.

" All-a time, ever since Trevinos they come next-a door, they have injure my property, and be evil-minded to me, and set on their dog to me," wailed J. M., his handsome eyes flashing eloquently. " From how they look darkly on me, you can see how much-a hate they have of me; but all those things is nothings to me, so long as they leave to me my quiet to sleep so that I get strong to work next day. But no, no! Me and my wife and all in my house have our heads distracted with fiddle, fiddle, all-a time fiddle, until we no know nothings no more. My poor wife, my poor Nella, she much-a too sick to come to-day——"

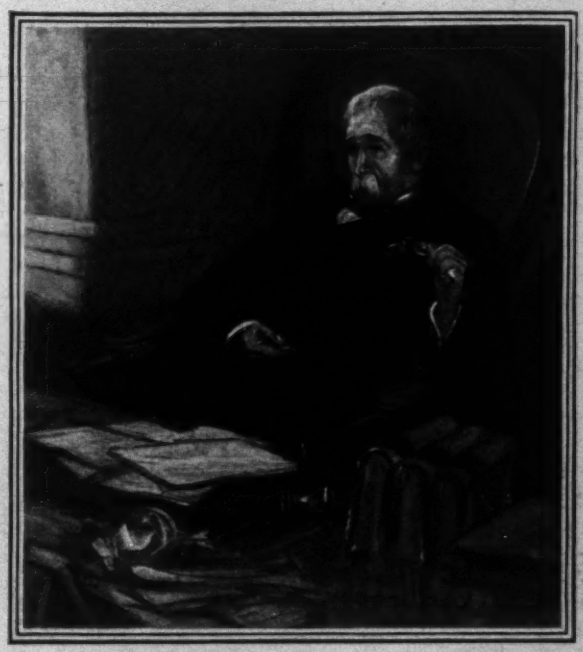
" He lie!" called Tessa, desperately. " Nella, she home iron out a shu't waist. I see her."

" Silence!" thundered his Honor, not more to Tessa than to the medicos, who had enjoyed immensely the feminine outburst.

" No lie," softly denied the long-suffering Zanardi, in patient dignity. " Every day Nella grow weak' and weak'. Fiddle next

door all day and all night. Never to sleep makes a very nervous woman, and Nella she so much unsettle she can no longer take in wash, and can only go around hold on to her head, and moan—oh, how she moan for rest! Me myself find it a big burden to have that sound of fiddle all-a time within my head. Many peoples can tell how much that small Tinto can fiddle even in one day and a night."

Which "many peoples" immediately proceeded to do. There was no lack of witnesses to prove how undesirable were the Trevinos as neighbors; how uncleanly, given to accumulating loathsome diseases; how unpatriotic and uneducational, but especially inconsiderate in the persistency with which they incited Tinto to untimely practice of noisome tunes upon a discordant fiddle. They prayed not only for abatement, but for absolute prohibition of the baneful scraping.



"The judge leaned back and seemed less to listen to the music than utterly to disregard it. . . . Dreaming, dreaming!"

"The wonder is, why Luis has this hate of me, who but wish him well," mourned Zanardi, "who have been his friend from the first, but it is a true proverb that who smears himself with honey will be pestered by the flies. I can stand no more, and I pray that Luis will be made not to set Tinto to scrape that fiddle when most Luis thinks I am sick and in need of sleep."

"Have you anything to say?" demanded the judge of Luis.

Knowing well what he had to say, and saying it, Luis did for himself. He expressed a wish that some Jew might spit on the grave of Zanardi's grandmother, and promised that he, Luis, would ere long smash in Zanardi's face. There is an excuse for him. Ignorant as he was of English, he yet divined intuitively that the whole case, against him from the first, was settled irrevocably in the mind of the judge, and would come shortly to a conviction and costs. It was equivalent to a death sentence: and a dying man does not quibble with words. What Luis said he meant. His whole family meant it, too, for, with the same intuition, they divined the situation as well as he, and every Trevino face was one malignant scowl.

No, not every face. Tinto, bored long ago with proceedings which seemed to have nothing to do with him in spite of the frequent occurrence of his name, was examining with placid interest a glass paper-weight upon the judge's desk. The better to do it, he had wandered into the center of the room, where he stood in unconscious prominence, hugging his violin under his arm as a girl might hug a doll.

This unvexed vision gave the judge an idea. "Here, you Tinto, play something! Show us what sort of a nuisance you are. Understand? Fiddle! Scrape! Give us a tune. *Sabe?*"

Tinto turned immense eyes from the judge to his father, much as he would appeal from an idiot to an interpreter, and Luis said something in Italian.

The child, looking more like a wee mahogany god than anything human, turned his assenting orbs again upon the judge, and commenced to tune his violin, doing it with what looked like unembarrassed leisure, but was in reality infinite love and patience.

The embryo doctors leaned back with the complacency of those who have front seats at the minstrels. The judge had an angry expectation of being assailed with the strains of a popular song, with a chorus demanding that all who heard should "Bone dat turkey, brudders, bone dat turkey!"

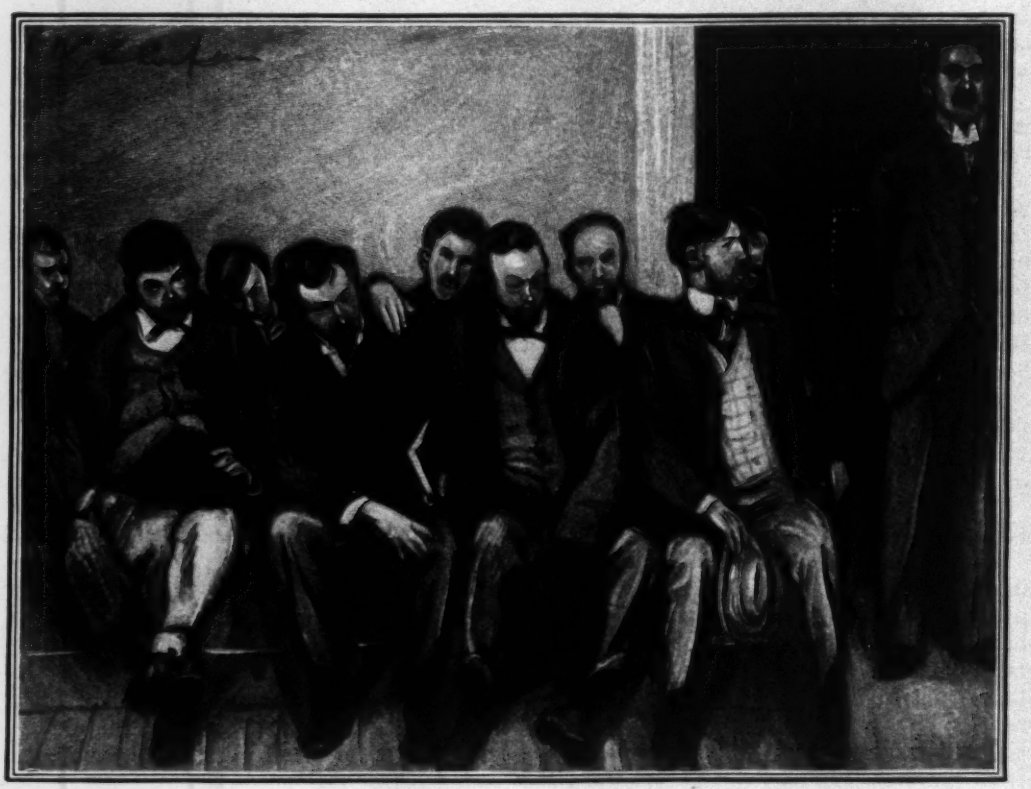
Tinto let his slow gaze wander around the court-room for inspiration. He rejected the sad picture of his kinspeople, the smiling doctors, a curious throng of outsiders at

the doors, the unfriendly court, the lonely tree that wept against the window-pane and writhed against a background of sullen sky, and fixing his yearning eyes finally upon the crystal bauble which had chained his fancy—the beautiful, ever-unattainable iridescence of that fairy-like plaything—he sighed deeply, and then took route for fairyland itself upon the bridge-like, golden, vibrating notes of Schumann's "Traumerei," the dream song of dream songs.

Perhaps he looked further than the bit of glass, and saw in his pathetic day-dream those other glittering shams for which, in the coming years, he would barter the music of his man's soul—the woman's smile, the crown of fame, the shine of gold, the hearts of his friends. Whatever it was, it spoke with a moving sweetness, and the court-room was filled with music of such awful tenderness and strength that it seemed absurd to connect it with so small a performer, who guided a tiny bow with the grimy fingers of a baby.

Like the flight of a bird that reaches high places; like the unexpectedness of an earthquake shock which reveals God to us; like the fragrance of a flower that steals unbidden upon our senses; like a baby's velvet touch which thrills our beings with divine tenderness, the music of the Dream Song floated through the court-room and held the listeners spellbound. Sweet as it was, yet hand in hand it went with pain; for what is there for us but sorrow when we dream dreams of what might be and know we must waken to the things which are?

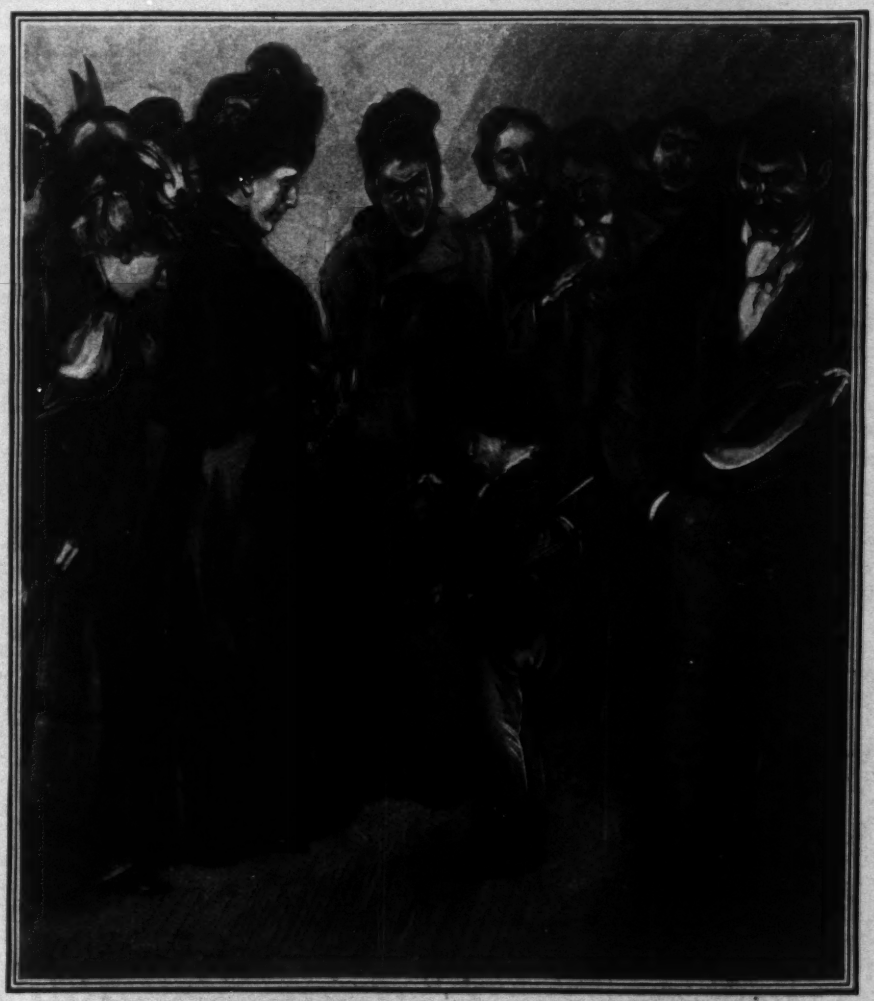
After a first shiver, as from an icy clutch at his heart, the judge leaned back and seemed less to listen to the music than utterly to disregard it. But he too had crossed on that golden bridge, not to the future where Tinto went, but back into a past that he had fancied was forgotten. Dreaming, dreaming! Ah, dear God, had not all the ambitions of his youth been dreams! And she—his wife, not the stately woman who now bore his name and showed off his wealth, but that little dead girl who used to bring her violin and play to him when the twilight came and the firelight danced over the bare room that was home to them—had not she in her hopes and prophecies for him been but dreaming, too? This very tune was what she mostly played, and the time came when she played it with her dreams reaching out



"A young doctor, especially during the growth of his first beard, is invariably a music lover."

to fold themselves about a little child that was to be theirs, the little boy who stayed but long enough to deliver God's message that wife and child were both to go back to Him. She was in her grave, and this tune, that surely was hers and hers alone, was going on, beautifully insistent, to waken all the laments of his lonely soul.

But at last the music stopped, and the small player looked inquiringly at the judge.



"... his unchildishness went straight to their womanly hearts, and this time their money flowed freely."

Now it is undeniable that, had the judge's previous humor been *for* "Bone dat Turkey" instead of against it, the "Traumerei" would have proved Tinto a nuisance of virulent type. It is also undeniable, though regrettable, that a dead wife has more effectiveness as a moral force than a living one. And the judge was touched. So touched was he, that he dared not look up until he had strangled at their birth the sobs that threatened to come. It would never do to have those prim teachers at the doors surprise him at his emotions.

The teachers were in the building to collect back salaries. In San Francisco, when the opening of a street, or a park road, or the leveling of a sand hill empties the sensitive treasury, the deficit can always be met by docking the school-teachers of a percentage of salary. Then a new administration sets in, and, as a politic move, pays back a dribble, just enough to insure grateful support. One of these celestial reimbursements was being made on the day of Tinto's trial, and his violin had drawn curiously to the court doors a throng of happy spinsters, each with a plethoric chatelaine bag hanging from her belt and further guarded by the clutch of a gloved hand.

When fortified to meet the examination of

these sharp feminine eyes, the judge raised his head, and his gaze was very severe. It softened once when it rested on the upturned face of Tinto, but hardened doubly when directed upon Zanardi. "Is this the music that is driving you distracted?" he demanded in disgust.

Zanardi misinterpreted the source of disgust, and further committed himself. "Yes, yes; just like-a that. Music like-a that, at all times Tinto plays."

"Then the best thing Tinto can do for you is to keep on playing till you grow able to appreciate it," ordered the judge, and the medical students drowned his further words in a shout of applause. A young doctor, especially during the growth of his first beard, is invariably a music lover.

"Here, you shaver," called one, "here's a half-dollar to buy yourself a Christmas gift. Make it a cake of soap if you can." As he tossed the silver, the infection caught his comrades, and all began to search their pockets for small coin.

Tinto thought it his professional duty to go around with his hat, court or no court, and stoically did so, winding up by besieging his Honor himself, but giving him a wistful look rather of thanks for past favor than an appeal for alms.

"Isn't he cute?" whispered the teachers. But they did not give him any of their restored salaries. It had come too hard for that.

"For yourself, Tinto," murmured his Honor, dropping a yellow piece among the silver.

But the poor do not own themselves. What they have belongs to the head of the family, that he may make a better fight against the wolf of poverty. Tinto, without even looking at it, wearily carried the money to Luis, and gave it all up. It was no concern of his. His duty was just to work and to hand over what he made like any workhouse drudge. His childhood never knew the delight of spending money.

"Oh, the poor little thing!" cried a teacher. Her eyes moistened and her hand fumbled in her purse. The "cuteness" of Tinto could not touch the teachers, they being too much the martyrs of "cute" infancy, but his unchildishness went straight to their womanly hearts, and this time their money freely flowed.

As the Trevinos eagerly watched the shower of silver, they correctly estimated it as sufficient to pay off the last penny owing upon the house, and figured a residuum for the recommencement of trade. They were shrewd enough to realize also that this public tide-turning would make of them people of genteel distinction to their neighbors, and the Trevino faces were as bright with eyes and teeth as an altar with tapers.

Zanardi was sensibly endeavoring to sneak outside, which suggested a *finale* for the judge.

"Get out, everybody!" he ordered. "This is a farce. We have wasted entirely too much time over it. Clear out."

Thus ended the case, and if the succeeding cases did not suffer horribly from the severity which is the reaction of heart-softening and purse-opening, then is human nature in the city at the Golden Gate beautifully different from human nature all the rest of the world over.

A GROUP FROM LIFE, ON THE SHORES OF THE SEA OF GALILEE.

THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

By the Reverend John Watson, D.D.,

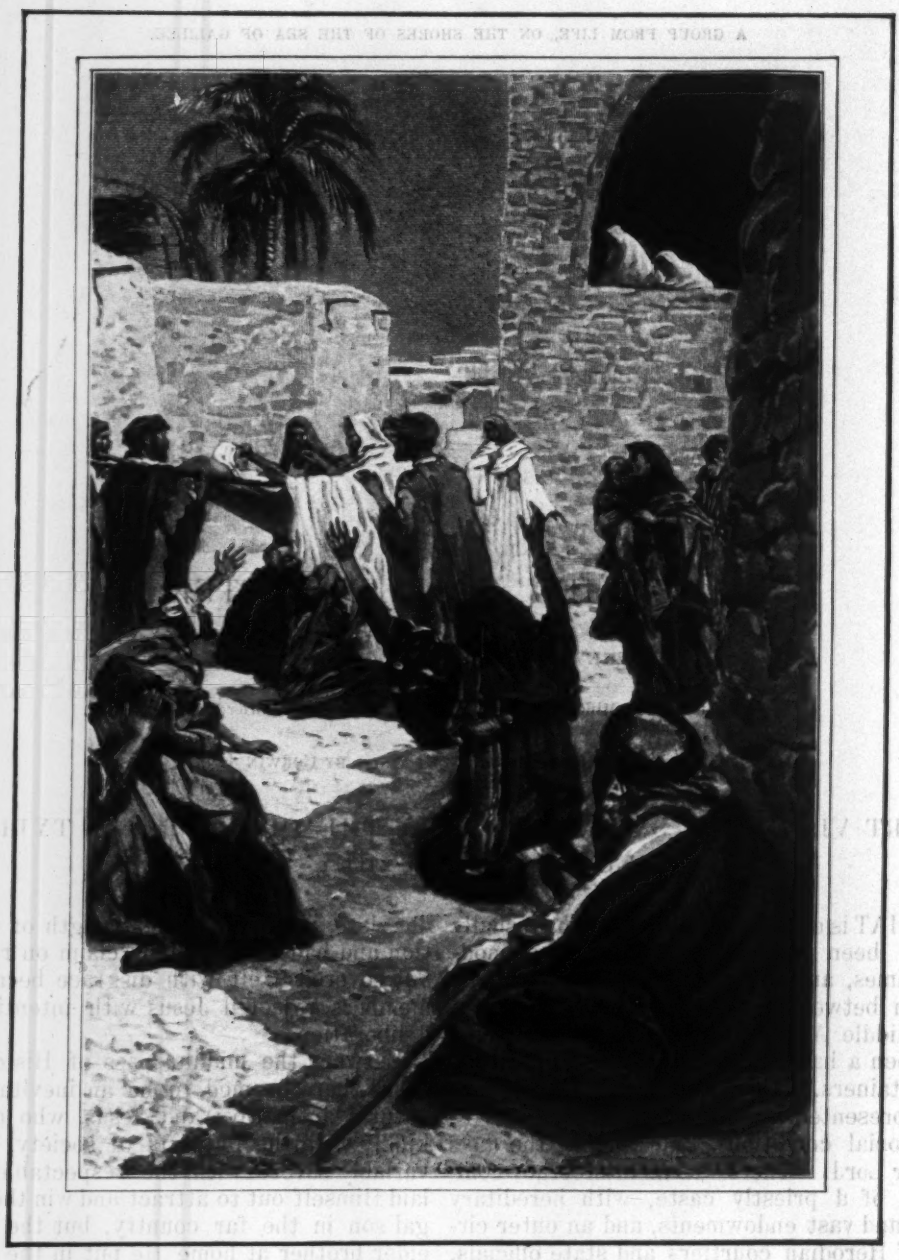
Author of "The Mind of the Master," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

Illustrated from paintings and drawings by Corwin Knapp Linson.

PART VI.—JESUS' SYMPATHY WITH THE OUTCASTS.—A TYPICAL DAY IN HIS EARTHLY LIFE.

WHAT is called the middle class has usually been regarded as a creation of modern times, and certainly no parallel can be drawn between society in our day and, say, the Middle Ages, when a nation was divided between a handful of nobles and a multitude of retainers. One land, however, of the past presented an almost perfect analogy to our social condition—Palestine in the days of our Lord. There was an aristocracy composed of a priestly caste, with hereditary rank and vast endowments, and an outer circle of Herodian courtiers and state officials. With this class Jesus had no contact till the end of His life, when the priests were alarmed for their privileges and protected themselves by the cross. There was the proletariat—the vine-dressers, shepherds, fishermen, farmers of Galilee, who lived hardly and suffered many wrongs. From this class Jesus sprang, and to them He was always loyal. And there was a class in easy circumstances, of undoubted virtue, good intelligence, and solid influence, which had a standing feud with the aristocracy, and regarded the people with frank contempt. This was the middle class, which was the strength of the nation and had an undeniable claim on respect, but covered itself with disgrace because its members rejected Jesus with intention and deliberation.

Between the middle class of His day and Jesus there seemed to be an inevitable and natural antipathy; and Jesus, who dealt so kindly with the outcasts of society, was invariably severe with the respectables. He laid Himself out to attract and win the prodigal son in the far country, but the correct elder brother at home He put in the pillory, till we almost forget the vice of the one and the virtue of the other. The lawlessness, the impudence, the evil-living, the corruption of the sinners Jesus only once described in the prodigal son, although their manner of life was to Him utterly loathsome and most tragic; but the faults of the Pharisees, down to their very foibles, He exposes with merciless satire. It is, indeed, a social paradox that Jesus should come to confirm the law of Moses, and that the middle class of His time were the devotees of the Law, and yet that this very Law should rise as a bar-



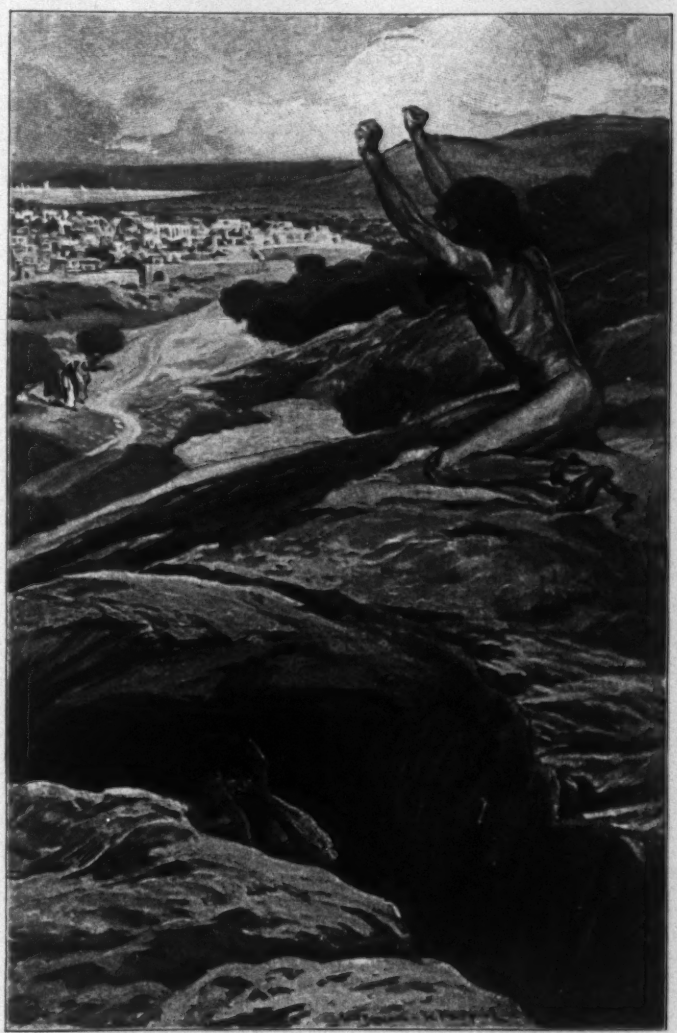
JESUS HEALING IN THE VILLAGES.

And whithersoever he entered, into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought him that they might touch, if it were but the border of his garment.—MARK, vi. 56. The disciples, after the night of the storm, when Jesus appeared to them walking upon the sea, brought their boat to shore at the plain of Gennesaret, and it was in the villages of this plain that Jesus went about healing the sick. The villages of Galilee, with their plaster houses of white, blue, pink, and yellow tints, present a variety and gaiety of color not found in Judea. It is a feverish country to-day, and must have been so then—low-lying, marshy, dangerous for any but natives to spend a night in.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

rier between the Master and the middle class, so that Jesus used the Ten Words to condemn them, and they prosecuted Him as a law-breaker; that Jesus should come to declare the kingdom, seen afar off by the prophets, and that the respectables had been waiting, as none others did, for its coming, and yet that the sinners should answer the invitation of the Master and possess its riches, while the Pharisees counted themselves unworthy of everlasting life. The relation between Jesus and this class was strained from the

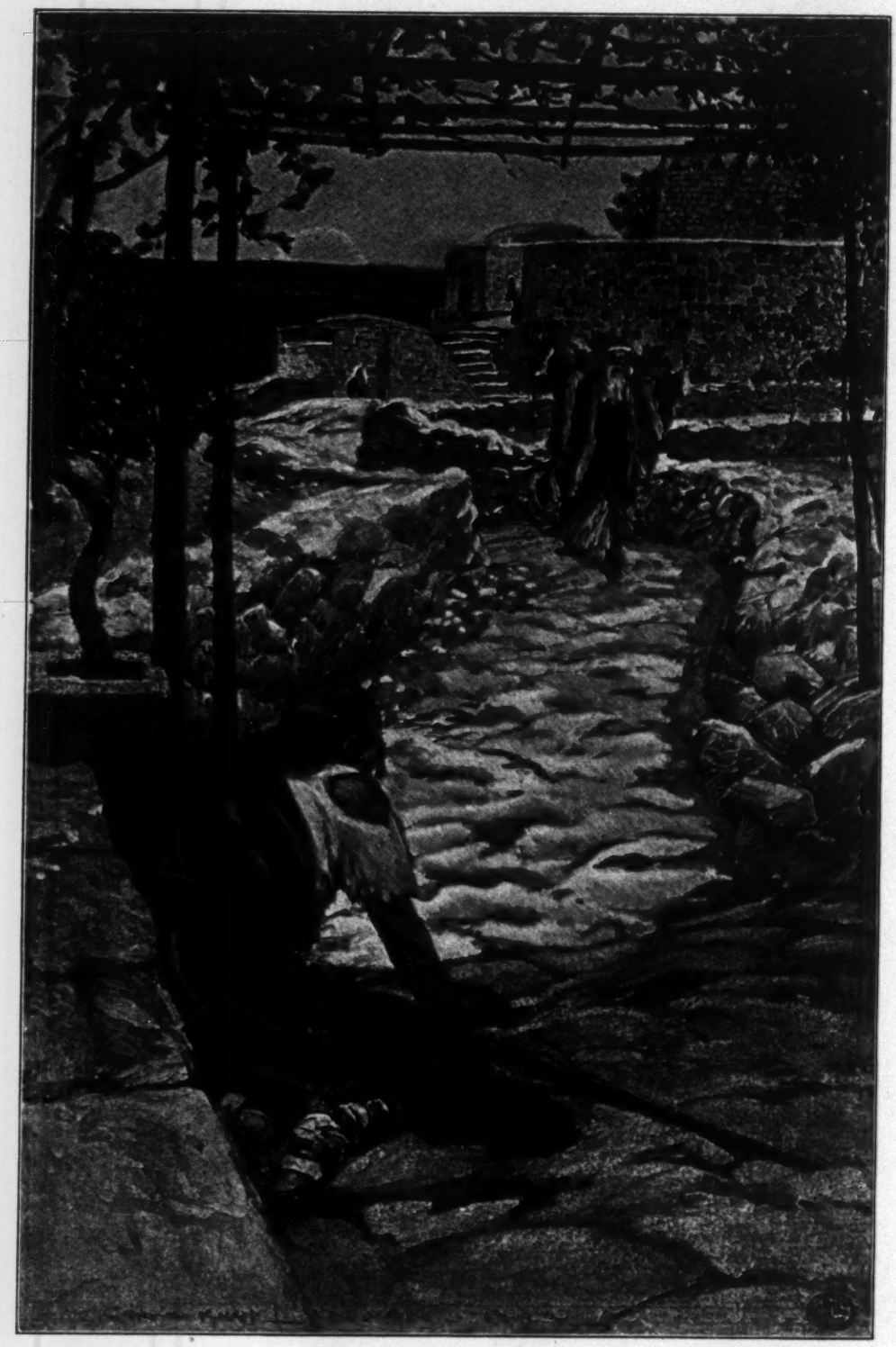
beginning, with suspicion on their side, with indignation on His; while now and again there was a hot collision, and at last a life-and-death wrestle.

For one thing, He could not endure their immovable and contented self-righteousness, and this was the point of the parable, at once so merciless and so merciful, of the Pharisee and the Publican. It is by a phrase that a man reveals himself, and when the Pharisee stood in the temple of God, the highest and holiest place he could find, and returned thanks that he was not as other men, and especially not as this publican, you



THE DEMONIACS.

And when he was come . . . into the country of the Gergesenes, there met him two possessed with devils, coming out of the tombs, exceeding fierce.—MATTHEW, viii. 28. The miracle of the healing of the demoniacs seems to have occurred in the vicinity of Gergesa, a city on the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee, known among the Arabs as Khersa. The site of the city is in a low plain, at the mouth of a stream, and its crumbling walls cover a large area. As for the tombs, there are said to be many among the hills, but the presence of Bedouins encamped near by prevented any search for them. Neither could I gather any information. I have shown them like all Jewish tombs, cut in the rocks. In order to illustrate the general environments, the tombs, the city of Gergesa below on the plain, the lake, and the northern shore, I have placed the scene in the hills, departing from the letter of the narrative. The slight drop in the distant coast marks the in-flowing Jordan. In reality, the demoniac of Mark and Luke must have seen Jesus from the heights as he approached the shore, "afar off," and running down, met Him near the water.—ARTIST'S NOTE.



THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.—LUKE, xv. 20.

have Pharisaism taken in the act. Surely he might have been satisfied to rehearse the catalogue of his own virtues without the contrast of another's vices; but as a dark curtain is hung behind an orator to fling his figure into relief, so an inattentive or unappreciative audience will be most likely to appreciate his spiritual excellence set against a foil. It was the life-long habit of this respectable to exhibit himself as the very type and paragon of religion, and it was his art to keep himself in constant comparison with the miserables. Unto God and men he presented an ingenious study in black and white, and for this end he required a publican. Each had his rôle—the Pharisee religion, and the publican irreligion. "God," says this artist in religious insolence, "I thank Thee that I am not as this publican." Jesus has been hotter and more solemn; never has the Master been keener and more severe.

What gave the edge to Jesus' words was not that this respectable had greatly exaggerated his own virtues or his neighbor's vices. Let us grant that he did not. His was certainly an oration rather than a prayer, but it was neither flattery nor slander; it was very much matter of fact. If any class disgraced the Jewish nation in the time of Jesus, it was the men who collected the Roman taxes and traded on the misery of their own flesh and blood. Their conduct cut the sinews of the national life; their name was a synonym for avarice and cruelty; it was not for nothing that this national traitor was bracketed with the social residuum and his name made a synonym for sinner. If any single class was the backbone of the nation it was the Pharisees, and nothing the Master said against their bigotry and hypocrisy denied their social value and solidity. They were, in the main, men who feared God and loved their nation, and did righteousness, according to their light; and notwithstanding their exclusiveness and arrogance, they commanded the respect of the people.

It was not self-righteous for the Pharisee to hold that he was a more useful member of society than the average publican, for this was simply a fact; but it was inexcusable self-righteousness for him to take credit for this circumstance, as under a show of deference to the Almighty he was doing, since, indeed, he had no credit in the matter. His father had been an orthodox, well-living, reputable man, and he had been born with the instincts of religious faith and moral decency in his blood. In his youth he had been drilled in the law of Moses, and on coming to manhood he found himself a member of the Brahmin caste, pledged to the worship of God and to clean living. With the glare of public opinion on him, and hedged round with the habits of his class, the Pharisee might become narrow and censorious; it was hardly possible for him to give the reins to passion, or to outrage social order. He was held in the path of formal righteousness, the slave of fortunate circumstances. Compare him with the publican, whom some sudden impulse of repentance had brought to the Temple, and who had been dragged for scenic purposes into the Pharisee's prayer. A publican's son, he inherited the feelings of an outcast class—a rooted suspicion of society and a sullen hatred of social bonds. One of the vivid recollections of his childhood was his father coming home to describe an insult of the Pharisees and to rail at religion. For him there was no school, and the children hooted him in the street till he felt himself on the level of a dog. As a man he was a pariah, and he came to accept the situation. No good was believed of him, any evil was expected of him; he was ostracised by respectable people, he was shut up with reprobates. What could Jewish society expect of the publican but insolence, and rapacity, and shamelessness, and robbery? So they stood together in the Temple—the man whom society had made, and the man whom society had ruined—and the Pharisee, with an amazing audacity, thanked God he was not as this publican.

Perhaps the crowning offense of the respectables in the eyes of Jesus was their callousness, and upon one dramatic occasion this gave the Master a shock of strong indignation. It was at a feast, where Simon, a chief Pharisee, had invited Him to his house—not for courtesy or hospitality, rather for insolent patronage and cunning criticism. From the beginning He was made to know His place—an inferior asked to dinner as an act of condescension, who must not expect the attentions given to other guests on a social equality with Simon. As each guest arrived, his sandals were removed by obsequious servants and his feet washed with cool, refreshing water; as he sat down in his appointed place, his head was anointed with fragrant oil. For the Master there was neither water nor oil, but the servants, taking their cue from Simon, allowed Him to pass with a menial's disdain for the poor. By and by attention would be given to the Master, when, after Simon and his guests had feasted, they

would, at their leisure, put ensnaring questions to Jesus and gather material for persecutions. As it happened, that day they were anticipated by one who had not been invited by Simon nor come to criticise Jesus, who was ready to repair the neglect of the servants, and to afford to Jesus a feast sweeter than meat and drink. And when Simon sat at the head of his table, full of polite dislike for the Master, and a woman of the town washed His feet with her tears, the extremes of society met, and Jesus marked the inhumanity of Simon, to whom the woman, in her penitence, was only an object of contempt.

The supreme day of Jesus' life was the last; but after that high place of agony and victory, perhaps the best for a disciple's purpose is one day in the Galilean ministry, on which we can follow the Master's work from sunset to sunset.

Upon the previous day the Master had been teaching in parables, and had traced the evolution of the kingdom of God from the seed cast into the ground, through its growth and conflict, enlarging also on its beauty and value, to its cleansing and perfection in the drag-net. After the people had reluctantly dispersed, and He was alone with His disciples by the lake-side, Jesus expounded to them the inwardness of those parables, since they were to be the stewards of the Divine mysteries. Nothing, neither physical toil nor bodily pain, is more utterly exhausting than a great spiritual deliverance; it strains the mind almost to the breaking, and creates a passionate longing for rest. As the people were still waiting in the distance, in hope of more, and Jesus could not have quiet in Capernaum, He asked Peter to take Him over to the other side of the lake, where He could be alone. The sun had set when the boat put out from the shore, and Jesus fell sound asleep in the afterpart of the boat, where some kindly hand had laid a pillow for His head. After dark there came one of those sudden, confused storms which lash inland lakes into fury and which make steering almost useless. The water began to fill the undecked boat, and they were in danger of being swamped. They were amazed that the Master should sleep unmoved by the wind and waves, and they awake Him with reproaches, as if they could perish and He be safe. So dependent had those disciples become on the Master that they now turned to Him in every strait, and even on their own fishing-ground looked to Him for deliverance. He rose, unamazed and unalarmed, whom no commotion of nature or of man could shake, and commanded peace, and there was a great calm; but it may be that the calm was greater in the terrified souls of the disciples than in the waters of the fickle lake. Through the night they had been tossed and driven; now, as the sun's first rays strike the lake, they come in quiet waters to the eastern shore.

The blue water and green slopes were bathed in fresh morning light, but the Master met, on landing, a storm sadder and wilder than any that could ever rage on the Sea of Galilee. Among the rocks on the side of the hill were caves where the dead of Gergesa were laid, and in them a maniac whom none could control nor chains hold. This was the first person Jesus met, and His first act this morning, who last night had caused the windy tempest to cease on the lake, was to call forth the devil from this unhappy man, that he might go in peace to his home, healed and sane. Then Jesus took boat, still early in the day, and, with a favorable wind, sailed back to Capernaum.

The effect of yesterday had not departed, and the report of His return brought a multitude to the shore who received Him gladly, and passed one to another the miracle of Gergesa. Accompanied by the admiring people, with here and there a jealous, wrathful Pharisee, Jesus went to His lodging at Peter's house. He was obliged again to preach, standing in a room, while His hearers filled the house and overflowed into the street. As the Master went through the town with the glory of this new miracle upon Him, four neighbors, speaking together at some corner, were visited with a sudden inspiration. They had a friend who, as was well known in Capernaum, had sown his wild oats with prodigal hand and was now reaping their bitter harvest in his body as well as his soul. Stricken with palsy, this man, once strong and lustful, now lay in his decrepitude an object of contempt to himself, of pity to the town. They carry him to the house, and—on account of the crowd—up to the roof; they remove the slight ceiling of the room, and even while the Master is preaching the sick man is let down before His face, and four eager faces expect the result, while the helplessness of the sufferer is his prayer. "Son," said the Master with much tenderness, as He looked on the wistful face, "be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." And, behold, at the command of Jesus, the palsied man arose, a man again before God and his brethren.

"A NET THAT WAS CAST INTO THE SEA."

Which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away.—MATT. xiii. 48. It is as if Christ, in the parable of the fishing-net, had had in mind a scene of to-day, so exactly do the Galilee fishermen of the present day adhere to the methods described as those of the fishermen of two thousand years ago. The draw, or drag, net is carried some way out into the water, stretched full length, and then pulled in in a semicircle, gradually closing as it is brought to shore. The fishermen with whom I spent a morning by the Sea of Galilee made a good haul; and on bringing their load in, "sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away."—ARTIST'S NOTE.

Jesus left the house, that He might go to the lake and rest beside its coolness at noontide of the day; but for Him that day there could be no rest till the darkness fell. On His way to the shore He passes the local custom-house, and sees the publican sitting in his open office. Then He commands Matthew, with His note of spiritual authority, "Follow Me"; and with dramatic completeness, as showing in a sign his utter obedience, Matthew leaves everything that hour and casts in his lot with Jesus. As he sees a new, clean, unselfish life opening up before him he has only one desire ungratified, and that is that Jesus should come to his house to celebrate this chief event in his life.

From the outside, a group of Pharisees watched the scene and snarled. Jesus, whom

TEACHING BY THE SEASHORE.

The same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the sea-side. And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore.—MATT. xiii. 1, 2.

nothing escaped, heard the words and understood. Why did He not go to them? for that was their suggestion. Because they did not want Him, and because He did them no good when He went. Was Simon there, or any of the men who had been at Simon's feast? Why did He come here? that was the question. Because He was made welcome, and because He was doing His appointed work: saving men from sin. Did they ever expect to see a religious teacher sitting as an honored guest in a publican's house, and that publican leaving his gains to live the religious life? The Pharisees were silent. One controversy seemed to raise another, and now a few of John Baptist's disciples, encouraged by the presence of the Pharisees, asked their question, and it was not without excuse. They had been trained in the Baptist's ascetic school, and had been taught the hardness of the religious life. "Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft, but Thy disciples fast not?" With them and their question Jesus dealt very kindly, for He loved loyalty and He sympathized with their perplexity. "Do not grudge my disciples their brief joy; it will soon be over. By and by their bridegroom will depart (by the way of Calvary), and then John and Peter will be sad enough. Besides, your master had one message, and faithfully did he discharge it; I have another, and My word also must be fulfilled."

As He was reassuring John's anxious followers, another Pharisee has something of hot importance to say to Him. He is a chief man in the Church, and a magnate among religious people—Jairus, the ruler of the synagogue. He falls down, he worships—his friends called Jesus a blasphemer as he passed—and pleads his case. "My daughter, my only daughter, twelve years of age, is on the point of death. If Thou wilt come and simply lay Thy hand upon her, she will live." Jesus had remained in His place through all the criticism on Himself; now, in the sorrow of the ruler, He arose at once, and the people accompanied Him. In the thick of the crowd, as they passed through one of the narrow streets, a woman, grievously afflicted by a wasting disease of her sex and overcome by modesty, had courage only to touch the fringe of Jesus' outer garment, as it came for a moment within her reach. When He turned round and asked who touched Him, His disciples were astonished; they did not understand. A score may press on one by accident, but the touch of a single finger will be different. It was with intention; it was individual; it was a prayer; it was a sign; it was a secret between two. This woman could not be hid; she was distinguished from the crowd first by her faith, and then by the Divine mercy.

The pause could not have been five minutes, to one man it was five hours; and so near are joy and sorrow in human life that when the woman's heart was lightened with joy, a foolish servant told Jairus that his little maid was dead and that it was no use to trouble the Master. With the alertness of one whose heart was beating in sympathy with every human being, Jesus heard the message, and bade Jairus be of good cheer, for the hope of his heart was not to be disappointed. Already the women had begun the ceremony of wailing. Jesus commanded them to cease—they were celebrating the victory of death too soon; they might be needed for singing. Meanwhile they and the neighbors must leave the room where the maid was lying, for it was a solemn act to call back a soul from the other world. Only the parents and His three intimates among the twelve were present, when Jesus, stooping over the couch, said, in the kindly home-speech in which her father would have spoken, "You are sleeping too long, and we are wearying to see you smile on us all. Darling, arise!" Obedient to the command of love, the dear child opened her eyes, and sat up, and the first face she saw was that of Jesus.

After this great encounter, which had crowned the labors of the day, Jesus set out for home; but even yet His work was not done, for blind men were waiting for His coming, so that His return journey to Peter's house was marked by miracles. And when He had reached its welcome shelter, exhausted in soul and body, there was brought to Him one who was afflicted with a dumb devil, and he also must be delivered. At last Jesus casts Himself on his poor couch and sleeps; but He had driven sleep from other homes for gladness of heart. Across the lake a man in his senses is at home again; Matthew's heart is on fire, for the kingdom of God is come to him; a mother is thanking God because her prodigal son is forgiven and healed; again the light is burning in Jairus' house, where they are still rejoicing, for this day God has visited His people, and Capernaum has seen His salvation.

(To be continued.)

REID AND THE "GENERAL ARMSTRONG."

By Cyrus Townsend Brady,

Author of "For Love of Country," "For the Freedom of the Sea," "The Grip of Honor," etc.

THE GREATEST FIGHT IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN PRIVATEERS.

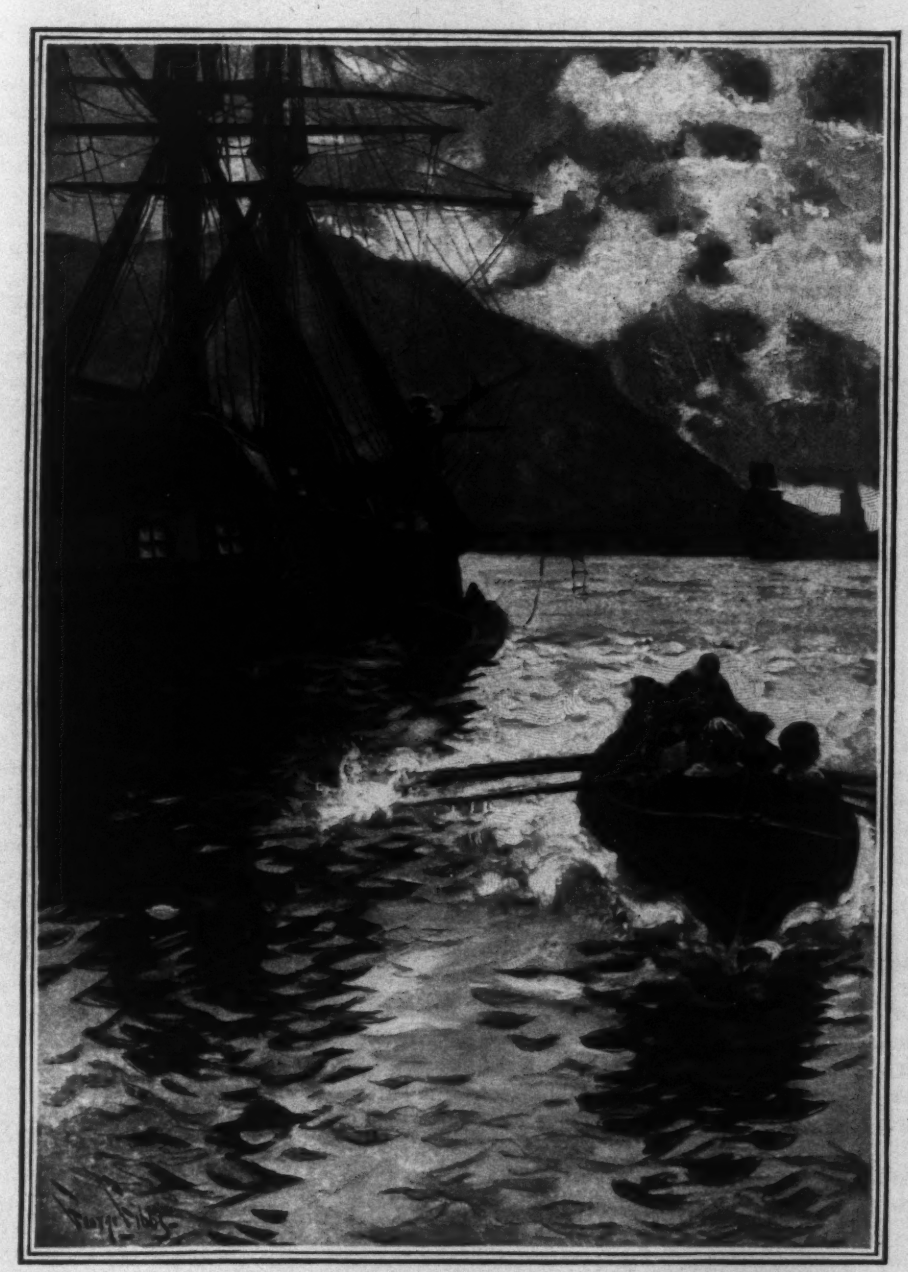
THE most conspicuous of all the American privateers, for he fought the greatest fight in their records and the most important, was Captain Samuel Chester Reid. It gives one who has an idea that there has been a great gulf fixed from time immemorial between England and the United States something of a shock to find that Reid was the son of an English naval officer. This officer, while in charge of a boat expedition in the war of the Revolution, was captured by the rebellious colonists, and when he had been sufficiently persuaded of the justice of their cause, he resigned his commission in the British Navy and entered the American service. It may be that Miss Rebecca Chester, whose people were brave soldiers and stanch supporters of the Revolution, had something to do with the decision at which he arrived; at any rate, he married her in 1781, and to them in 1783, the year of the peace, was born the great privateer.

He came of distinguished ancestry on both sides of the house, his father being a direct descendant of the Lord High Admiral of Scotland in the great days of Bruce; while the Chesters were of old Colonial and English stock, none better, counting lords and earls galore among them. Young Reid was, therefore, brought up like a gentleman to adorn that station in life unto which it had pleased God to call him, and in every way he proved worthy of his sires. His first choice of a profession was the navy—following in the footsteps of the Lord High Admiral aforesaid—and he learned some good lessons while still a young boy from that past master of seamanship, discipline, and hard, close fighting, Thomas Truxtun, in whose squadron he served as a midshipman in the frigate "Baltimore" in the French War. For various reasons, however, at the close of that little war, he entered the mercantile marine, and, rising rapidly to command rank, became widely known as a bold and successful navigator and captain.

About the middle of the year 1814 he was given command, by her owners, of the "General Armstrong," a small New York privateer, brigantine rigged, and one of the smartest, most noted, and successful of her class. She had already proved, under her other gallant commanders, that she could not only prey, but fight. She had just returned from her fifth lucky cruise. I suppose her to have been about 200 tons burthen, 120 feet long over all, and about thirty feet in beam. Her armament consisted of seven guns—three long nines in each broadside, and a long twenty-four pounder on a pivot amidships, in sea parlance a "Long Tom." Her crew and officers numbered ninety men. They had been selected by Reid himself with especial care, and were probably quite up to the high standard which obtained on that most gallant frigate, the United States ship "Constitution," herself.

The 26th of September, 1814, found Reid and the "Armstrong" at the Island of Fayal in the Azores. He had run the blockade off New York about the middle of the month, distancing all pursuers by his great speed, and had stopped at the island, on his voyage to the English Channel, for food and water. The bay of Da Horta, the principal town and seaport in the Island of Fayal, is crescent-shaped, and is surrounded by a sea-wall, with the old Castle of Santa Cruz, even then an obsolete fortification, at the base of the crescent. Opposite to the entrance of the bay, on a neighboring island, boldly rises the splendid mountain called Pico to a height of nearly 8,000 feet, and on all sides are lofty mountains and hills which descend in beetling crags and wild ravines to the water's edge.

Having speedily fulfilled his errand, the American skipper had gone ashore to call upon and dine with the United States consul,



"REID SENT HIS GUESTS POST-HASTE ASHORE."

Mr. Dabney; and after dinner had brought him, and a party of gentlemen with him, off to inspect his vessel. Just about sunset, the spars of a large brig-of-war flying English colors were discovered making around the rocky headlands which bound the entrance to the harbor. The brig, it was soon discovered, was followed by two other large ships, still some distance away. It was the first time any English war vessels had been in the harbor for months. The Portuguese pilot had told the English commodore of the arrival of the privateer, and he came into the harbor with his squadron with the deliberate purpose of effecting her capture.

In spite of Consul Dabney's assurances, it instantly occurred to the wary and experienced Reid that the neutrality of the place would not be respected by the English. It seems to be a general practice among nations to disregard the so-called laws of neutrality with perfect equanimity, provided they

feel themselves able and willing to abide the consequences. England has done it on several occasions; and the United States have not hesitated to follow her example as late as in the Civil War, so we can cast no stones in this case. Reid sent his guests post-haste ashore, and began to warp his vessel closer into the harbor. The English brig, which proved to be the "Carnation," eighteen guns, Commander George Bentham, did not waste any time. She had hardly dropped anchor in the harbor, before she exchanged signals with the other ships, and then put out four boats crowded with about 120 armed men, who, with the usual British intrepidity, made straight for the "Armstrong."

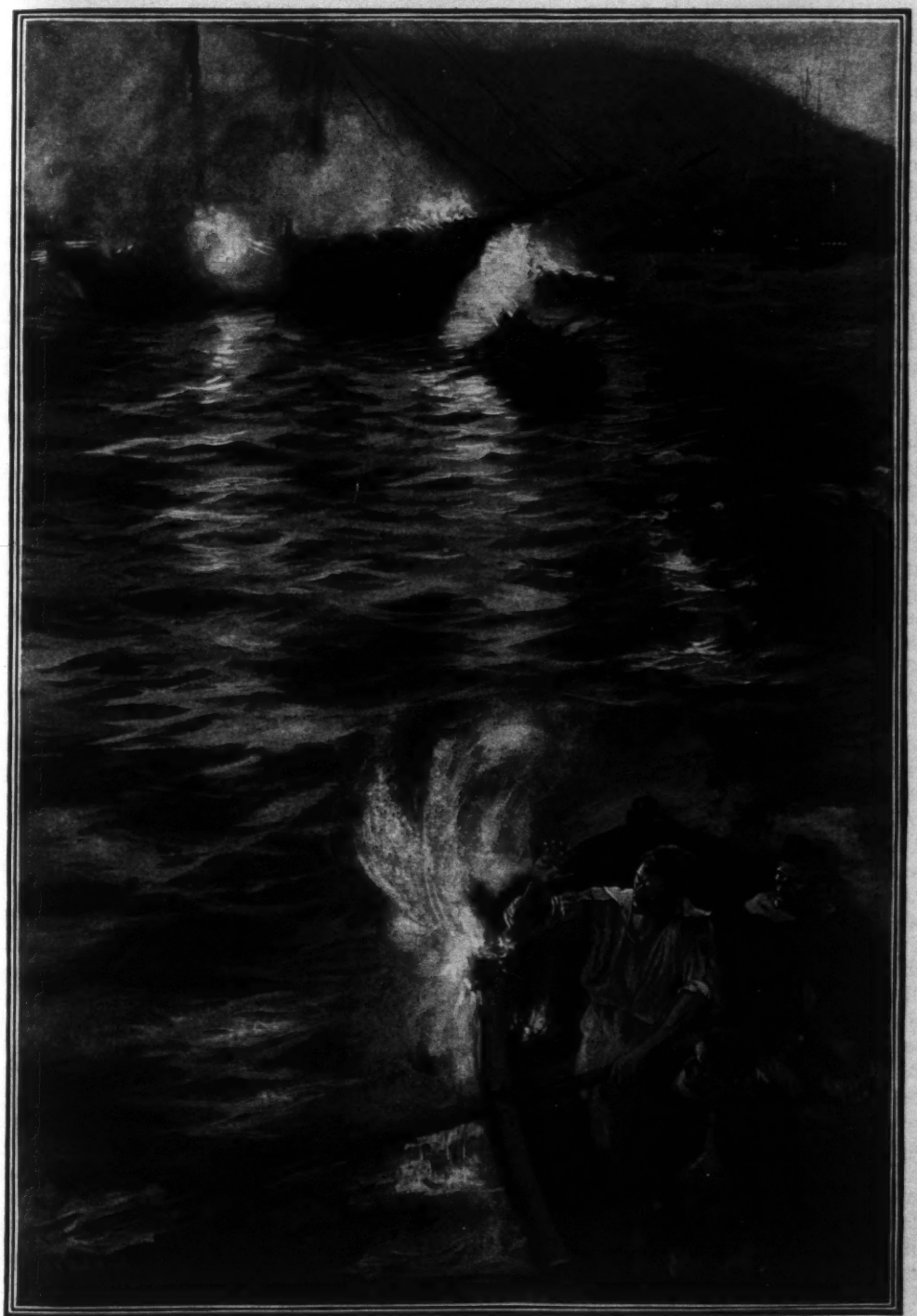
Reid left the business of warping in to a more convenient season, dropped anchor temporarily, called his men to quarters, and, as the menacing boats rapidly drew near, he repeatedly hailed them to discover their purpose, warning them to desist from their approach or come on at their peril. There was not the least doubt as to the character of the movement in any rational mind. The armed men were in plain sight, as the moon now flooded the placid waters of the bay with a soft autumnal splendor. The English disdaining to make any reply to his hails, and urging their boats persistently onward, Reid opened the fight with a severe, well-directed fire from the great guns of his battery, and his small arms, to which the enemy replied with boat guns and an ineffective musketry fire.

A very few minutes were sufficient to determine this event. Only one boat touched the American, and most of the persons in her were killed or wounded. The other boats stopped rowing, and the officers called for quarter. Then while Reid, who might have sunk all of them without difficulty, mercifully held his fire, the boats turned tail, and, with a large number of killed and wounded on board, made their way back to the brig. They had hoped to carry the "Armstrong" by a *coup-de-main*, but had met with a most discouraging and costly repulse instead. The privateer had only one man killed, and her first lieutenant, a brother of the noted General Wool of the United States Army, severely wounded. Two more masterful players entered the game at this juncture, however, in the shape of His Britannic Majesty's frigate "Rota," thirty-eight, Captain Philip Somerville, followed by His Britannic Majesty's huge ship of the line "Plantagenet," seventy-four, Commodore Robert Lloyd, who commanded the squadron. This raised the effective force of the enemy to nearly 200 guns and 1,200 men.

It was soon evident that Commodore Lloyd intended to take up the frustrated attempt of the "Carnation," for boats were called away from all three ships to the number of twelve. This statement is made upon the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses, among them Captain Reid and Consul Dabney, a fine old gentleman of the highest reputation, who stood upon shore in full sight of the battle, with many other observers, some of whom go so far as to say there were fourteen boats, though the British allow there were but seven. These boats were loaded with nearly 450 men. They were towed in by the brig, and then rendezvoused in three divisions under the lee of a little reef just beyond gunshot range from the "Armstrong," while they matured their plans for the contemplated attack.

Meanwhile Reid and his gallant crew, not in the least alarmed by this display of overwhelming force, had completed their preparations to receive and repel the expected onslaught. The "Armstrong" had been warped within a short distance of the shore, where she lay under the useless and silent guns of the Portuguese castle. Two of the guns on the unengaged side of her had been shifted over to face the enemy, through ports cut in the rail for them. All the small arms in the brigantine—of which she had a great many, the pistols actually being in bucketfuls—had been charged and placed close at hand. Boarding nettings made of heavily tarred rope had been triced up from one end of the ship to the other. The cutlasses, boarding axes, and pikes were distributed to the men, who were all provided with steel and leather boarding caps. Reid commanded upon the quarter-deck, his lieutenants in the waist and forward.

Pending any movement of the British, the men were allowed to rest beside the guns, while the officers and a few of the older and more experienced seamen kept watch. It was a strange picture the stars looked down upon that calm September night—that of the little vessel surrounded by her grim and threatening antagonists, her little crew menaced by a force which outnumbered them five to one. Yet we are told that the hardy men slept on the white deck of the privateer, under the shadow of the great peaks and mountains of the island, as soundly and peacefully as though they had a night at home. There was something notable, too, in the spirit which their quiet slumber betokened, of their confidence and trust in



"THE ENGLISH . . . MANFULLY TUGGING AT THE OARS, SWEPT AROUND THE WRECKED BOAT AND DASHED INTO CLOSE ACTION AT ONCE."

the officers, to whom they looked up as the American sailor has ever looked up to those who led him.

About twelve o'clock, under the lead of Lieutenant William Matterface, the first lieutenant of the "Plantagenet," the flotilla of boats moved out around the reef, and in line ahead—that is, in a long single column—swept down upon the "Armstrong." The midshipmen and other junior officers ran along the decks of the privateer and awakened the sleeping men, who sprang quietly to their stations. The stillness of the night was broken only by the rustle of the oars in the row-locks, and the splash of the dark water parted by the bows of the boats, or tossed up in the air by the feathering blades of the oars, to sparkle in the moonlight. The men on the "Armstrong," so far as the attacking party could see, might have been asleep or dead.

The shore was fairly crowded with spectators now, who held their breath while watching the advance and awaiting the *dénouement*. Out in the harbor, the men left upon the ships swarmed in black clusters in the rigging at eager gaze. The officers of the English men-of-war were closely grouped on the different quarter-decks eagerly scanning the "Armstrong" through their night glasses. With what apprehension Dabney and his son and the few Americans on shore watched the British draw near! It was a moment fraught with the most intense anxiety. Would the "Armstrong" never fire? Was Reid asleep or dead? Had she been abandoned by her crew? Ah! What was that?

A flash of light tore through the gray darkness. A cloud of smoke broke out amidships on the privateer, and a roar like thunder echoed and reëchoed among the surrounding hills. "Long Tom" had spoken! The battle was on. Before the echo had died away, the other guns in the starboard battery, which had been trained upon the advancing line, spoke in quick succession, and sent their messengers of death out over the dark waters. The head of the column was smashed to pieces by the discharge. The first boat was disabled, and the shower of grape did great execution all along the line. With the courage of their race, the stalwart English broke into loud cheers, and, manfully tugging at the oars, swept around the wrecked boat and dashed into close action at once. The boat carronades in the bows of the launches now rang out bravely, adding their sharp notes to the confusion of the exciting moment, as they returned the "Armstrong's" fire. The men of the privateer remained grimly silent, for Reid's command had been:

"No cheering, lads, till we have beat them off and gained the victory!"

There was no time for either side to load its artillery again before the first boat crashed against the side of the privateer, and the leading man sprang up on her low rail. He clutched the netting which barred his passage, and, shortening his sword, hacked frantically at it. He was a fair and easy mark to an old man-of-war's-man on the brigantine, who buried a half-pike deep in his bosom. He had scarcely fallen back before others, undaunted by his fate, eagerly sprang to the rail and took his place. Encouraged and led by their officers, the English strove to board on every hand, and the action at once became general. The boats ranged themselves about the engaged side of the "Armstrong" as hounds surround a wild boar at bay; one division attacked forward, the other in the waist, and the last and strongest endeavored to gain the quarter.

For a few moments the roar of the great guns was succeeded by the sharp crackle of the small arms, the pistols and muskets of the marines; and the darkness was punctured by vivid flashes of fire, in lurid contrast to the moon's pale light. But these ringing reports gradually died away, and, as there was no time to recharge the guns, the conflict resolved itself into an old-fashioned hand-to-hand encounter. The cheers, shouts, curses, and groans of the desperate men, mad with the blood lust of the fight; the ringing of steel on steel, as sword gritted against sword, or ax crashed on boarding cap, or bayonet crossed half-pike in the dreadful fray, filled the hearts of the spectators near by on the shore with horror. The English, in overwhelming numbers, though at a disadvantage as regards position, striving determinedly to make good a footing on the deck, fought with the same indomitable courage as their American brethren. Most gallantly led, again and again they sprang at the rail, officer after officer fell, man after man was cut down; the stout arms of the privateersmen grew weary with hacking, and hewing, and slaughtering men. The boarding netting was at last nearly cut to pieces, and the way was clear for an entrance. Although the slight success came too late to be of much service, a lodgment was finally effected forward on the forecastle by way of the bowsprit; one of the American lieutenants in command there had been killed, the other wounded.

At this moment Reid himself, the only offi-

cer of rank now left on deck, after a brief rally with swords between them, in which he was slightly wounded, succeeded in cutting down Matterface, the English leader, who had been engaged in a last desperate endeavor to effect a lodgment on the quarter-deck, and all danger from further attack there was over. Some of the boats of this division were sheering off slowly, manned by a few oarsmen; others full of silent dead and shrieking wounded were aimlessly drifting about. The party attacking the waist had fared little better. Alarmed by the cries in the bow, and seeing that the enemy near him had been effectively disposed of, the Captain led a dashing charge forward and speedily cleared the forecastle. It was all over. That was the expiring effort of the English. They hurried away as they were able, in full retreat. They had been totally beaten.

"AGAIN AND AGAIN THEY SPRANG AT THE RAIL, OFFICER AFTER OFFICER FELL, MAN AFTER MAN WAS CUT DOWN."

Two of the boats were captured, two of them had been sunk, two others drifted ashore and were abandoned by the remainder of their crews, all but three of the sixty or seventy men they originally contained being

killed or wounded. In one of the boats all were killed but four. Most of the boats that escaped regained their respective ships with the greatest difficulty, in a sinking condition, not only from the fire of the American heavy guns, but on account of having been stove in by solid shot hurled into them by the Americans. The total loss was 250 men on the part of the British, nearly half of whom were killed, and the others severely wounded. The Americans had two killed and only seven wounded! It seems incredible, but it is true, though the British admit only about half the losses ascribed to them. The action had lasted forty minutes.

Not much damage had been done to the privateer either. The boarding netting had been literally cut to pieces; some of the guns, including the "Long Tom," had been dismounted by the shots from the boat carronades; but a few hours sufficed to put everything to rights again.

Sending his dead and wounded ashore, and with the remaining men asleep in sheer exhaustion at their quarters again, Reid waited for the next move. At daybreak the "Carnation" weighed anchor, sheeted home her topsails, and got under way. When she came within range, she opened a fierce cannonade from her heavy guns upon the privateer, which did much damage to the vessel, though producing no casualties among the crew. Reid and his men met and returned the attack with the splendid spirit they had all along exhibited, discharging the guns of their smaller battery with a calm deliberation which enabled them to do great execution. After a short and fierce engagement, the "Carnation" prudently withdrew from the combat, her foretopmast having been shot away, and her other headgear being much damaged and disabled; with several more of her crew killed and wounded, mainly by shot from "Long Tom," which, carefully and skilfully served, had again saved the day. This was victory number three.

The Portuguese governor meanwhile was protesting against the violation of neutrality, and requesting Commodore Lloyd to desist from the fighting. He was informed in reply that the English intended to capture the privateer if they had to bring the ship of the line in and bombard the town to do it. Seeing the uselessness of further resistance, and having maintained the honor of the American flag as few men have been able to do, after fighting a battle which is without parallel in naval annals, and having acquired glory sufficient to satisfy any reasonable man, Reid determined, upon the advice of Dabney and others, to sink his ship; so the "Long Tom," which had done such splendid execution, was swung inboard and pointed down the hatchway and discharged. The "Armstrong" went down from the shot from her own guns. Reid and his men, after spiking the great guns, throwing overboard the powder and small arms, and removing their private belongings, escaped to the shore. A boat party from the English boarded the sinking ship and set what remained of her above the water on fire.

The loss in the first and third attacks probably raised the British total to nearly 300, though it had not increased that of the Americans. There are several fleet actions on record in which the British won glorious victories without inflicting or receiving so much damage as they got in the combat with this little insignificant privateer. The English commander-in-chief was in a rage at the results of the action, so much so that he never made proper report of it to the home authorities; but the statements here given are supported by unimpeachable evidence. Lloyd was so angered that he insisted that there were British deserters among the escaped American crew on shore, and actually compelled the Portuguese commander of the island to have the seamen mustered that he might inspect them. He didn't find any deserters, or at least he did not try to take any, which showed a late discretion on his part.

The action had an importance far beyond its immediate results, in this way: the three English ships were destined to form a part of the fleet rendezvousing at Jamaica to convey Packenham's army of Wellington's veterans to the attack on New Orleans. A delay of ten days was caused by the necessity of burying the dead, attending to the wounded, and repairing the brig and boats at Fayal. Consequently, the fleet at Jamaica, which this squadron finally joined, was also delayed ten days in its departure, to the great indignation of the admiral; and this was just the time that was required to permit the doughty Andrew Jackson to assemble that army and make those preparations by which he was enabled to win one of the most stupendous victories that was ever achieved upon the land.

Reid himself was received with the greatest honor on his return to America. He lived many years, and rendered his country many another good service, after the Fayal fight, his death not occurring until 1861.